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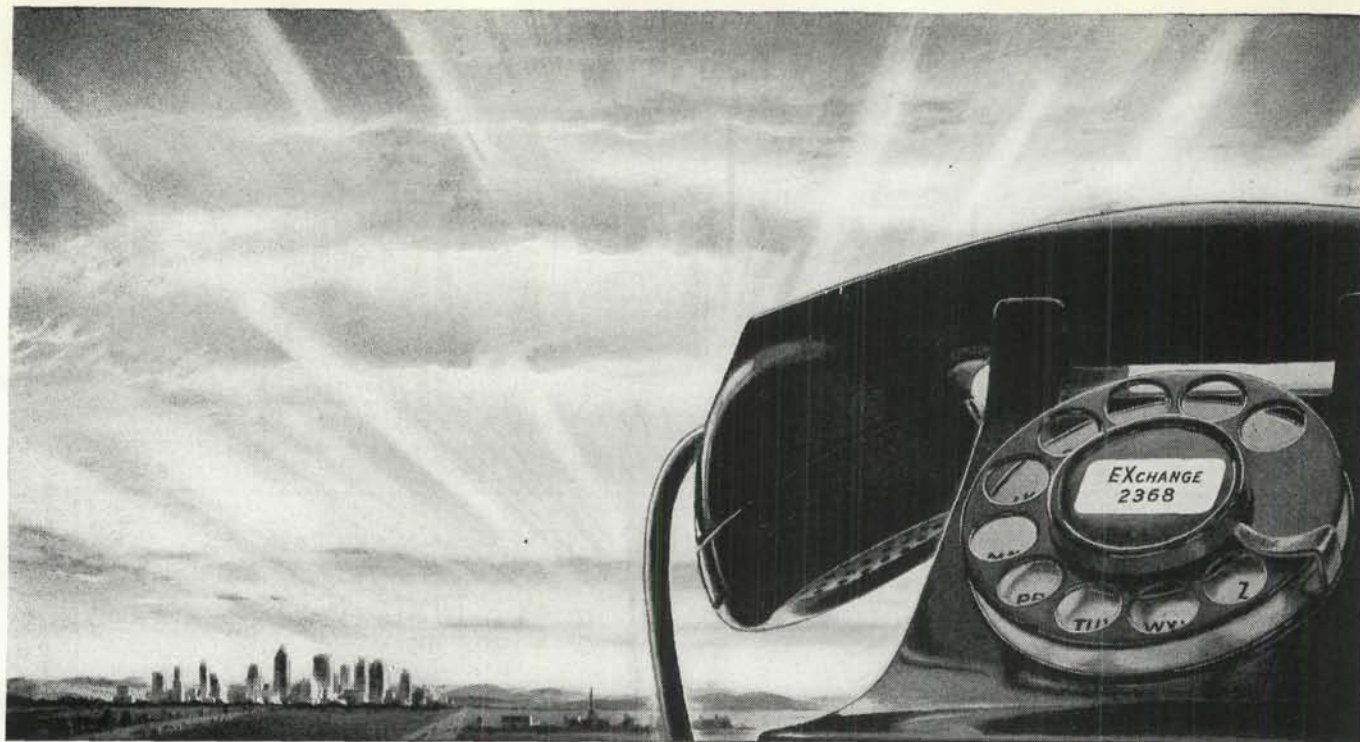
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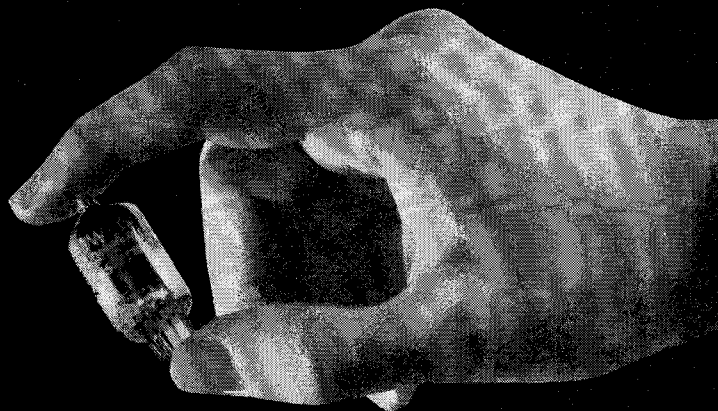
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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today

The Middle East

RECOGNITION of the Israeli government by Great Britain, and of Transjordan by the United States, has been taken quite logically by the Arabs to mean that Washington and London are again more nearly in step on Middle East policy. The Arabs responded to renewed Anglo-American solidarity by acknowledging, however reluctantly, the existence of Israel, and by turning to the West for financial help in attacking their domestic problems.

The unofficial but practical recognition of the presence of Israel in their midst has not only shocked the Arabs out of their chronic state of apathy and fatalism; it has also engendered a healthy new mood of self-examination. This mood is clearly discernible in the highly articulate press of Cairo and Beirut.

Egypt wakes up

On February 24, Egypt and Israel signed an armistice ending nine months of alternating war and truce in southern Palestine. The same pressures which succeeded in persuading Egypt to sign the armistice are continuing to demand long-overdue internal reform and reconstruction measures. The Egyptian government was able to put through the Senate a progressive income-tax law in February. Since it was intended by this means to finance social improvements for the masses out of the surplus wealth of the tycoons and the pashas, the law was bitterly opposed. Its passage marks a radical departure from Middle East custom.

Among other signs that change is imminent is the apparent effort to satisfy some of the land hunger of Egypt's peasants. A bill pending in the Senate provides for the distribution of state-owned lands in three- to five-acre plots to heads of peasant families; housing at government expense on the

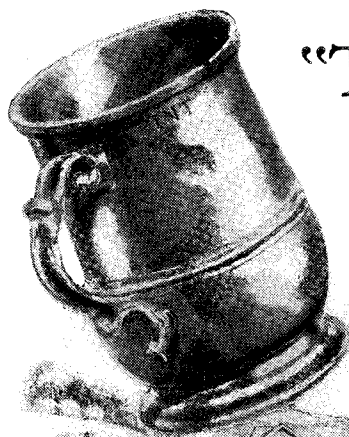
land; and thirty-year loans with which to work it. Should this bill pass, it would be the first gesture toward helping Egypt's unhappy masses to feed themselves.

There are important political overtones in Egypt's recent decision to participate with Uganda in the building of a dam and hydroelectric power station at Owen Falls on Lake Victoria. Egypt's renewed interest in this first of a projected series of water-saving schemes for the Nile is a sign that Anglo-Egyptian coöperation may continue.

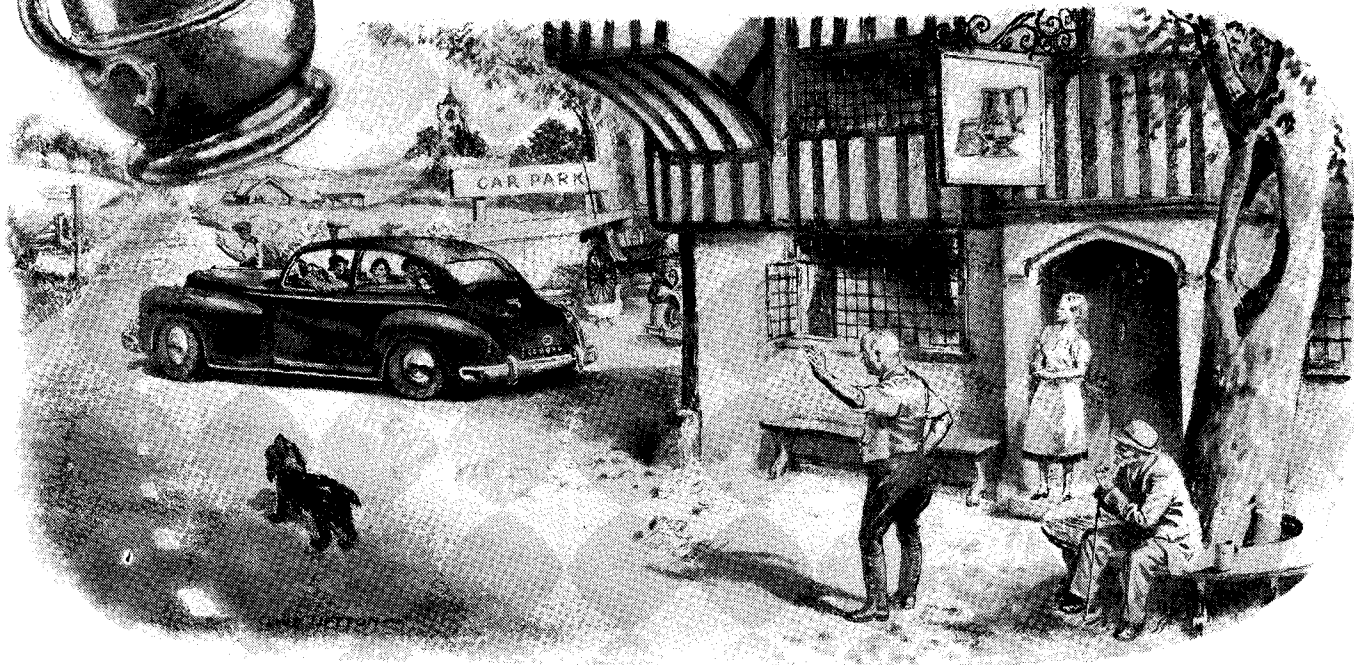
Similarly the compromise reached in March with the Suez Canal Company, whereby Egypt gains a greater share in the management and profits of the company but agrees to a gradual rather than overnight replacement of European personnel by Egyptians, points to a more realistic attitude on the part of the government.

If Egypt, which occupies a strategic role in Middle East affairs, can be brought into a better working relationship with the Western countries, the rate of political and social evolution in the entire region can be greatly accelerated. Egypt has the resources to build a modern state. She needs machinery and technicians to implement her plans to process much of her own cotton, make her own steel, and refine her recently discovered oil.

The Egyptian Companies Law of 1947, designed to cure acute unemployment and satisfy nationalist aspirations, requires that at least 40 per cent of the directors of any joint-stock company shall be Egyptians; the number of Egyptian administrative, technical, and clerical employees shall be not less than 75 per cent; and the number of Egyptian



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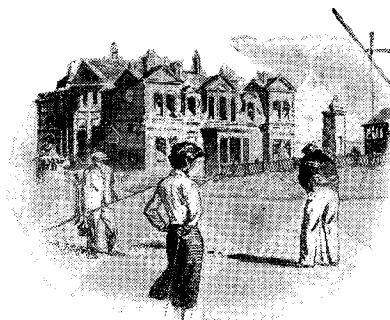
"We stayed outside London—but in easy reach—at an old-world country inn. That's where this pewter mug came from. My ale was never served in any other. 'Your tankard', the landlord used to call it.

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The Atlantic Report *on the Middle East*



laborers not less than 90 per cent. This law does little to attract foreign technicians and capital.

Financing Iran

Similar problems plague Iraq and Iran. Both countries have been attempting to improve the terms on which foreign concessionaires hold rights to the rich oil deposits. Iran, under constant political pressure from the U.S.S.R. next door, seems further along in her efforts to save herself and build a durable economy.

The Seven-Year Plan enacted by the Iranian parliament some weeks ago into the Economic Development Law calls for a series of specific agricultural and industrial projects, which, if achieved, will represent a new chance for survival. The plan—the first in the Middle East to be based on the principle that the income from oil royalties should be used to finance long-term capital improvements—places heavy emphasis on agriculture, irrigation, and transportation expansion. Mines and industries come next; and there is high priority for sanitation and education.

The government's mobilization behind the Seven-Year Plan demonstrates a fresh mood of determination to lift the country out of its feudalism and weakness. A provision in the enabling law sets up an extragovernmental and independent authority to execute the Plan, free of entanglement with the notoriously corrupt bureaucracy. The Plan represents an effort, in a country temperamentally disorganized at best, to meet the Soviet challenge and to keep clear of political domination by either the Russian or the Anglo-American power system.

Trouble in Syria

This desire to maintain political neutrality and at the same time to strengthen weak internal economy is evident in the successive changes of government in Syria this spring. The short-lived Azem cabinet, made up of partyless technicians and businessmen, was a distinct innovation. Khaled Azem lost no time in dealing with Syria's money difficulties by working out a new monetary agreement with France, similar to that between Lebanon and France, and by concluding negotiations for the building of pipelines across Syria.

Internal political stresses, however, compounded by intransigent opposition to Azem's intention to join peace talks with Israel, and by Communist-inspired pressures against his program, led to the coup which replaced him. Political and economic stability is still to be achieved in Syria.

In Lebanon, where Soviet influence is strongest in the Middle East, economic relief cannot come too soon. This educational center of the East is also a sore spot politically. Besides a growing class of educated youth who are unable to find useful employment in the country's restricted economy, Lebanon possesses a large Christian population beset by twin fears of Moslem domination and Israeli aggression. The added burden of many thousands of Palestinian Arab refugees compounds the difficult existing problems of both Lebanon and Syria.

Can Israel carry the load?

On purely economic grounds none of the young and struggling states surrounding Israel can carry the entire refugee load, so far only slightly lightened by the United Nations relief organization. There is a popular theory in Israel to the effect that an exchange of populations is practical, with the Arab refugees remaining in large numbers in the neighboring Arab states and the Jewish citizens of these states moving to Israel. This scheme fails to take into account that the Jewish residents of Syria, Lebanon, and Iraq are mainly solvent members of long-established communities, whereas the mass of Arabs who fled from Palestine are indigent villagers unfit to make their way in the already overstrained economies of the Levant states.

Internal stresses press hard on the new Israeli government. It is confronted with the difficult choice between restricting immigration in some fashion or instituting the strictest austerity regime in order to share Israel's limited resources with all comers. Recognition of this basic issue lay behind Foreign Minister Sharet's desire for quick settlement of the border war with Egypt.

How the UN can help

While Israel proceeds with the task of building the new state, it remains for the United Nations to attempt once more to deal fairly with the problems created by the establishment of Israel: the Arab refugees and the status of Jerusalem. The ultimate prestige of the United Nations in the Middle East will rest on the success of the Conciliation Commission's efforts.

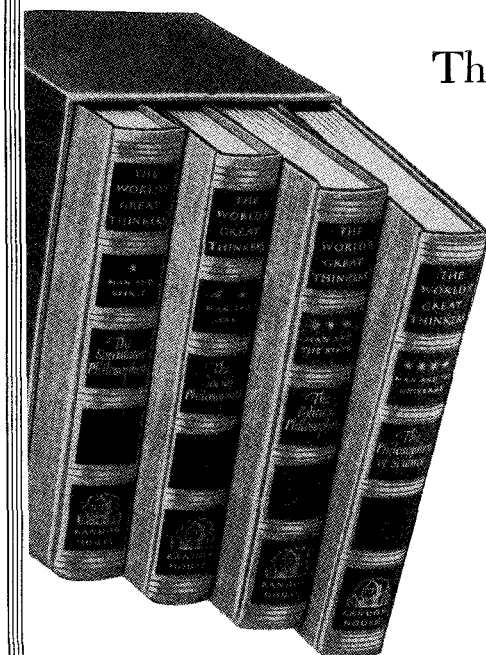
The UN has twice decided that Jerusalem should be internationalized. Yet the Arab Legion of Transjordan has continued to hold the Old City; and the Israelis have confidently replaced military with civil government in the New City. At the same time, before the commencement of armistice talks with Transjordan, Israeli military reinforce-

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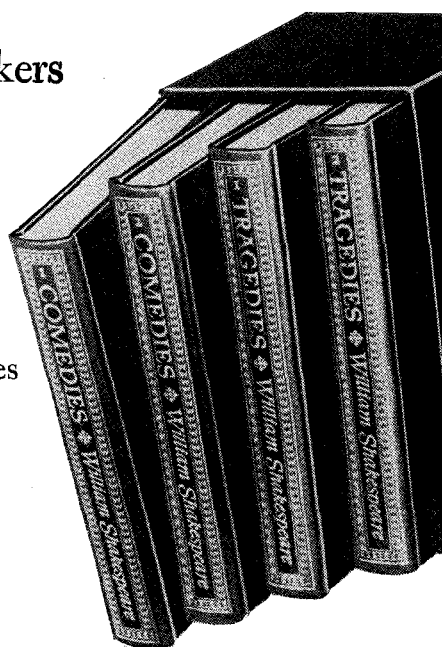


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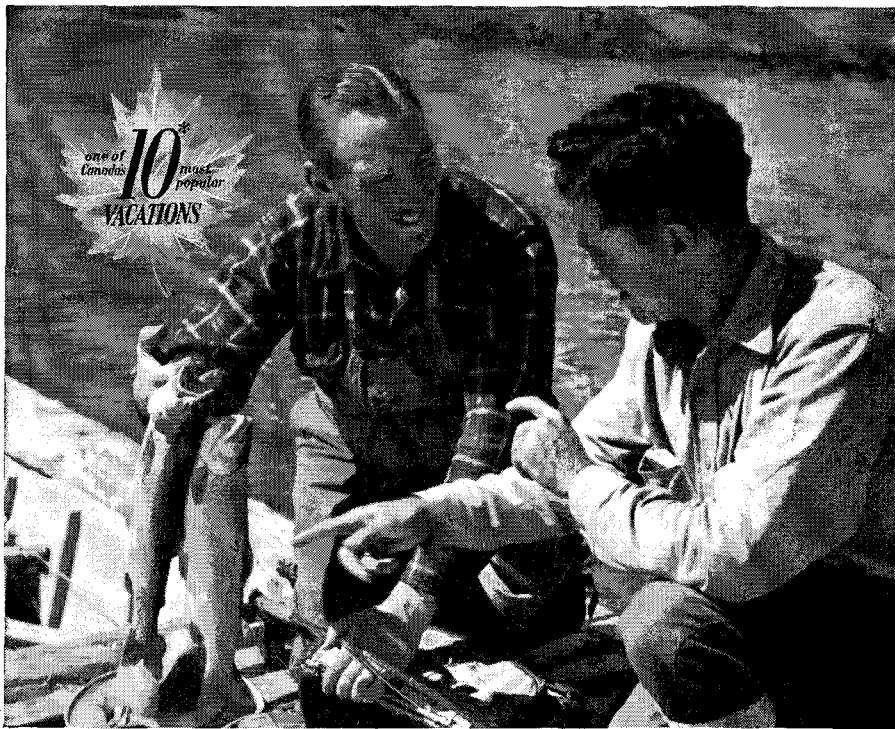
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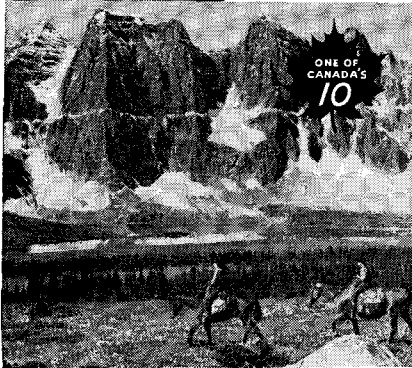


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ments were observed moving into the Jerusalem area. Neither side will yield Jerusalem to international rule without pressure.

The most hopeful solution offered unofficially, before the report of the Conciliation Commission, followed in many respects the plan of the Fitzgerald Report made to the Palestine government in 1945. In substance that plan and its successor call for division of the city along the present lines; but a central enclave under UN authority would be set up to oversee the holy places and essential services such as post office, water, and power facilities.

The equally difficult issue of the refugees weighs heavily on the conscience of the world. Some recognition by Israel of responsibility for these erstwhile citizens of Palestine can be expected. This is particularly important in the ultimate settlement with Transjordan since it is the country in the Middle East which has always taken the most realistic view of Israel. Transjordan in turn has used the refugee responsibility to reinforce her demands for control over most of Arab Palestine.

However unwilling her neighbors, Syria and Egypt, may be to see Transjordan emerge strengthened from the peace with Israel, it seems unlikely that either is in a position to prevent this much of King Abdullah's dream of expansion from being fulfilled.

Anglo-American goals

From the Western point of view it is supremely important that all family fights and border disputes be neutralized. The stabilization of the Middle East and its immunization, as far as possible, against the Communist infection are two goals on which the United States and Britain are set in the Middle East.

It remains to be seen whether these tasks can be accomplished by applying the largesse hinted at by President Truman in the fourth point of his inaugural address, to speed up Middle East reconstruction; or by fostering the Bevin idea of a regional bloc under benign protection; or by international bank loans to industrial enterprises; or by more closely relating the Anglo-American oil investment to the general economic development of the area.



Berlin

FOR ten months, the world has watched with wonder the gigantic "iron lung" of air transport that safeguards three million people in Berlin against physical starvation and political extinction. Meanwhile a drama equally compelling is taking place in the mind and body of the city which lies protected by the four-engined Skymasters.

First and foremost, the city of three million has two governments, two police forces, two sets of laws and regulations. Under Soviet protection, the so-called "Opera Magistrat" (because it was constituted by the Communists in the State Opera House) rules one million people, without ever having been elected to do so. It was nominated by the Soviets in fact, by the German Communists in theory, and it includes representatives of the bourgeois parties which the Soviets tolerate.

Its head, the "Opera Bürgermeister," is Friedrich Ebert, son of the first President of the Weimar Republic. Rumor hath it that Ebert is desperately unhappy in his position, but cannot change it because he is a virtual prisoner of the Soviets, who selected him for the propagandist value of his name.

In Western Berlin, the government elected by the people on December 5, 1948 (the Soviets would not let their sector vote), is headed by Ernst Reuter, a courageous, pugnacious Social Democrat who spent some time in Hitler's concentration camps before he managed to emigrate to Turkey. Above Reuter, his city council, and the city parliament stands the Allied Kommandatura, once the four-power governing board of Berlin, now continued on a tripartite basis by the three Western military governments.

Reuter keeps law and order with a police force headed by quiet, scholarly Johannes Stumm. The police chief of the Soviet sector is the swashbuckling Paul Markgraf, baker's boy, professional German soldier and officer, stooge of the Russians ever since his capture at Stalingrad. Stumm has radio cars and the support of American, British, and French military police to assist him; Markgraf relies on ruthless Communist rowdies and the sinister Soviet secret police, whose kidnapping forays terrorized the

town until the Western powers and the Berlin population developed more adequate means of protection. Both governments and both police forces claim sole jurisdiction over the city; both of them exercise it in their respective territories.

Berlin's paralysis is far from total, but the encroachments of the disease are everywhere. Coal shortage in the Western sectors (airlifted coal is carefully apportioned between electricity, transport, and essential industry) forces the subways to stop running at 6 P.M. The elevated railways are under Soviet control, and are still powered by coal from the rich lignite fields of the Soviet zone.

No return

Cars with license plates from the Western sectors are intermittently seized by the Soviets in their area, so that auto traffic is much reduced. Although Germans can legally move freely back and forth between Eastern and Western Berlin, no resident of the American, British, or French sector goes into the Soviet one without a cold apprehension that he may be arbitrarily arrested by the Communist-controlled "people's police" and never return.

Residents of the Soviet sector live in never ending dread of that fate. Anywhere in the Soviet sector, its inhabitants or visitors may have their parcels or brief cases summarily confiscated. This favorite pursuit of the people's police is designed not so much to accumulate material wealth in Communist coffers, as to create the endless insecurity that turns first into apathy and finally into capitulation before the political will of the Soviets.

Western Germany is unattainable for all except those few hundred Berliners in the Soviet zone who every week can get on the American or British commercial planes, or have the even rarer good fortune to ride military aircraft, or have the nerve to cross the Soviet border and the means to bribe the guards.

Idle factories

Industry is largely lame. The coal and materials the airlift can supply to Western Berlin are not enough to support even the modest level of production that had been attained before the blockade.



The Atlantic Report *on Berlin*



As yet there is relatively little unemployment, because many workers have been shifted to maintenance work, to rubble-clearing in their factories, and to other makeshift pursuits. Even the Soviet sector industries, with the non-blockaded hinterland of the Soviet zone available to them and the relentless Soviet hunger for reparation goods driving them, have been retarded because they cannot tap essential sources of supply in the West.

Thus Berlin, once the leading manufacturing city of Germany, has a deficit economy, first because the Soviets drain the Eastern sector, secondly because the blockade prevents the Western sectors from producing.

Out in a sandy-brown waste in the British sector lie the Siemens electrical goods factories, which were to Germany what General Electric is to America, an enterprise so vast that its plants in Berlin are gathered together into the complex known as Siemensstadt (Siemens City). The mass of red-brick buildings bears witness to the double indemnity that Berlin industry has had to pay to the West which bombed it and to the Soviets who blockaded it. The shattered panes, the burned-out walls, and the tangled piles of scrap at the foot of rusted immobile cranes are reminders of the assault from the air; the heavy stillness of the place drives home the fact of blockade.

Across the road are the workers' apartments, their dead white walls flecked by bullet marks and dirtied by the grayness of neglect. At its edge, Siemensstadt runs out into settlements of tiny brick huts or tar-paper shacks, each with a microscopic garden plot attached, where bombed-out Berliners supplement their income with small private harvests. The giant of industry has been crippled, and his dependents must fend for themselves.

Empty wharves

Railways and waterways, the suppliers of industry, are also victims of the siege. The great Westhafen (Western Port) of Berlin, where a year ago barges arrived from the British zone via the Elbe and Havel rivers, is inactive. The Soviets stopped the barges at Wittenberg on the Elbe at the same time that they stopped the trains. Unloading cranes are idle, except when a few mechanics test them for their serviceability in better days to come, and the great piers and storage rooms are almost empty. Only the Osthafen (Eastern Port) still receives food and coal barges from the Soviet zone, via the Oder and Spree rivers.

American travelers who arrived on boat trains from Bremerhaven at the Lehrter Bahnhof would today find neither noise nor smoke at the terminal; only the "elevated" station at the lower level is in operation. Bahnhof Zoo, just off the famous Berlin zoo and the fashionable Kurfürstendamm, is as quiet as the station in Lichterfelde-West, which the American forces completed for their use just a few months before the military (and then all) trains stopped coming into Western Berlin. Only the Schlesischer Bahnhof, where luxury coaches for Communist dignitaries and third-class trains for Soviet troops start on the road to Brest-Warsaw-Moscow or to Saxony and Czechoslovakia, and the Stettiner Bahnhof, with its traffic to the Baltic ports, show any sizable activity.

Inhabitants of the Western sectors, cut off from land communication, depend for life and work on three airports. Tempelhof belongs to the Americans. Here the Kaiser's special troops once paraded, and many of them attended services in the adjacent German military chapel or were buried in the adjoining military cemetery. Hitler built huge, coldly impressive troop quarters and air operations buildings at the field. Workers who today live in the apartment buildings on Tempelhof's fringes are as worried about the low-flying planes as the pilots are about the five- and six-story houses.

Gatow, the British field, lies in the flat, open countryside, providing less mental hazard to the fliers but more difficulties to the truck companies that have to haul its incoming freight. The newest airport, completed in early winter, is located in the French sector, leveled from an expanse of choppy, sandy wasteland next to a stagnant canal. The field still looks like a barracks camp, lit for nightwork, rather than a finished modern airport.

Two hours of electricity

Electricity is always scarce, because not enough coal can be flown in. Electric refrigerators are useless, electric stoves at least impractical, battery sets preferable to plug-in radios. The owners of electric generators form an accidental aristocracy, on whose houses friends who must make shift with the candle ration or with kerosene lamps are apt to descend. The turning-on or turning-off of lights serves as the signal of standard time.

Unless they are fortunate enough to reside near an Allied colony and to be hooked into its power net, the Germans who live in the three Western sectors have current only two hours a day. Lamp fuel and candles are tightly rationed and too costly for

the majority of Germans to buy on the black market.

The Soviet sector, on the other hand, suffers under none of these shortages. The big power plant of Berlin, Klingenberg, lies there, and it is adequately fed from the coal mines of Upper Silesia.

The Soviets are calculatingly generous with current—for example, they have instructed the shops to stay lit at night in order to propagandize the superior comforts of their sector. However, except for a few bright boulevards, the Soviet sector after twilight presents the same pattern that the Western ones do: gloomy streets with sparse lamps, shadows of macabre ruins, desolation in black-out. Only one place in Berlin is brilliant: the Soviet Kommandatura on Luisenstrasse.

Cigarettes are money

The black market continues to play its integral part in Berlin life. Its classic commodity, the American cigarette, is not (as is generally assumed) provided principally by the American troops or civilian officials. Far greater quantities come through Poland, which buys them from the U.S.A.

An American wandering through the Soviet sector at night, in what he thinks is adequate disguise, may get a shock when he passes a dark doorway and hears the hissing sound "Amis," which is German for "Americans." It does not mean that he has been found out; it means that some black-market peddler in Polish employ is offering him, in the midst of the Soviet sector, American cigarettes.

The Poles have driven the price of good tobacco down; still there are even larger quantities of cheaper cigarettes sold through Soviet-controlled black-market channels. Stella, Orient, and other brands have been lumped together in city jargon as "the poor man's Chesterfield."

Despite the blockade, Western Berliners are smoking more and eating better these days than they did before the restrictions necessitated by the blockade set in.

The average ration card is good for dehydrated potatoes, black bread,

all on one trip

via



all the way



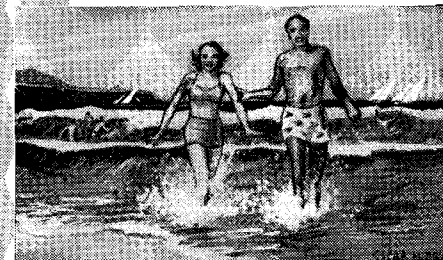
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"O, sure," some may say, "Christ claimed to be the eternal Son of God. But His claim doesn't prove that He really is."

A man who only claims to be the Son of God, however, could not walk upon the waters and quiet the waves as Jesus did. He could not cleanse the lepers... give sight to the blind... bring the dead back to life. Nor could a man who only claimed to be divine return from the dead as Jesus and no other has ever done.

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For more than 1900 years, the Catholic Church has taught without change or compromise... as it does today... that Christ is the eternal Son of God who became man — that only through Him can men find their way into the eternal grace of the Father. Upon this truth rests not only the foundation of the Church, but the hope of mankind.

"He who is not with Me," Jesus said, "is against Me." Being "with" Jesus is not merely a matter of acknowledging His greatness. It is an obligation to know Christ and His teaching... to believe and follow Him... to pattern our lives to His example and precept.

If you want to know Jesus better... to have a fuller and clearer understanding of His teaching and His plan for our lives... you will find the answer in Christ's Own words as told in the Four Gospels of the New Testament. We shall be happy to send you a copy of the Four Gospels arranged in a continuous narrative for easy reading... upon your request and without cost or obligation. Write today for Gospels No. 8—B.

a pound of meat a week, about half that much fat, some noodles and farina, and frequent special rations of dried fruits and vegetables — a terribly monotonous diet, but not an unhealthful one. Practically everyone supplements it by purchases of fat, meat, and potatoes on the black market.

Eastern Berliners have profited indirectly from the blockade. Their Soviet masters, keeping up with Western competition, have raised their rations too. Nevertheless, the bread is less wholesome, the cereals cruder, and the meats poorer than those which Western Berliners get.

It is significant for Soviet methods that Western Berliners who draw their rations in the Soviet sector — the Soviets made this possible some months ago to support their claim that they could run the city by themselves — get better food than people who live in the Soviet sector.

Getting the news into print

Berlin enjoys a lively, aggressive press, made up of no less than sixteen daily newspapers, eight appearing in the Soviet sector, eight in the Western sectors. These papers lash out at each other across the East-West line, even though Soviet sector newspapers are forbidden to circulate in the Western sectors and vice versa.

Although the Soviets can bring in paper freely, while the West has to airlift all its newsprint in, the Western papers enjoy a vastly larger total circulation. The Berliners have little use for Communist propaganda. They regularly shut off the news and political broadcasts of the Soviet-controlled radio and turn for their information to the American- and British-sponsored stations.

The Western Berliners have made a clear choice between West and East, and no rhetoric is needed to confirm their decision. When Communist agitators start to peddle their propagandist wares on the subway or in the street, a dozen quick tongues and irate temperaments are on hand, first to ridicule and finally to silence them. The people are tired, and they seem to shuffle rather than walk; they are poor, and gray is the predominant clothing color; but they are clear in their heads and unbroken in their spirit.

SUPREME COUNCIL

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

Religious Information Bureau

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London

IT HAS come as a shock to the British public that, less than four years after the end of the war, Germany and Japan are reappearing as trade competitors. The discovery is all the more discomfiting for several reasons.

First, German and Japanese exports, still little more than a trickle, are likely to swell into a flood which will offer serious competition to British products in important world markets. Secondly, when British industrialists, merchants, and trade-unions appeal to the Government for help against the potential commercial threat of these two ex-enemies, the Government seems neither able nor willing to do anything. Thirdly, German and Japanese rivalry marks the end of the period during which British trade has been able to spurt ahead without bothering about any traffic at crossroads.

It is only a few years since the British people were reading lurid reports almost daily, describing the ruin of Germany's productive apparatus. Now a report of the Bizonal military governments mentions that the American and British zones of Germany, including the Ruhr, possess 90 per cent of their pre-war industrial capacity.

A multiplying number of complaints have been reaching the Government concerning German and Japanese competition. What is the nature of these anxieties? How and where are German and Japanese exports starting to challenge British trade? What factual basis is there for believing that this development will grow into a real threat to the British export drive, and hence to the whole British economy, during the next four or five years?

Today it is the shadow of such competition, rather than a present reality, that is worrying Britain. No British factory has yet closed down, nor a single British worker lost his job because of German or Japanese price-undercutting. Some British firms, though, report isolated losses of orders to ex-enemy rivals.

The threat of German competition

British Diesel engine manufacturers are investigating statements that the Germans are selling oil

engines 40 per cent below British prices. Sheffield steelmakers are inquiring into news that Ruhr industry is outbidding Britain for customers. The Germans are delivering in four months machine tools which the British can supply only in eighteen months; they are providing such machinery 5.4 per cent more cheaply than their British rivals; and cases are cited in which German machine tools have a 10 to 15 per cent higher productivity than the corresponding British product.

German shipbuilders hope, apparently with reason, for an easing of the restrictions on the building of German seagoing vessels, now limited to 1500 tons. Norwegian shipowners are stated to have made contracts by which a Kiel firm will supply seven motorships of 3000 tons each at a price of \$700,000 per unit, compared with world prices of about \$1,100,000 for similar craft. British producers of scientific instruments have been emitting anguished cries about German competitors.

The British fears

Reappearance of the German "people's car," especially in Switzerland and Belgium, was the incident that started the discussion of competition. At the German mark's former value of 17 cents, this car is being sold retail at about \$1300. After the German currency reform last June the mark was valued at 30 cents, which almost doubled the price of the *Volkswagen*. Contracts for the sale of the people's car at the erstwhile 17-cent mark rate are gradually being worked off. Under new contracts, based on the revalued mark, the car will no longer be competitive.

The British Government stressed these special currency conditions in order to soothe the restive British automobile exporters. It was admitted, however, that among German goods which will remain competitive are chemicals, machinery — including heavy engineering and electrical equipment — ships, scientific instruments, cement, glass, clay and stone products.

Two British fears seem justified in this connection. Average wages of German workers are about 40 per cent below the British level. Secondly, indus-



The Atlantic Report *on London*



trial Britain is afraid that Germany will revert to dumping with Hjalmar Schacht's old tricks of multiple exchange-rates, special subsidies, and freight rebates. Both the statute of the International Ruhr Authority and the new Occupation Statute are to give the United States, Britain, and France power to intervene against German unfair commercial practices. In trade rivalry, however, it is sometimes hard to draw the frontier between the fair and the unfair.

No sympathy for the industrialists

The British Government has made clear that it will refuse to regard foreign competition as unfair simply because it is German or because it is successful. Britain's uneasy industrialists are being told that the right answer to the German and Japanese challenge is to promote their own efficiency. Indeed, British cabinet ministers and other officials have been giving scant sympathy or comfort to the deputations of British commercialists which have been weeping on their bosoms.

The Government's relentless attitude was most clearly expressed by the British military governor in Germany, General Sir Brian Robertson. The public discussion in Britain, he said, could not influence British economic policy in Germany; he and his administration were not there to serve sectional interests. "Our policy," General Robertson went on, "is to restore Germany's economy. The Germans must again become self-supporting and their export trade must be developed as quickly as possible." If that involves stiff competition for his own countrymen, General Robertson implied, it's just too bad.

The London *Economist*, leading British weekly, also cold-shouldered the dismayed British manufacturers and traders. The German economy, it wrote, must not be kept at a pauper standard in order to keep the world safe for British exports. "All the arguments that are used about German competition could immediately be turned against British export policy. If British exporters say that German wages are too low, may not American exporters make the same complaint against British wages?"

Bizonia's exports must increase

German competition at the moment is being felt only at isolated spots in Britain's commerce, but the outlook for the future may well alarm the British. A glance at the four-year plan which the American and British military governments sent to the European Marshall Plan organization (OEEC) suggests the formidable substance behind this shadow.

Output in Western Germany has almost doubled in the past year, but many factories are still working below capacity. Bizonia's plan says that in these four years "exports must be expanded four times from their present volume." According to the plan, goods from Bizonia to the value of 2.8 million dollars are to be sold abroad between June, 1952, and June, 1953.

In 1936 German industry was booming, with Hitler's rearmament program at full blast. Yet at the end of the current four-year plan, German industrial production is to be 10 per cent above the thriving 1936 level, and the volume of German exports 60 per cent higher than in 1936.

A special place is reserved for German engineering products in this immense export campaign, although it is upon the sale of similar machinery that Britain is partly relying for its own recovery. The British textile industry, already harassed by fear of Japan's competition, has been told that by 1952-1953 German textiles are to be exported at the rate of 200 million dollars' worth a year.

Vast enlargement of Western Germany's trade with Russia and with Eastern Europe is foreseen in the Bizonal long-term plan. In 1948 this trade amounted to imports of only 12 million dollars and 20 million dollars' worth of exports to the Soviet Union and Europe's East. By 1952-1953, according to the plan, the corresponding figures will be 573 million and 581 million. That such a colossal expansion of Western Germany's commerce with the U.S.S.R. and its satellites is envisaged is bound to startle British market-seekers.

Japan's race for textile markets

With one notable difference, the prospect of Japanese competition is similar. Britain's race for markets with Germany will range over a varied assortment of commodities. What threatens to create bitter Japanese rivalry for Britain, however, is primarily textile exports.

Textiles are not just any old article in Britain's economy. In value they top the list of all British exports, comprising one fifth of the total. Last year Britain sold abroad 1173 million dollars' worth of textiles, with machinery and vehicles next in importance. A serious loss of cotton-goods markets would endanger the jobs of some of the 690,000 workers in British textile factories. Lancashire remembers the mid-thirties when Japan was mercilessly crowding Britain off the world's textile markets.

At a London conference in April, 1948, American and British textile industrialists sounded an alarm about revival of Japanese textile plants. They asked imposition of a limit of 3.5 million spindles in Japan, compared with 13 million before the war (of which 8 million were operating) and 2.25 million now.

The United States rejected the suggestion. Textiles account for 66 per cent of all Japanese exports, and their increased sale abroad is considered essential to lower the 400-million-dollar subsidy which American taxpayers are contributing annually to Japan's economy.

Loss of Chinese and other foreign customers is impelling Japan to look more covetously at regions in Asia where British cloth and machinery are being sold.

Machinery is expected to develop more rapidly than textiles among Japan's exports. A few firms in India have canceled orders with British industry and are buying cheaper Japanese machines. Prices of Japanese weaving machinery are 30 per cent below the British figure. Japan's silk is being sold abroad at prices under British factory costs. The Japanese are also starting to compete with British firms in bicycles, watches, clocks, ceramics, shipbuilding, and ship repairs.

British officials estimate the wages of Japanese textile workers at about one fifth of those paid to equivalent British workers. Japanese competition, however, is a future rather than a present menace.

In the year ending June 30, 1948, Japan sold abroad 280 million dollars' worth of textile goods. General MacArthur's four-year plan assesses Japan's textile exports in 1952-1953 at 675 million dollars; the optimistic Japanese government says their value will reach 906 million. Japan's total exports, valued at 390 million dollars for the period June, 1947, to June, 1948, are to attain 1200 million dollars in 1952-1953 according to MacArthur's plan, or 1646 million dollars if the target of the Japanese government is hit.

Enter the cotton Senators

Lancashire cotton-mill owners have been noticing a growing interest of

American textile manufacturers in export trade. Can these Americans be reckoned as allies in the British effort to check Japanese rivalry?

Such hopes are offset by the influence in the American Congress of the cotton bloc, which was happy to see almost a million bales of lower-grade cotton from the post-war stock of the Commodity Credit Corporation unloaded on Japan and thus withdrawn as a threat to American prices. The cotton Senators and Representatives will do whatever they can to sustain Japan's purchases of the American crop and to promote U.S. credits for Japan in order to finance such buying.

Sir Raymond Streat, chairman of Britain's Cotton Board, has been trying to arrange the dispatch to Japan of an Anglo-American textile mission. Such a mission could have either of two aims, or a combination of both. One would be a revival of the scheme to limit the number of spindles Japan is allowed to operate. The other would be a cartel-like agreement to partition markets among U.S., British, and Japanese textile exporters, possibly with an understanding on types of cloth to be sent to each market.

The U.S. makes the choice

Agitated argument in Britain about German and Japanese competition has usually ignored the fundamental truth that the solution of this dilemma, if there be a solution, has been removed from the British Government's hands. In Western Germany it is the United States which foots the bill for recovery and for most of the occupation costs in the British as well as the American zone.

Nationalization of basic industries in the Ruhr, to which the British Government was publicly committed, was shelved at the behest of the United States. And at a single stroke last July, against the will of the British Government, economic controls were lifted from more than 400 commodities in the combined American and British zones of Germany.

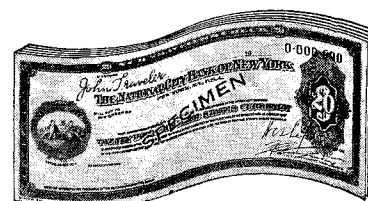
As the United States has decided irrevocably to put recovery first in Germany and Japan, the British have no choice other than to face the consequent threat to their export drive in coming years.

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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

Thought Control in Poland

SIR:

I am writing to you on behalf of a friend [name and Polish address withheld] who cannot write to you openly. He has a subscription to the *Atlantic* through the courtesy of [name and address of American donor withheld].

My friend was called in by the new Polish equivalent of the Nazi Gestapo two weeks ago and grilled as to his connections with the States, and especially as to why he receives capitalist magazines. It was indicated that he was not allowed to do so, under dire punishment. He would therefore be extremely grateful if you would discontinue the subscription at once.

My friend leaves the handling of the matter to your discretion. He just wanted to let you know that the subscription to your magazine has to stop immediately.

(Name withheld)
Warsaw, Poland

Mr. Edman's World

SIR:

May I suggest that Irwin Edman might well have spiced "A Reasonable Life in a Mad World" (March *Atlantic*) with the succinctness of his alleged mentor Santayana, who wrote on page 35 of his book *The Middle Span*: —

"The intellectual world of my time alienated me intellectually. It was a Babel of false principles and blind cravings, a zoological garden of the mind, and I had no desire to be one of the beasts."

A. L. CAPEN
Philadelphia, Pa.

SIR:

Having read "A Reasonable Life in a Mad World," the members of our Philosophy Club are all of a mind that Mr. Edman is indeed a clever writer but as a philosopher is disappointingly inept.

One reads his article only with great anxiety, for he paints a picture of a pointless and futile world, and then, almost as an afterthought, offers an equally pointless and futile solution, so feeble as to sound cynical.

"It does not," says Mr. Edman, "take a particularly logical mind at the present moment to discover that the world is quite mad"; then, thirteen paragraphs later, he endeavors to prove it. And the solution? The life of reason consists in "a brave contemplation of what things are discoverably like and a resolute attempt to improve the lot of man in the conditions into which he finds himself born." We are not sure what this means, but a hopeless problem can have no solution.

It takes no great powers of mind to recognize order in the universe, and it is only a matter of logical reasoning to perceive that it is the product of divine intelligence, and consequently a matter within the realm of the theologian. The madness in the world is only the madness of human minds who reckon without divine providence — without which nothing is explicable.

AQUINAS COLLEGE PHILOSOPHY CLUB
Grand Rapids, Mich.

SIR:

"A Reasonable Life in a Mad World" seems to me to be the sanest exposition that I have come across of

the human attitude toward the predicament of life in this mad world of panacea racketeers.

MRS. ARTHUR A. CORCORAN
Jacksonville, Fla.

I Personally —

SIR:

"The Sugar Maple" by Donald Culross Peattie in your March issue had some peculiar ideas. It says "Bird's-eye Maple" is due to bark-bound buds. According to the Forest Products Laboratory, Department of Mines and Resources, Ottawa, these "eyes" are made by parasitic fungi. These fungi must have lived in the cambial tissue of the tree in its early growth. Thus, even if they ceased to exist, succeeding layers of wood were deposited in their holes, giving a whorl-like effect to the wood grain.

K. MENZIES
Deep River, Ontario, Canada

SIR:

All *Atlantic* readers will understand Evelyn Waugh's point of view in his review of *Vogue's Book of Etiquette* (January *Atlantic*).

Since charity is the basis of etiquette, and the truly *gentil* person desires that others be comfortable and at ease, it is necessary and permissible for the English to utilize toothpicks freely and without let, in order to displace the pound and a half of Brussels sprouts, kidney pie, and bread crusts which they use to fill their teeth before they can get down to eating for nourishment.

For our foremost authority (*sic* — my *sic*) on grace and good form to advocate the display in America of arms, shields, blazons, and so forth,

with gules, azure, and Saracen's Head rampant, seems to me to border on the silly.

For Mr. Waugh to grab this up and hand America a drubbing for hocus-pocus which the English have been adept at "no end" — I mean to the same degree of silliness and incongruity as Americans — for several centuries does not border on the silly: it is silly.

I have known, in my rambles, one American who became expert in handling ticklish matters of European etiquette, such as bowing, scraping, and hand-kissing. He not only maintained the good old American traditions of democracy, but blended these harmoniously with the European idea of *savoir-faire*.

This gentleman would, at the propitious moment, click his eyeballs down for a Viscount, left for a Count, right for a Duke, and up for a Prince. When there were hands to be kissed (he usually informed himself in advance) he would incline the head very slightly, tickle the victim's hand with the longest hairs of his short mustache, and kick back suddenly with the left foot as a cow does when she kicks over the milk bucket. Not an exaggerated kick as a one-legged mule would give, mind you; just a slight jerk backwards to throw in a modicum of zest. As you know, "*la vérité est dans la nuance*."

HARRY L. PARKER
Rueil-Malmaison, France

SIR:

I should like to correct some of the statements made by L. A. Chase, Hayward, California, who wrote you (Atlantic Repartee, February) regarding Louis Bromfield's article, "Go South, Young Man!" (November *Atlantic*). Your correspondent takes issue with Mr. Bromfield, who says poor soil makes poor people and states, "There is reason to believe," Mr. Chase writes, "that the line of causation runs in the opposite direction."

It is well known by soil scientists that most types of soil found in the South — Norfolk, Orangeburg, Ruston, for example — are more susceptible to deterioration through erosion than almost any other soils in America. It is also well known that the winters of the South are mild enough to permit the process of nitrification to continue during the winter. This nitrification causes heavy losses of nitrogen and organic matter, thus

adding to the depletion of the soil which is due to cropping. This fact alone would cause the soil of the South to become poor more rapidly than the soil of the North even under similar agricultural practices.

There are many reasons for the conditions of poverty that have existed in the South for years. First might be cited the conditions following the Civil War. More than one half of the male population between the ages of 16 and 60 had been killed, Confederate currency had no value, there were no livestock and farm implements left. Also, between the close of the Civil War and the outbreak of World War I the Federal government poured into the North more than 5 billion dollars in the form of pensions, while the South got none. Another factor: the South was producing cotton and selling it on the world market while buying manufactured products from the North in a highly protected market. There are no estimates as to how much this has cost the South.

C. B. HADDON
St. Joseph, La.

SIR:

The Atlantic Report for March says that French luxuries go begging because the English milords of the nineteenth century are no more.

If the duties on imports into the U.S. were to be relaxed for everyone who pays an income tax, instead of, as now, only for people who can travel to foreign parts, Americans would buy more French perfume, wine, fancy leather goods, and other products than Britain ever did.

It is quite probable that the English market for French and other Continental luxuries would never have become so important to the economies of those countries had it not been for the ease with which smuggling into the British Isles can be carried on.

It is even possible that Britain's great "silent service" might have been neither so silent nor so serviceable had it not been for the training afforded adventurous young men by the smuggling industry.

Unfortunately, our country lacks most of the facilities for making smuggling an important industry. But the Prohibition era gave good indication as to our neglected talents in this noble field.

DONALD S. CUMMINGS
Chicago, Ill.

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May 23-25:	Pilgrimage of Gypsies	Arles
June 1-30:	Music Festival	Strasbourg
June 5, etc.:	Fountain Displays	Versailles
June 3-6:	Int'l Amateur Golf	St. Cloud
June 5:	Prix de Diane (races)	Chantilly
June 6:	Pardon of the Birds	Quimperle
June 19:	Blessing of the Sea	Camaret
June 18-26:	The Grande Semaine: galas, fashion shows, openings, races, etc.	Paris
June 26:	Grand Prix (Longchamp)	Paris

For reservations and information see your friendly travel agent. For booklets, maps, etc. write Dept. A2, Box 221, New York 10

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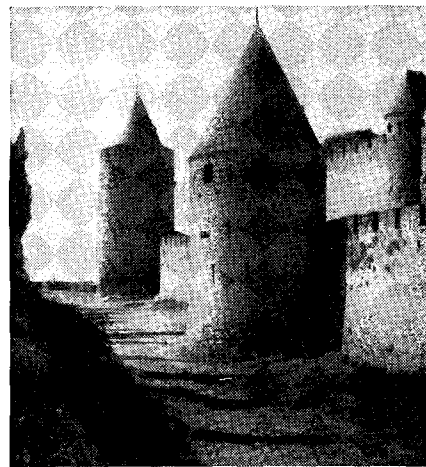
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Anything from a \$1.25 Radio City elevator ride to a \$35,000 big-game hunt falls reasonably and efficiently within the operations of Thos. Cook & Son, the travel agency founded 108 years ago. Cook's, which is now the property of the British people, has "conducted" millions of Americans to Europe and even pilgrims to Mecca. CHARLES ROLO, who writes "Reader's Choice" in the Atlantic Bookshelf each month, is the author of two war books and has published critical essays in the Atlantic on Aldous Huxley, André Gide, and Thomas Mann.

THE MAN FROM COOK'S

by CHARLES J. ROLO

A FEW years after the Wright brothers' flight at Kitty Hawk, a Cook advertisement depicted a man sitting in a basket slung from a fishlike contraption floating through the stars. The caption read: "Some day the Atlantic may be crossed by Flying Machines. When they arrive, we'll have them." In 1927, Cook's Travel Service — the term had replaced Cook's Tours in 1919 — invited New Yorkers to join the first conducted excursion by air: a trip to the Dempsey-Tunney championship fight in Chicago. Ringside seats and rooms at the Hotel Stevens were provided for the "sport aeronauts."

Thos. Cook & Son — the founder insisted on Thos. and not Thomas — will rent you a grouse moor in Scotland or buy you a château on the Loire. It will help you to select a school, in the U.S. or abroad, for your children; and if they are too young to travel, it will escort them to and from their home at vacation time. It organizes "educational travel," for which students can obtain credits. It stores furniture, ships freight, handles insurance. At this very moment, it is carrying tourists to the world's less accessible "points of interest," on camels, donkeys, elephants, and spitting llamas; in gondolas, sampans, dahabeahs, rickshaws, bullock carts, horse-drawn charabancs, and mountain railways. Reindeer and polar dogs have not been mentioned for lack of documentary evidence: Cook's has probably used them.

There seems to be virtually nothing in the realm of travel, transport, and matters related to them — howsoever bizarre — that Thos. Cook & Son will shy away from. On one occasion it transported an entire British army and its supplies into battle in the Sudan; recently it shipped "a fully articulated human skeleton, well packed in excelsior" from Geneva to New York, a delicate assignment since the Customs of all nations take a dim view of skeletons. Back in the eighteen-eighties Cook's made the Pilgrimage to Mecca safe for devout Moslems — and it did so again in the nineteen-forties. It once supplied Bermuda with a rush order of divining rods, and Richard Halliburton with the elephant on which he retraced Hannibal's course across the Alps. When the scion of a great American family disappeared in the Sahara some years ago, Cook's Algiers office sent out couriers to alert the desert tribes, and the lost adventurer was rescued.

Explorers no longer need to bring 'em back alive — Cook's will do the bringing, and by air freight. The company has flown a baby elephant from Africa to the New York zoo for the Martin Johnsons, and it has started to fly live snakes from its Durban branch to reptile houses and serum laboratories. Cook's will supply on request a three-page catalogue headed: "Prices of South African Snakes, Subject to Available Supplies, Delivered F.O.B., New York Air Port." Included is a chart showing the average footage and poundage of each of the

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thirty-two varieties. There is a large choice of plebeian two- and three-footers at \$6 to \$10 per foot — Tiger Snakes, Egg-eaters, Horned Adders, and such. A lordly six-foot Mamba, Green or Black, costs \$120; a ten-foot Python, tipping the scales at twenty-five pounds, retails at \$240.

Although Thomas Cook held that "travel is a form of missionary enterprise," the firm's operations have long been stamped with what might be called the Billy Rose touch. (Mr. Rose, by the way, entrusted to Cook's the planning of his recent five-month air-borne trip round the world.) At the turn of the century, Cook's organized the Kaiser's visit to the Holy Land, providing for the All-Highest and his entourage 1430 riding horses, mules, and pack camels; two encampments of 300 tents; 800 muleteers and camp servants. A few weeks ago, a South American millionaire signed up with Cook's for a \$35,000 big-game hunting expedition, complete with professional hunters, physician, native bearers, weapons, and photographic equipment — and a virtual guarantee there would be fallen lions to photograph.

Cook's London office maintains a special "Indian Princes Department," which handles nothing but the complicated requirements of these potentates, who are apt to travel with a retinue of forty persons, including chefs to prepare their food as prescribed by religion or by Brillat-Savarin. Wherever they go, Cook's provides them with the huge funds they require, insures their jewels, and acts as a shopping service. It also has to intervene when ship stewards make trouble over Indian servants, who insist on sleeping outside their master's or lady's cabin door. The services expected of Cook's by its exalted patrons are sometimes decidedly peculiar. A certain Maharajah, visiting the United States for the first time, instructed Cook's to find an impenetrable hide-out for his son and heir, who, the ruler was convinced, ran the gravest danger of being kidnapped by gangsters. The problem was dealt with simply — and effectively: the princeling was lodged with one of Cook's employees in Brooklyn.

Cook's holds the appointment of Official Travel Agents to the Vatican. It has handled the travel arrangements of the World Baptist Alliance, the World Sunday School Association, and a host of learned societies and symphony orchestras; also of many athletic teams attending the Olympic Games. Mark Twain was a grateful customer; so was Rudyard Kipling. British royalty, down to this present generation, has often been accompanied by Cook couriers on its travels.

2

THE sun which never sets on the British Empire never sets, either, on the global travel empire of Thos. Cook & Son and its international affiliate, the Wagons-Lits Company. Cook/Wagons-Lits main-

tain 324 offices in fifty-three countries on all five continents. Together they service some five million persons annually.

The staff of Cook/Wagons-Lits numbers more than 10,000, ninety-five per cent of whom are citizens of the country in which they work. Most of Cook's employees, from booking clerk to branch manager, receive a salary plus a commission on sales or a share in the profits of the branch. Economic incentive, or the Cook tradition, or the civilizing effects of the travel business, or all of these things combined, have produced a supra-national solidarity throughout this multi-national group of men and women. Cook's office in Haifa affords an illustration of this. Here the seemingly impossible has been achieved: Arabs, Jews, and British have worked together in harmony through all the years of violence in Palestine. At a recent party given for a retiring manager in London, it was found that 350 of those present had been with Cook's more than twenty-five years.

Cook's most celebrated representative is, of course, the blue-uniformed "Man from Cook's," who meets trains, steamers, and now airplanes. His praises were sung as far back as the nineties in a ditty — "Follow the Man from Cook's" — featured in an operetta called *A Runaway Girl*. The ideal background for the job approximates that of Matthew Rones, the senior New York "Man from Cook's," who can discuss travel problems in seven languages. One of nature's cosmopolitans, Mr. Rones was born in Istanbul of a Spanish mother and a Turkish father; after knocking around the Continent, he came to the U.S.A. and married an Irish-American.

The scheduled tours currently offered by Cook's New York office range from a \$1.25 elevator ride to the Observation Roof of Radio City, to an 86-day Cairo to Capetown safari costing \$6200. The latter includes, among other enticements, bids to several tribal dances, a view of the Mountains of the Moon, a stopover at a pygmy village and another among the giant Watutsi, numerous glimpses of big game, and — the *pièce de résistance* — a day spent stalking and photographing, under armed guard, the near-extinct white rhino on the Hluhluwe Game Reserve. An annual South American safari passes through the High Andes and travels down the entire length of the Amazon. Both safaris — to the non-adventurous traveler — sound infernally hazardous. The Cook people, however, swear that crocodile and serpent, jungle, river, and precipice, have claimed no casualties among their tourists.

Periodically, Cook's tours run into unforeseeable difficulties, but the firm's motto is "The tour must go on." On one occasion, it looked as if a trip into the interior of Ceylon would have to be canceled because of floods. The dauntless tour manager, after some heavy brainwork, sent his party inland by car as far as the roads permitted; arranged for

rowboats to ferry it across the deeply flooded areas; and hired an elephant to carry the tourists and their baggage over the muddy ground where neither car nor rowboat would function. Cook's Jerusalem office has kept up its tours of Palestine, using armed escort if necessary, throughout most of the troubles of the past fifteen years.

Along with Cook's promotional talent and flair for the spectacular, there goes a quaint streak of Victorian solemnity. Last year the New York office received a letter enclosing five unused meal coupons purchased in Paris in 1894, for which a full refund was requested. A check for \$12 was immediately sent out on the principle that Cook's coupons are always good. Recently the same branch discovered that the scheduled ascent of a mountain in Switzerland had been omitted from one of last year's tours. To repair this heinous lapse, a refund of \$2.50 was mailed to the tour members, one of whom promptly sent back a check for \$5, and with it the churlish comment that anything omitted from the tour was assuredly his gain.

The Cook people loyally insist that the average traveler is a rather superior type. A bulging file in the New York office, politely headed "unusual requests," suggests that Cook's operations are also a magnet to eccentrics. A wealthy businessman asked Cook's to arrange a private cruise that would call at every seaport in the world, a trip that would take several centuries. Another client with original ideas wrote in for a \$4200 berth on a world cruise, offering to pay \$10 down and \$10 a month for thirty-five years. A collector inquired if Cook's had for sale "a shrunken human or pygmy head." (This missive was shunted to the head of public relations with the bland notation: "Have you one of these?") A lady in Manhattan wished to know how many horses there are in the Fiji Islands. The answer was corraled, with some difficulty, and transmitted gratis as "tourist information."

3

Cook's travel empire was founded by accident — and a singularly unromantic one. Cook's "Tours" started as an adjunct to the temperance movement.

Thomas Cook was born in the village of Melbourne, Derbyshire, in 1808 — four years before the first steam locomotive wheezed its way along a railway line. Poverty forced him to leave school at the age of ten, and he started work as a gardener's assistant at a penny a day. An earnest-minded boy, Cook somehow managed to acquire an education on his own. At twenty he was working for a book publisher connected with the General Baptist Association, and was appointed a "Village Missionary." His diary for the following year notes that, in the course of his missionary activities, chief of which was the crusade against strong drink, he walked 2106 miles.

In 1841, while on his way to a temperance meeting at Leicester, Cook read a newspaper account of the opening of a railway in the district, and it occurred to him that the steam engine could be harnessed to the temperance cause. The next meeting was to be held at Loughborough, eleven and one-half miles distant. Cook persuaded the Midland Railway to put a special train "at his disposal" and grant him round-trip tickets for the price of the single fare. He was so successful in promoting this first publicly advertised railway tour that 570 persons traveled to Loughborough to hear the virtues of cold water extolled. On their return, the "tourists" were feted as daring adventurers, and Cook's fame as a travel impresario spread throughout the Midlands. Other societies were soon begging him to help arrange their excursions. So, on July 5, 1841, setting up headquarters in Leicester, Cook launched a new enterprise which was to become a household phrase in the English language — "Cook's Tours." From then on Cook's policy was, in effect, to get there fustest with the mostest in transportation and travel arrangements.

In that year railways were still in their infancy. Sir Samuel Cunard's new paddle-wheel steamer, the *Britannia*, had made its first crossing from Liverpool to Boston a year earlier, but the paddle wheels were supplemented with a wide spread of sail. The idea of making a sea journey for *pleasure* bordered on the fantastic.

Cook's first pleasure "cruise" — made in 1845 — was not, to be sure, much of a sea journey. After a tour of North Wales — booked to capacity several weeks before the departure date — Cook took his party by specially chartered steamer to the Isle of Man and then to Dublin. Later he published a guidebook covering the route of the tour, and this became a regular practice. Meanwhile, Cook had signed a contract with the main British railways, which agreed to pay him a fixed commission on all tickets sold, the system under which all reputable travel agencies have since operated.

In 1852, Cook moved his headquarters to London and put his son, John, in charge of the new office, located halfway between St. Paul's Cathedral and Dr. Johnson's favorite Fleet Street tavern, the Old Cheshire Cheese. The previous year, 165,000 tourists had visited the first World's Fair at the Crystal Palace under Cook's aegis. The Paris Exhibition of 1855, to which Cook sold 400,000 tickets, launched him into international travel.

At that time, there were no through international railway tickets or long-distance timetables; reliable information about the varying travel conditions in different countries was unobtainable. The independent voyager was at the mercy of unscrupulous hotel proprietors and swindlers of all sorts. Determined to bring order into this situation, Cook set off with his son on an exploratory tour of Europe, during which he arranged for railway companies and

hotels to accept his tickets and coupons, the latter providing for accommodation and meals at stipulated prices. He also compiled the first comprehensive handbook of international rail and steamship services. When Cook's "Circular Tours" of the Continent started in 1856, the London *Times* commented that Mr. Cook's system was "making journeys all over the world possible and easy to everyone." The first tour of America was made in 1866, Cook having previously negotiated a uniform rate of two cents a mile with the U.S. railways.

Still very much the missionary, Cook had long dreamed of opening up the religious shrines of Palestine to tourists. Travel conditions there at this time can be gleaned from a letter in Cook's archives:—

Back in the fifties my mother and her sister, with a chaperone, went to Petra by camel caravan from Jerusalem. The trip consumed 40 days and in the course of it they were pretty well buried in a sand storm, attacked by Bedouin Arabs and robbed, a sword being held at my mother's throat. On the return journey the chaperone died in the desert. Somewhere in the wilds they met up with the caravan of a certain European crowned head, who borrowed from my mother a pair of stockings, which up to the present have not been returned.

Cook negotiated a series of regional treaties with the Bedouin Chiefs, who, for a consideration, undertook to allow infidels to use the caravan trails unmolested. From 1868 on, a 26-day visit to Syria and Palestine was included in Cook's scheduled tours. The company now moved into Egypt, and was appointed by the Khedive the Official Passenger Agents for traffic up and down the Nile. It was Cook's which pioneered the winter tourist trade in Egypt. Under the company's stimulus, a palace hotel was built in what was then a sleepy Arab village, Luxor; and the temple ruins of Luxor and Karnak were cleared of the rubble which hid their treasures.

The Cooks' venture into Egypt was to have momentous consequences. To operate their fleet of Nile steamers they set up their own shipyard and engineering works at Boulac near Cairo. In the Second World War, the Boulac Works, with its sizable foundry and large floating dock, played an important role in the touch-and-go campaign for Egypt. It manufactured mountings for Bren guns and special tackle for rescuing damaged tanks from the desert. It repaired military vehicles and motor torpedo boats; built bodies for portable kitchens, mobile photographic darkrooms, radio cars, and ambulances.

The British Government had once before turned to Cook's for military assistance. In 1884, Sudanese tribesmen led by a religious fanatic, the so-called "Mad Mahdi," laid siege to the small British garrison at Khartoum, commanded by General ("Chinese") Gordon. The War Office, appalled by the

difficulties of moving an expeditionary force up the Nile and past its rapids, eventually engaged Thos. Cook & Son to handle the job — the only occasion in history in which a private company has served as Transportation Corps in a military campaign. Cook's chartered 28 ocean liners for service between Britain and Upper Egypt; mobilized 27 steamers and 650 sailing boats on the Nile; and provided 800 whaleboats for navigating the rapids. The relief force did not arrive in time to save Gordon — the British Government, as on other occasions, had acted too late. But Cook's received a citation from the Secretary of War.

4

FIFTEEN years earlier, the Golden Spike which linked America's eastern seaboard with the Pacific had been driven in, and a world pleasure tour had become a practical possibility. In 1872 — the year in which Jules Verne published *Around the World in Eighty Days* — Thomas Cook escorted a party of nine on the first round-the-world pleasure tour. The journey, which lasted 222 days, held such news interest that the London *Times* published eighteen of Cook's letters home. An engaging report on the tour by a Mr. Edgar Allen Forbes later appeared in *World Travel*:—

The S.S. Oceanic rushed them across the Atlantic in little more than three weeks, and the Grand Hotel of New York had the distinction of being the first to paste labels on their baggage. They landed on the day when "The Red Stockings" of Boston beat "The Mutuals" of New York; the game is duly described in the New York *Herald* of October 17, but I find no mention of the arrival of the tourists. The little old town of Manhattan seems to have made as little impression on Mr. Cook as his party on the town; even Brooklyn is not mentioned, though there was a Mexican Wild West Show shooting up the suburb that week.

What impressed the abstemious Cook most about the U.S.A., Forbes tells us, was the jugs of ice water on hotel dining tables. Cook was disappointed to learn that the crack "Pacific Express" averaged no more than 19 m.p.h., and was shocked at the arrangements in American sleeping cars — "The admixture of strangers and sexes is very repulsive to English travelers." However, the strange sights glimpsed crossing the prairies more than compensated for outraged decorum, and the party was utterly enthralled when a parade of 500 Sioux Indians passed near the train.

Cook had set his heart on driving the Demon Rum out of the British Empire. To this end he had taken in his baggage a huge stock of edifying pamphlets with such titles as "Malt Liquor Lectures," "History of Teetotalism," "Reminiscences of Teetotalism." At Singapore, Mr. Forbes relates, Cook "set out on a sightseeing tour of his own and chance

brought him to a little shop on which he saw the magic sign: Temperance Star. He hurried inside and found it to be a place where soft drinks were sold. To whom, he does not say; if you know Singapore, you will wonder. And there was also a file of *Band of Hope Review*. This arid spot in the great moist oasis of the Orient gave Thomas a brilliant idea. He hastened back to the steamer and brought to the shop his entire cargo of 'Malt Liquor Lectures,' etc., and contributed them to the uplift of Singapore."

In the year of the world tour, Thos. Cook & Son opened its first American office at 261 Broadway; the firm's name appeared in the first New York City telephone directory. Shortly afterward Cook's inaugurated travelers' checks — called "circular notes" — a notable contribution to travel, since they made it possible, for the first time, to carry large sums with virtually no danger of loss.

Cook's *Tourist Hand Book* for 1875 affords some diverting sidelights on European travel at this time. It is something of a shock to discover that the rail and sea trip from London to Antwerp took three and one-half hours *less* than it does today, because of time saved on Customs and passport formalities. The column on British passport regulations pointed out that "servants, governesses, and couriers" could be included on the family passport, and that "*Female Servants, English or Foreign,*" need not be identified by name but merely numbered.

Like so many self-made men, Cook heartily subscribed to the Victorian notion that it was sinful to pamper the lower orders. On the subject of tipping, the handbook sternly observed: "Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son would be very glad to see the custom of giving fees to servants entirely abolished, and would by no means recommend a liberal system of feeing." Among the advertisements was one by Messrs. Bell and Pritchard announcing: "Tourist Suit for two guineas, made to order in six hours."

5

GLOBE-TROTTING — or was it temperance? — kept Thomas Cook alert and vigorous right up to his death in 1892, at the age of eighty-four. The pioneer of pleasure travel was that rare combination: a dreamer, a resourceful man of action, and a painstaking organizer. The success of his tours was founded on what seemed visionary ideas, made practicable through rigorous, often dangerous, exploratory travel. "He was too religious to be personally attractive," says a contemporary. But clearly he had singular powers of persuasion, evidenced in the agreements he secured from European hotelkeepers, American railroad magnates, and Arab chieftains. He must have had, too, an indestructible constitution.

John Cook, who survived his father by only seven years, was also cast in the mold of the Victorian

empire-builder, but in his case the missionary streak was overlaid with a more aggressive temper than his father's. When the Franco-Prussian War ended, he browbeat the victorious Germans into letting Cook's relief trains enter starving Paris. It was John who built up the network of offices abroad and the engineering works in Egypt, whose military contracts saved Cook's from a deficit during the last war, when tourism was at a standstill.

After John's death his sons, Frank and Ernest, took command. In the next three decades, Cook's pioneered a series of tourist booms. It originated Bermuda's honeymoon and vacation trade, and pleasure cruises to the Caribbean. It launched the craze which sent well-heeled tourists, starry-eyed or world-weary, flocking to Bali in the twenties. Always on the lookout for new touristic thrills, it carried sight-seers to the Seychelles and the Cook Islands, to Tristan da Cunha in the South Atlantic and to Zamboanga, a former head-hunters' hangout in the Philippines.

In 1927 Thos. Cook & Son passed out of the hands of the Cook family. Ernest had already retired, and neither of the brothers had any sons. Frank, finding the burden of managing the business on his own too heavy, sold the company to a syndicate formed by the principal shareholders of the *Compagnie Internationale des Wagons-Lits*. Cook's retained a separate corporate identity, but shared a joint directorate with the Wagons-Lits until 1940.

During the Second World War, which placed the Wagons-Lits organization in enemy territory, the capital stock of Thos. Cook & Son was purchased by the four main British railways. When the railways were nationalized in 1948, Cook's, as a subsidiary of theirs, became in effect the property of the British people. At this time a new holding company was formed, Thos. Cook & Son Continental and Overseas Ltd., comprising all of Cook's organization outside Great Britain and Ireland, including the American corporation. Seventy-five per cent of the stock in this new company is held by the parent British company, the rest by the Wagons-Lits. Cook's offices everywhere represent Wagons-Lits, and vice versa.

Cook's is still pioneering new ideas in travel. In response to the British Government's exchange restrictions, it is developing tourism within the sterling area — "sterling holidays." Harold White, head of Cook's operations in America, is also bent on developing a new type of travel: economy overseas trips, by air, for the U.S. wage-earner of modest means. The airplane has made vacations abroad possible even for those who can afford only two weeks away from work. What remains is to organize cheaper overseas flights, safe and comfortable but stripped of "frills." As soon as such flights are practicable, Cook's will have them on its list of tours.



Under the editorship of GEOFFREY CROWTHER, the London Economist has quadrupled its circulation in ten years. A graduate of Cambridge University, where he was President of the Union, and a Commonwealth Fund Fellow who studied at Yale in 1929-1931, Mr. Crowther has a close, practical understanding of Anglo-American economics. No fairer referee could be asked to report on the economic consequences of British socialism. The address he delivered on this subject before the Economic Club of New York provides the foundation of the article which follows.

BRITISH SOCIALISM ON TRIAL

by GEOFFREY CROWTHER

I

SOCIALISM is not an exact term; different people often use it in very different meanings. In particular, there is a broad definition and a narrow definition of the term. Treated broadly, socialism can be taken to cover a great many forms of intervention, by the state or by labor organizations, with free economic processes. What these interventions — whether they be public ownership of industry, or government regulations, or labor laws or labor contracts — have in common, and what entitles them to be grouped under the socialist banner, is that they are all advocated, by those who believe in them, on the score that they are necessary to advance social welfare or to secure social justice.

Socialism, on this broad definition, is an order of thought that stands in revolt against the purely economic conception of industry and commerce that ruled in the last century, the economic conception that the purpose of industry was to turn the factors of production — land, labor, and capital — into finished products with the maximum economic efficiency and the minimum economic loss.

But there is also a narrower definition of socialism in which it is exclusively identified with the ownership of industry by the state. "Nationalization of all the means of production, distribution, and exchange" is the classical expression of this doctrine; it was the historic slogan of the British Labor Party in its years of propaganda. This still is the party's official doctrine in its years of power and, indeed, it is on this narrower plane that we have been having such spectacular experimentation in Great Britain in the past three and a half years.

What have been the economic consequences of the British nationalization schemes?

Since the Labor Government took office in the summer of 1945, eight schemes for the nationalization of industry have been introduced into Parliament. (I do not propose to say anything about two

other measures of "socialization," the scheme of National Insurance "from the cradle to the grave" and the companion National Health scheme. I omit them partly because they are not strictly projects of nationalization, and partly because they are not, in principle — whatever they may be in detail — matters of controversy between the political parties. Both spring from decisions taken by Mr. Churchill's wartime coalition government.)

Of the eight nationalization schemes, three represent the purchase, by the state, of enterprises of a special kind already in the hands of one concern or a very small number of concerns. One of these is the Bank of England. It is hardly necessary to spend any time disputing the right of the state to own its bank of issue if it chooses to do so. The nationalization of the Bank of England, so far as I know, has had no effect whatever on the way in which the Bank conducts its business. A new Governor took office early this year. He was chosen, as the Governors of the Bank always have been, by his colleagues on the Court of Directors, for his personal qualities of technical competence; and if the agreement of the Government was on this occasion given formally and publicly, that was merely making explicit and open a state of affairs that has long existed. It must be a very long time indeed since a Governor of the Bank of England was elected without the approval of the Government.

Another of these minor nationalizations is that of Cable and Wireless, the company which owns and operates the British overseas communications system. There again, I can see arguments of expediency for and against the actual public ownership of a concern which must in any case necessarily operate within a fairly tight framework of governmental regulation. But I can see no question of principle involved. The third of these minor nationalization schemes is that of civil aviation. Per-

haps Americans would not agree, but the British consider this a matter that raises no issues of principle, for the reason that civil aviation in Britain has always been — and from the circumstances of the case, which are different from those in the United States, probably always must be — subsidized by the Government.

2

THAT leaves five major industrial nationalization schemes. Coal was the first, and the National Coal Board has now been the sole owner and operator of coal mines in Great Britain for more than two complete years. The second, chronologically, was transport. The British Transport Commission came into existence on January 1, 1948. From that date it has owned and operated the railways and it is gradually exercising its powers to assume the ownership and operation of passenger and freight traffic on the roads of the country and of the docks, harbors, and canals. It does not cover shipping, which remains in the hands of private enterprise, except for the cross-Channel routes formerly operated by the railway companies. The British Transport Commission is the owning and supervising body; but operation is in the hands of five subsidiary Executives — the Railway Executive, the Road Transport Executive, the Docks and Inland Waterways Executive, the Hotels Executive, and the London Transport Executive for the special problem of passenger traffic in the metropolitan area.

The third major scheme in chronological order was electricity, which came into effect on April 1 last year. You must remember that the wholesale distribution of electric power — that is, the nationwide high-tension grid, which buys power from the generating stations and sells it to the distributing concerns — was nationalized many years ago, by a Conservative Government — and, I should in fairness add, has been a very great success from every point of view, both financial and technical. So that the nationalization of the rest of the industry was not quite so complete a novelty as might be thought. The whole industry is now owned by the British Electricity Authority, which operates through regional boards. Fourthly, there is the nationalization of the gas industry. There is no nation-wide gas grid in Great Britain, so the nationalization scheme is more localized, with a supervisory Gas Council at the center. This scheme is to take effect on May 1, 1949.

Finally, there is the bill for the nationalization of the iron and steel industry. This is now before Parliament, and as a general election will almost certainly occur before it can take effect — and possibly even before it is enacted — it must not be taken for granted that it will go through. But the scheme proposed has one interesting variant on the others. In all the other major cases, the Govern-

ment has compulsorily purchased the assets of the existing companies, most of which will be wound up and cease to exist. In the steel industry, it is proposed to purchase the capital of the existing companies, but to leave each of them intact, with its own board of directors, though of course with only one shareholder, the Government's Iron and Steel Corporation. This is proposed because of the much more varied and more competitive nature of the steel industry.

Those are the five major schemes. You will see that only three of them were in actual operation when these words were written, and only one, the coal scheme, has published the results of a year's trading. The basis of ascertained fact for any firm conclusions is thus very narrow. Nevertheless, I think a certain number of at least provisional judgments are possible.

I believe our experience in Great Britain has already exploded many of the arguments that are usually advanced in favor of nationalization in principle. For example, it was always said that the morale of the workers was badly affected by the knowledge that they were working for employers who were inspired by the wicked profit motive, and that once they knew they were working for the community, there would be fewer disputes, less absenteeism, and a general improvement in keenness and productivity. We now know — what most of us suspected — that this is bunkum.

Keen eyes have thought they detected, in the first few weeks of a new nationalization, some evidence of greater willingness to serve on the part of the employees. But if so, it has not lasted beyond the customary length of a honeymoon, nor has it been large enough to register in any of the statistics. In the coal mines, for example, absenteeism is as great and disputes are as frequent as under private enterprise, and if there has been a slight improvement in output per man-shift, that is at least as likely to be due to the progress that has been made in mechanization as to any better morale.

Indeed, there are signs that the coal miners are already suffering disappointment over the results of the great reform they have looked forward to for so many years. Nationalization, to the ordinary miners down the pit, has always meant that the industry would become their own industry. They say that it is not nearly the same thing to discover that it is now the nation's industry; in fact, they complain that the old private owner, for all his faults, was visibly there to be complained to and to be stormed at; he was not the helpless agent of a remote and soulless board in London. The old "morale" argument is beginning to reappear in the form of assertions that if the industry were really handed over to the men and their union to run, they would work with a real sense of satisfaction and that productivity would shoot up. This argument is bunkum too, and I am glad to say that

there is no sign of its being treated as anything but bunkum by the Labor Party.

But the fact that it can be heard at all illustrates how dead is the old belief that the mere assertion of public ownership, the mere removal of the profit motive, would automatically improve the psychological atmosphere of an industry. Indeed, it may be that it has the opposite effect, for a politically appointed board, subject to directions from the Government and consisting in part of ex-trade-unionists, is inevitably a weak body in collective bargaining and in the maintenance of industrial discipline.

It may turn out to be the greatest weakness of nationalized industries that they are sitting birds to the unions, and that a nationalized industry is one in which labor costs are constantly pushed up, to the detriment of the consumer and the community. I say that may turn out to be a weakness. It certainly has been so in the past two years in Britain, but then in a period of overfull employment and of urgent universal demand, all employers tend to be weak bargainers. Examples of rapid rises in labor costs, at the behest of the unions, have not been entirely unknown in that citadel of private enterprise, the United States. It may, therefore, be too soon to judge a nationalized board's ability to stand up to the unions. The test will come when there is again a buyer's market for labor.

3

ANOTHER of the traditional arguments in favor of nationalization in principle has always been that, when an industry is no longer managed by those who chance to be its owners, but a deliberate selection of the best men available is made, the quality of the top management will improve. This also, I think, has been disproved.

I do not wish to decry the quality of the men who have been appointed to the new boards. Certainly the political element in their selection, though it exists — as is, I suppose, inevitable — is not obtrusive. The Chairman of the National Coal Board is a former coal owner who, if he has any politics, would presumably be a Conservative. The Chairman of the Transport Commission is a former permanent civil servant, who therefore has no politics. The Chairman of the Electricity Authority is the former General Secretary of the Trades Union Congress, and this alone, of the three major cases, could be called a political appointment. But though these men and their colleagues are men of ability, who have been honestly appointed, I do not think anybody would claim that their standard of competence is noticeably above that of private industry.

Moreover, they suffer from the disadvantage of having to work as a board or committee. It is true that private industry is also managed by boards of directors, but a private board consists of men

chosen precisely because they can work together, while a publicly appointed board is constituted on the opposite principle of reflecting many different points of view. It requires a chairman of quite outstanding personality to make such a board work well.

Another very interesting conclusion is beginning to emerge from British experience. It has been the fashion for some time among socialists to decry the practice of private industry of electing part-time non-specialist members of boards of directors. The earlier nationalization boards consisted very largely of whole-time members. Moreover, every member was put in charge of one department of the board's functions — such as production, sales, personnel, research, and so forth. Inevitably these men tended to regard themselves less as members of a board with collective responsibility than as heads of departments, meeting in conference with their colleagues but with ties of loyalty to their departmental subordinates. This undermined the cohesion of the board itself and made life very difficult for the subordinate regional and district boards, each of whose specialists — the district sales manager or the district production manager — was in direct relationship with a member of the central board in London.

The coal industry, in particular, has suffered under this form of organization, and there is now a perceptible reaction towards the non-specialist board, with a large admixture of part-timers. It has been rediscovered that functional specialists have their limitations and that there are virtues in broad knowledge, in ripened judgment, and in non-technical common sense. In short, it has been discovered that private enterprise knew rather more, and the theorists rather less, about how to run industry than had been supposed.

Another of the traditional arguments in favor of nationalization has always been that if the industries that are heavy users of capital — fuel, power, transport, and steel — are all brought into public ownership, it will be very much easier for the Government to work out an effective program for the smoothing out of economic fluctuations, by controlling the level of capital investment. If more or less capital investment is needed in the interests of general stability, the Government can issue the necessary instructions to the industries it owns.

In practice, things do not work out so simply. The more eminent and competent are the boards appointed to run the nationalized industries, the more will they insist on having their own point of view. Where it is a matter of the Government on the one hand and private industry on the other, the Government can, in the last analysis, enact a law or issue an executive order. But where there is a dispute between one agency of the Government — the central economic planning department — and another — the board of a nationalized in-

dustry, probably supported by the Government department that watches over it — then, as anybody who has served in governments knows, there may be no way of resolving the dispute. As one of the British economic planners was heard to observe not long ago, “British industry is now divided into two sections: privately owned industry, over which the Government has a fair degree of control; and publicly owned industry, over which the central organs of the Government have no control at all.”

In all these ways, then, the arguments in favor of nationalization in principle have been disproved, and the belief that there was some magic in the mere fact of public ownership has faded. But I think it is equally true to say that the arguments *against* public ownership in principle have also — I won't say been disproved, but I will say that they have been discovered to have very little immediate application. Certainly no disasters have followed upon nationalization. On the contrary, these industries have continued to be managed by the same sort of people — in the overwhelming majority of cases, by identically the same people — as they were before, and in exactly the same way. The ordinary resident in England, unless he happens to have been a shareholder in one of the expropriated companies, is unable to detect any difference whatever as a result of nationalization.

Some people would say that there is one big difference. Each nationalized industry in turn seems to run at a loss in its first year. Now this is very unfortunate for the socialists and it will be amusing to watch them, in the election campaign that is approaching, trying to escape from the accusation that socialism brings bankruptcy. It will be a new, and a chastening, experience for them to be on the defensive.

Nevertheless, I think a fair-minded man must admit that the losses the industries have suffered have been due to bad luck rather than to bad management. On the railways, the loss has been the result of somewhat smaller post-war traffic combined with the high and rigid level to which costs were pushed during the war. Something of the same sort is happening in the United States. In the coal mining industry, the first year's loss was due to increases in wages conceded before nationalization had taken effect.

In short, to the question “What have been the economic consequences to date of the British nationalization schemes?” the nearest I can get to a candid answer is to say “None at all.” Certain tendencies have been revealed and on the whole they tell against nationalization. But none of them makes a great deal of difference in the short run. The evidence to date fully confirms the judgment that the mere fact of ownership of an industry, whether it is public or private, is of little or no importance at all.

What *does* matter is how the owners of the industry, whoever they are, run it. And on that vital point the only evidence available to date is that a publicly owned industry is run in very much the same way as a privately owned industry, certainly no better, but there is no proof that it is run very much worse.

This is partly, no doubt, because of the particular nature of the industries that have been taken over by the British State. With the exception of coal, they are all industries of public utility type, necessarily operating in fairly large units in conditions of greater or less monopoly. It may be that if public ownership were applied to more competitive, multi-unit industries, it would have immediate effects on the way the industries were run. But even this is by no means certain. The method of nationalization proposed in the Iron and Steel bill suggests that it is possible to have public ownership of an industry without either creating a monopoly or suppressing competition. But this is speculation. The only conclusion for which there is hard evidence is that the substitution of public for private ownership, by itself, changes nothing in the conduct of an industry.

Indeed, I make a grievance out of this lack of change. If there was no intention of making a drastic change in an industry's method of operation, what on earth was the point of taking all the trouble to nationalize it? If you merely substitute public for private ownership, and do nothing else, then the probability seems to me to be that your industry will slowly deteriorate. Political pressures, deference to the trade-unions, committee government, and — above and beyond all else — the lack of competition (though there has been far too little competition in recent years in British private industry) — in time all these factors of decay will have their effect. Unless there is something big you want to do to offset all these, then there is no case for nationalization.

4

It so happens that, in each of the three big industries that have been nationalized in Britain, it is possible to see something big that needs doing and that only the state can do. In coal, the argument is by now familiar. The British coal mining industry is very old and geologically very difficult to work. Years ago it should have had a massive transfusion of new capital, but there was plenty of cheap labor available, so the industry went that way instead. Now that there is no more cheap labor — indeed, an insufficiency of labor willing to work in the mines at any price — the industry needs a gigantic program of rationalization, of re-equipment, and of concentration on the lowest-cost pits.

It has been made quite clear, in the past thirty years, that this task was beyond the powers of the private owners of the industry. The economic jus-

tification for the nationalization of the mines is that it is only the state that can provide the capital and carry through the reorganization. To say that only the state can do it is not the same thing as saying that the state will in fact do it. But if it does, it will reap economies more than enough to offset the defects of political weakness and of cumbrous management that are inherent in nationalization.

In transport also there is a similar argument. Great Britain, you must remember, is a tight little island, no larger than the states of New York and Pennsylvania combined, but with one third of the population of the whole United States in that area. By the end of the nineteenth century, the island had been equipped with a railway system adequate, and more than adequate, to carry all the inland transport business of the country. Indeed, as was demonstrated during the war, the British railways can still carry nearly all the traffic of the country. Nevertheless, there has grown up in the last forty years a second transport system, on the roads, which can also move very large traffics.

Beyond any doubt, Great Britain has more transport than it needs. If both these transport systems are to be kept fully maintained and fully staffed, there will be great waste of resources. You have a pale reflection of the same problem in the United States, but with your vast distances and your still rising population, it is not nearly so severe.

There is in Britain at least a case for working out some differentiation of task between the rail and the road, in order to reduce the volume of transport capital that has to be maintained and the numbers of transport employees who have to be remunerated. Such a sorting of tasks might be the means to a great reduction in the over-all cost of transport in Britain. Clearly it could only be done if both systems of transport were in the same ownership, and equally clearly the only possible sole owner is the state. It does not follow, once again, that it will be done; I would not be overoptimistic about it. But if it were done, the nationalization of transport might be the means of securing a great economy for the British nation.

Similarly in the case of electricity, the British electricity supply industry got off on the wrong foot in the 1890's owing to the excessive parochialism that was then inflicted upon it by Parliament. The subsequent process of consolidation has never fully succeeded in putting this right, very largely because of the impossibility of consolidating municipal undertakings, which are almost standard practice in the cities, with company undertakings in the small towns and rural areas. There has hitherto been far too much variety, not merely in charges and rating systems but also in technical factors such as voltages and frequencies. Here again, there are real economies to be reached which may be large enough to outweigh the characteristic defects of public ownership.

In each of these three cases, then, there are some arguments for nationalization. There are, so to speak, strategic advantages to be reaped that may be enough to offset the tactical disadvantages that are inseparable from large-scale, bureaucratic, monopolistic organization. But while the tactical disadvantages are almost inevitable and make their appearance at once, the strategic gains will have to be worked for, and will not mature for some time.

The onus of proof is quite definitely on the advocates of nationalization. They may be able to provide the proof — for the industries that are already nationalized — but that depends on what they do with their industries now that they have nationalized them. The fact of nationalization proves nothing; the future conduct of the industries will prove everything.

5

TO LEAVE the argument here, however, would be to miss the major point. To say that British experience proves the nationalization of industry to be a matter of comparatively small importance does not prove that socialism itself is unimportant; it merely establishes that the public ownership of industry is a much less important part of the doctrines of the Left than has usually been supposed. It proves that a discussion of socialism within the narrower definition is a waste of effort and that the discussion must be removed to the broader field. The doctrine of the state ownership of industry is only a corner — and not in my view the most important corner — of a much wider tendency of our time, the economic consequences of which are by no means confined to the eastern shores of the North Atlantic Ocean.

We are witnessing within our own democracies a great struggle of ideas. Western industrial civilization, as we know it, grew up under the domination of a system of ideas that we now call those of the Right. It was a system of ideas that exalted material progress and production, and under it more wealth has been created than was ever before imagined. But it was also a system that took relatively little notice of the miseries and the injustices that were the price of its progress. We have therefore in the last generation seen the rise of the opposite doctrines of the Left, which exalt the security and social welfare of the individual, even at the cost of economic efficiency and the maximum creation of wealth.

This is one of the great antitheses of our time, which reappears in innumerable guises. It is the antithesis between Progress and Security, between the efficiency of the economic system and its equity. It is the contrast between the gospel of work and the endowment of leisure, between the premium that our fathers put upon thrift and the stimulus that the present age gives to consumption.

I do not believe that any of us can afford to be

fundamentalists in this conflict. Life would be easier if one could say that one order of ideas was wholly right and the other wholly wrong. But I do not think it is so. We cannot simply go back to the nineteenth century. There is far too much of the logic of the twentieth century in the ideas of the Left for it to be possible to sweep them aside. I am one of those who think that the movement to the Left of the last twenty years has gone too far and that, if we are to hold to the course that history has set us, the time is due for a tack to the Right. But there must be both elements in our twentieth-century society, and we shall spend the rest of our lives learning how they can be trained to double harness.

Of this great antithesis, the issue of the public ownership of industry is only one of the manifestations. It is true that, in Britain today, such old-fashioned ideas as enterprise, efficiency, and thrift are at a dangerous discount. But the nationalization program is not the cause of these things; it is one of their effects. It is because the British community has come to put other economic and social ideals a long way ahead of productivity that a change in the ownership and management of the basic industries can be contemplated so lightly and heartedly.

If you would seek the causes of the phenomenon, you will find them, not in this or that particular theory, but in the change that has come over the whole climate of public opinion in which industry lives. Nor is this change confined to the representatives of labor in Britain. When I contemplate the general state and prospects of the British economy, I am much less alarmed by the nationalization schemes as such than I am by the empire that the doctrines of the Left — control and restriction in the interests of scarcity — have won over the minds of businessmen and wage earners alike. There is no point in deploring the symptoms if the cause is left untouched.

Nor should socialism, in this wider definition, be regarded as a purely European phenomenon. The doctrines of the Left have made a great deal of headway in America in the last two decades. The public ownership of industry is not an immediate issue, but there is already a degree of regulation and control in the interests of individual security and welfare that could hardly have been conceived of in 1929.

If therefore you look upon socialism as an exotic disease, like typhus or beriberi, the symptoms of which it may be interesting to have described by a visiting traveler, but which can be kept out of your own country by quarantine regulations at the ports, I submit you are making a great mistake. For one thing, it is not a disease, but a perfectly legitimate and responsible movement of human thought. And for another, though the manifestations of it may be different in different countries,

it is a tendency that is present, in this twentieth century, everywhere where men are free to think. Or do you perhaps believe that enterprise and efficiency and hard work and thrift are not under attack in your own country?

I said "under attack" — but that is the wrong word, for it suggests a battle. And this issue of Right and Left is not a battle that can be won by either one killing the other. It is rather a problem that has to be resolved by the mating of the one with the other and the birth of offspring that takes something from each but has its own life.

But there is a battle in the world today, a real battle to the death. It often appears in the disguise of a battle between different systems of economics. That is a trap set by the enemy and designed to foster unnecessary quarrels in the ranks of those who oppose him. If the main difference between the Soviet system and our own were simply that the Soviets believe in the public ownership of industry and we do not, we could agree to differ and each mind his own business.

But we know *that* is not what is at issue. It is human liberty that we cannot agree to differ about. It is not the public ownership of industry that we fear, but tyranny, and the military aggression that follows in its wake. What divides us from the Soviets is not their views on the matters I have been discussing, but their views on my right to discuss them.

I have sometimes heard the argument in America that, since Communism means a complete loss of liberty, every socialist experiment must mean some loss of liberty. That seems to me to be poor logic — unless you are prepared to admit that the American public school system, the United States Post Office, the State Banking Commissions, and the Maritime Commission are all of them limbs of tyranny. Certainly nobody in England thinks the basic liberties are endangered by the socialist experiments we have had. All of them will be submitted, within little more than a year at most from now, to an election that will be as free — and, I would add, as unpredictable — as anywhere in the world.

Democracy, after all, is a system of trial and error. Perhaps all systems of government are that, but only democracy provides deliberate opportunities for the correction of error. If you believe in democracy, you must believe that a free people, given time for argument and reflection, will put right any major errors into which it may have slipped.

Whatever other defects the British democracy may have, it is not given to immoderation. I think Americans can rely upon it that the socialist experiment will be put to the most searching test at least once in every five years, and that by this process what is proved to be error in it will be washed away, while what is valuable will remain to add a few more stones to that great edifice of human achievement that is known as the society of free men.



During his undergraduate years at Harvard, JOHN ASHWORTH studied Shakespeare under Professor Kittredge, and in a sophomore's enthusiasm memorized all of Hamlet. His experiences during the war as a political analyst for OWI and his academic interests at Columbia University, where today he is teaching English composition, have combined to make Mr. Ashworth highly critical of Sir Laurence Olivier's treatment of Shakespeare's text. Hamlet cut and dried and then reheated with a sprinkling of Freud is not his idea of Shakespeare.

OLIVIER, FREUD, AND HAMLET

by JOHN ASHWORTH

1

FOLLOWING the fashion in movies and books, Sir Laurence Olivier has acted and directed a *Hamlet* with a simplified Freudian interpretation. The mad Ophelia makes caressing motions over a phallic ornament on the back of a chair, the camera focuses with heavy significance on the labial drapes over the Queen's bed, and why Hamlet doesn't kill the King in the first reel can be explained only in Hamlet's unconscious. In brief, the drama of Hamlet's life is replaced by the drama of what Hamlet might reveal from a couch.

At the beginning of the movie, a narrator intones through the fogs of Elsinore: "This is the tragedy of a man who couldn't make up his mind." Then Sir Laurence appears as the ineffective dreamer, the hysteric, the oversensitive "scholar." Hamlet's alleged procrastination, which for over a century was considered a literary enigma, is attributed — by Freudian trappings, by the neurasthenic quality of the acting, and by cutting significant parts of the play — to the Oedipus complex.

After writing that Shakespeare's play "does not give the cause or motive" of Hamlet's "hesitation," Freud himself explained it as follows: Hamlet can't take vengeance upon the man who takes his father's place with his mother, because Hamlet as a child has repressed the desire to do the same thing. So Hamlet's unconscious tells him that "he himself is no better than the murderer whom he is required to punish," and the "loathing" which should have driven him to revenge is replaced by "self-reproach" and "conscientious scruples." Thus Freud found an explanation for what most intellectuals of his generation, following Goethe and other nineteenth-century critics, already believed in — Hamlet's "hesitation."

The main trouble with this interpretation is that Hamlet does not hesitate. He does in fact kill the King with remarkable dispatch, as many Shake-

speareans have pointed out. So Freud's description of Hamlet's character was based on a wrong premise. Because he couldn't perceive Hamlet's motives, he swallowed the nonsense that a workmanlike dramatist like Shakespeare had written a play without showing the motives of the central character. In consequence he was able to exchange for Hamlet's real motives the prevalent interpretation of his day that Hamlet was a procrastinator, and then to deal clinically with the alleged procrastination.

Now Olivier has filmed the whole tangle.

Although the neurasthenic procrastinator is certainly a meaningful figure in our neurasthenic age, and a good subject for a meaningful movie, let's not confuse him with Shakespeare's Hamlet. Literature is perverted to serve contemporary myth.

Let's look at the play as Shakespeare intended it to be looked at — from the point of view of an Elizabethan audience. To them, Hamlet's "hesitation" is no occult problem because the play is half over before Hamlet can be sure that the King really did the murder. All that Hamlet has to go on is the word of a ghost, and he isn't sure of the Ghost's identity. For Hamlet, like nearly all Elizabethans, not only believes in ghosts, but also believes that demons can masquerade as ghosts. The apparition may be the ghost of his father or it may be a demon disguised as the ghost of his father, trying to trick him into killing an innocent man.

This doubt about the Ghost was perfectly clear to an Elizabethan audience, if not to Freud; and because it is of first importance in understanding the plot, Shakespeare takes the trouble, as any competent dramatist might, to explain it three times: when Hamlet first speaks to the Ghost ("Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd"); in Horatio's warning not to follow the Ghost ("What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord, . . . And there assume some other horrible form?"); and in Ham-

let's explanation that he will use the players to trick the King into revealing his guilt, if he is guilty.

When Freud ignores Hamlet's sensible precaution not to kill a man who might be innocent, and assumes that Hamlet is hesitating to kill a man with whom he unconsciously identifies himself, he simply annihilates the Elizabethan audience for whom Shakespeare wrote — to whom Hamlet's scheme in the players' scene was obvious. In the Rank-Olivier production, the lines in which Hamlet explains his practical purpose are cut; and Olivier pirouettes wildly as he cries, "The play's the thing Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King." Without the explanation, however, the audience can't see "wherein." The whole scheme looks like an hysterical's infantile backbiting. And since the real reason for the players' scene is not clear, spectators are likely to assume that Hamlet is "hesitating" for some extraordinary and subtle reason.

Then Hamlet goes to the Queen's "closet" (a private apartment where the Queen entertains the councilor Polonius as well as Prince Hamlet — a room which would not, as in the movie, contain a bed. If Princess Elizabeth were to receive Bevin in her private apartment, would there be a bed in the room?). Hearing Polonius behind the arras, Hamlet thinks it's the King, shouts, "A rat? Dead for a ducat, dead!" and sticks his sword into the hidden body. There's Freud's "hesitation" for you! There's the ability "to do anything but take vengeance upon the man who did away with his father"!

Moreover, Freud wrote that Hamlet was not "wholly incapable of action," since "in a sudden burst of rage . . . he stabs the eavesdropper behind the arras." After assuming Hamlet's "hesitation" to kill the King, Freud sidesteps this fact: Hamlet *thinks* the "eavesdropper" whom he does kill without any hesitation whatsoever *is* the King. How can such an incredible blind spot in Freud be explained? Didn't he know that Hamlet thinks the eavesdropper is the King? Did he read the play accurately? If he did, why did he so perversely overlook the reality of the dramatic situation?

The Freudian Dr. Ernest Jones in his "Introduction" to *Hamlet* accepts the wrong premise that Freud accepted and then becomes even more unreal. Citing the "Amleth" story as it appeared in Saxo Grammaticus about A.D. 1200, Jones makes much of the "infantile curiosity theme" in Shakespeare's play, and finds it significant that Polonius spies in the Queen's "bedchamber" (Jones's word, not Shakespeare's). Like Freud, Jones is unable to see the dramatic facts: that in the players' scene Hamlet makes sure of the King's guilt, and the King finds out that Hamlet has somehow discovered the truth about the murder. So Hamlet is now watched because he knows too much. If the "curiosity" of a King about a man plotting against his life is infantile, then we can say with Jones that Shakespeare is developing an "infantile curiosity theme."

What did Shakespeare's audience see?

After the players' scene, the play is no longer concerned with Hamlet's finding the facts of the murder, but with the attempts of Hamlet and the King to kill each other — "the pass and fell incensed points of mighty opposites." Neither can fight openly: the King can't sentence Hamlet publicly for the murder of Polonius because, as he tells Laertes, "The Queen his mother Lives almost by his looks," and because of "the great love the general gender bear him"; Hamlet can't kill the King publicly because he has no proof of the crime that would have any public validity and because Claudius, like all kings, is constantly guarded.

Of course, the Elizabethan was accustomed to seeing royalty well "attended" both in life and in plays. Also, Shakespeare's stage directions are explicit, if brief. What do those who talk about Hamlet's "hesitation" have in mind? That he just stick a sword into the King before anybody can stop him? Naturally, even if he succeeded, he would immediately lose his own life. Does that matter?

Actually, both Hamlet and the King try to kill each other twice. Both fail once, and both succeed in the second attempt. Hamlet fails when the man behind the arras turns out to be Polonius instead of the King; and the King fails when Hamlet escapes from the ship that is carrying him to execution in England. Hamlet refrains from an attempt while the King is praying because the King's soul would go to Heaven, while his own father's soul is "confin'd to fast in fires." This belief, like the belief in demons and ghosts, was of course perfectly understandable to an Elizabethan audience. As soon as Hamlet comes back to court after his adventures with the pirates, the fencing match is arranged. During the confusion that follows the poisoning of the Queen, the disclosure that an unbuttoned foil is being used, and the revelations of the dying Laertes, Hamlet kills the King.

2

WHERE in the name of common sense is the "hesitation" in all this? Almost as soon as Hamlet is in the same country with the King, after he has made sure that the King committed the crime, Hamlet kills him. Yet the name "Hamlet" has come to mean the weak-willed dreamer, the "scholarly" anemic procrastinator.

Why?

Two reasons for confusion seem very simple. We must have some knowledge of both the culture and the language even to understand what happens in *Hamlet*. Freud displayed no interest in Shakespeare's culture — the belief in ghosts and demons, for example. Probably — remember his ambiguous reference to the "eavesdropper" — he couldn't even read accurately Shakespeare's English.

The peculiar persistency of the misrepresentation

of *Hamlet* has been pointed out by philologists for years. Even before the First World War, George Lyman Kittredge, who spent much of his life helping people understand Shakespeare's language, called the belief that Hamlet was a weak-willed procrastinator "a complete misrepresentation of his mental and moral character." However, we don't have the kind of world in which psychoanalysts and philologists get together. While Freud wrote impressively about Shakespeare without understanding what he said, Kittredge frequently spoke contemptuously of the "psychologists."

Another reason for the confusion about *Hamlet* is more important than the simple lack of understanding Shakespeare's culture and language. This is the projection of a nineteenth-century ideal into an Elizabethan hero. If the nineteenth-century actors, critics, directors, littérateurs, scholars — in fact, most of the intellectual world — hadn't been so anxious to see a *Hamlet* that was not Shakespeare's, they would have taken the trouble to understand his culture and language. But they seem to have been afraid to face the fact that Hamlet engaged in energetic, decisive, and bloody action when the need arose. Living in a world in which the intellectual became more and more inactive and sterile, in which the satisfactions of putting thought into action belonged mostly to businessmen, soldiers, and politicians, they were unable to admit that Shakespeare's greatest hero, and a "scholar," was so unlike themselves. Consequently, they created a *Hamlet* in their own image.

Because Shakespeare's plays, particularly *Hamlet*, are so rich in many levels of experience, such projection has always been easy — the projector seizing upon a single aspect of Shakespeare that gratifies him most. When in 1661 John Evelyn wrote in his *Diary* after seeing *Hamlet*: "The old plays begin to disgust this refined age," he speaks volumes for the prosy outlook of the conformist businessman after the Stuart Restoration. In the politically excited New York of 1791, the plays were judged by the oratory with which the separate speeches were delivered; when a gentleman "lately arrived from England" inserted the latest hit-songs from Vauxhall between the speeches of Hamlet and the Ghost, the Anglophile Tory audience probably went wild. And for over a hundred years, the plays were presented as parables of Victorian morality. Like past Shakespeareans, Rank-Olivier reflect fashion — the American road-show tour is expected to gross over \$2,500,000.

Sir Laurence displays the sound judgment of a good showman. His success shows how welcome today, as in the last century, is that procrastinating Hamlet whom Shakespeare never conceived, and how plausible Freud's explanation of the nonexistent procrastination can be made to appear. Like most entertainment, Olivier's *Hamlet* tells us what we like to hear: that Hamlet's expressed anxieties actually

represent his deeds — that Shakespeare's greatest hero, like most of us intellectuals, is paralyzed by his neuroses. Too bad that Shakespeare's play is quite different! Too bad that *Hamlet* says what so many of us don't like to hear, that it is what Shaw called an "unpleasant play."

3

So Olivier is making a movie for us. Who gives a fig for Shakespeare, or his Elizabethan audience? However, while there may be a matter of taste in preferring Olivier to Shakespeare, it is a banal self-deception if we suppose that Olivier is holding the mirror up to nature. For the society of the movie is unreal, and the people are unreal.

The society is unreal because the politics is left out. In a movie about a usurped throne and the attempts of a king and an heir-apparent to kill each other, how is this possible? It's like leaving the Civil War out of a biography of Lincoln. In relating Olivier's movie to life, one naturally remembers what Shakespeare did, not out of idolatrous respect for the Bard, but simply because he makes human relationships on a political level so real. And Shakespeare's political scene included the subservient courtiers Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, Fortinbras and his war, the English ambassadors, and Laertes as the demagogue of social upheaval — all of which Olivier omitted.

These cuts have been attributed by enthusiastic reviewers to the requirements of cinematic art. However, couldn't cinematic art show effectively Laertes' mob, for example? We can guess that such shots might move the supposedly simple-minded moviegoer even more than the symbolism in the ornament on the back of a chair.

Furthermore, in the movie the King, the Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Ophelia, and Laertes all wander around what are apparently parts of the same castle, a sparsely furnished and almost empty Romanesque pile with an atmosphere that is at the same time hothouse and cloistral and murder-mystery. (In Shakespeare's play, Polonius and his family lived at home.) Such a setting is a logical part of the Freudian distortion. For without a real court, teeming with lords, servants, guards, troops, petitioners, ambassadors, and courtiers, the external and political difficulties of killing the King are minimized if not lost.

The society in the movie is unreal because the people in it are unreal. And again it is easiest to find reality by observing what Shakespeare did. Hamlet is the scholar-soldier-prince, the Renaissance ideal. As Fortinbras says in the last speech of the play, which in the convention of Elizabethan stagecraft contained the author's summing-up: "He was likely, had he been put on, To have prov'd most royally; and, for his passage, The soldiers' music. . . ."

And what does Hamlet do? He fences every day and more than holds his own against the redoubtable Laertes. With ruthless satisfaction he contrives the execution of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. In spite of Dr. Jones's assumption that he is a poor lover because he is so Oedipus-ridden, Ophelia speaks of his earlier love-making with deep emotion. As the King his enemy admits, he is greatly loved by the common people; and as a matter of course he talks eloquently and warmly with strolling players and gravediggers. On the other hand, he can deal toughly and realistically with pirates.

Typical neurasthenic behavior? Shakespeare seems rather to have thought of him as an Elizabethan of the Sir Walter Raleigh or Sir Philip Sidney stamp. Living in a culture quite different from that of Freud's middle-class Viennese patients, Shakespeare saw no incongruity in the personality of a man who was sensitive to moral values and was burdened with an Oedipus complex, and at the same time was quick to draw a sword.

Why has Freudian thought failed to understand Shakespeare's *Hamlet*? As in past failures to understand *Hamlet*, it seems that the Freudians project their own cultural attitudes — which they believe to be science — into Shakespeare's creation. Such a Freudian attitude appears in a remark by Jones that purports to explain the political meaning of the play: "The origin of all revolutions is the revolution in the family." After making this flat assertion, Jones then discusses the relationships within the Danish royal family without mentioning the same politics that Olivier left out of the movie. To one who finds that all revolutions originate in the family — without seeing any original force at all in hunger, war, property, class relationships, or personal rivalries — it is indeed logical to think of Hamlet's motives as those of a monolithic Oedipus case, even though his mother's husband happened to deprive him of political power, and even though Shakespeare took some pains to show the political atmosphere in the state of Denmark.

One of Freud's doctrines may help to explain how such obscurantism grows. His belief that we resist least what is easiest to discover in our unconscious and resist most what is deepest and strongest is exemplified in the politics of the society that provided him with his own culture. It is no accident that old middle-class Vienna, which was panicked by the Social Democrats in 1934 but embraced or submitted to Dollfuss, Schuschnigg, and Hitler, was so sensitive to the neurosis that allegedly causes political rebellion and was so insensitive to the destructiveness that can accompany respectable political conformity. In such a climate, the popular

Freudian belief that social or political nonconformity is merely an indication of an Oedipus complex finds ready acceptance; for tendencies to rebel are quickly recognized and explained away, while the destructiveness in a society that is headed for submission to Hitler is so deep and strong that to recognize it at all becomes painful if not impossible. Thus, in Freud's own science there may be at least a rule of thumb that can help to explain the lack of science in the Freudian approach to politics.

When the Freudians do not simply ignore the politics in political rebellion — in *Hamlet* and in life — they seek the neurosis that may or may not help to originate it. When Shakespeare dealt with the theme of revolt against evil authority, he carefully drew the face of conformist destructiveness in characters who are foils to Hamlet: in Polonius, the doddering busybody who is ardent in the service of any reigning power; in Laertes, whose rebellion is spent in demagoguery and a brief rant, so that he readily becomes the King's tool; and in Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, who easily find religious and political rationalizations for carrying out the King's command to assist in the murder of their former friend.

If we must have a hero who "hesitates" to fight authority, for Oedipal or other motives, perhaps we should change Shakespeare's play completely and make Polonius or Laertes or Rosencrantz the central character. It could be quite a tragedy because the non-hesitating Hamlet kills them all. In attitude toward authority, which is of first importance in understanding *Hamlet*, the Freudians and Shakespeare are emotionally at odds. The Freudians have not only misrepresented the play but have contrived to attribute to it a cultural attitude which is actually the opposite of its dynamic Renaissance spirit.

Opinions may differ how much vitality this spirit, and the complex art of Shakespeare, can have today. Opinions may differ whether today's "scholar," faced with evil authority, should contrive rationalizations supporting the evil, go into retirement, or take up arms against a sea of troubles. Certainly there is a whole ideology for "hesitating": the priest's "render unto Caesar" and "resignation," the psychologist's "adaptability" and "adjustment," the soldier's "duty," the Rotarian's "good-fellowship." The anxieties and frustrations of our world breed like roaches the formulae for security. Whatever we say or think or do, however, let's not lay that flattering unction to our souls that "hesitation," even if allegedly caused by an Oedipus complex, is the act of Shakespeare's greatest hero.

Because it isn't.



The sudden death of THEODORE SPENCER in his forty-sixth year came as a shock to all who knew him as poet, teacher, and scholar. Boylston Professor at Harvard and author of three volumes of verse and of a well-regarded study of Shakespeare, Ted Spencer was a generous and encouraging force in contemporary letters. W. H. Auden spoke for us all in a memorable letter to the New York Times: "I have not only lost a friend. I have lost a trusted and not easily replaceable literary confessor."

AN ACRE IN THE SEED

by THEODORE SPENCER

THE SATIRIST

OH do not think, because I make
Arrogant, wounded or unkind
Stabs at suffering, prowling man,
That I'm not deeply partisan
To all that fumbles in his mind —
Whence else these lines, and for whose sake?

THE MIND

HIGH to the ant this stalk of grass;
High to the grass this leap of tree;
High to this tree the moon, and high
As stars beyond the moon may be
Springs this reach of soaring I,
Sinks this plunging of Alas.

THE PRODIGAL SON

THE family gone at last to bed,
He sauntered out to clear his head,
And saw geese hens pears plums hops grain,
His brother's labor through the years.
How blame him that no father's tears
Could keep him from the road again!

THE MUSE

No wonder man thought up the Muse.
How else explain who's working when
For slow long hours all words refuse
To make the mind's dark meaning plain
And then the right one flashes through
And a new world's made in a world made new?

AN IRIS

IN this mid-century slough where fear
Soaks aspiration in despair
And the swamp fog blurs all design,
Still may you see one flower flying
Its steady color and opulent line
Though poisoned at the root and dying.

THE PRESENCE

HERE in the dancing in the music in the shadows
Local in the moonlight and always in the sun
Here in the pastures and always in the meadows
Always by the roadside in the laughter and the fun
Here in forever and forever in today
In the lilies and the asters the goldenrod and hay.

Baltimore Plan

A New Englander and a veteran who has served for two years on the editorial staff of the Baltimore Sun, EDGAR L. JONES

has been freshly impressed by the vigorous efforts which Baltimore has made to clean up the worst of its slums. Together with BURKE DAVIS, who covers the housing problem for the Evening Sun, he makes the point that the Baltimore Plan should be followed by other cities as the first step in a public housing program.

SLUM CLEARANCE AT A PROFIT

by EDGAR L. JONES and BURKE DAVIS

I

SOME people are upset by slums. They feel sick themselves when they find four or five children sharing a bed in a windowless room and realize that the tubercular cough of one youngster means the eventual infection of his bedmates. They smell the dank squalor of decaying buildings, see the one clogged toilet, without bathing facilities, that must do for twenty or thirty persons, turn their eyes from the ugly blotches on vermin-covered bodies, and declare (some of them, at least) that something must be done right away to clear out slum areas.

But righteous indignation is a poor weapon against slums. An emotional crusade is apt to lose momentum long before it has run the gamut of official surveys, public hearings, proposals and counterproposals, amendments from the floor and in committee meetings, factional fights for district support, and all the other embattled positions in the course of legislative action. Slums are deep in politics as well as in decay. There's gold in those dilapidated dwellings, and the men who yearly extract \$500 to \$1000 or more in rent from property assessed as low as \$300 will protect their vested interests with all the political pressure they can exercise. And they have the apathy and prejudices of the general public on their side.

A more practical approach to a sustained drive on slum conditions is an appeal to the public's selfish interests, rather than to its humanitarian instincts or civic pride. It is easy enough to prove that the high cost of slum living conditions imposes too great a burden on urban taxpayers. Slum housing, which comprises about 20 per cent of this country's residential areas and contains at least a third of its population, yields only 6 per cent of the real-estate tax revenue that is the mainstay of municipal governments. In return for that 6 per cent, slums require, on a national average, more than half of the available medical and institutional care, half the time of the police, more than a third of the time of fire departments, and most of the welfare benefits.

With close to half of the average city's budget spent to support them, the slums represent subsidized housing at its worst. This fact, if repeated often enough, is apt to impress the most intransigent city councilman or taxpayer, since it poses a problem in dollars and cents and avoids the question of whether or not the occupants of slum dwellings deserve anything better. Sticking to the monetary approach: the average city rat causes \$2 worth of damage a year, not counting damaged infants; the average public case of tuberculosis requires \$5000 in tax money, and the average fire \$600. What more practical reasons can be presented in favor of a program to eliminate the unhealthy firetraps that pass for human habitations in slum areas?

Razing and replacing a few hundred slum dwellings at a time, however, is a slow and expensive method of alleviating slum living conditions. What most cities need is an intermediate program to reduce on a wide scale the most glaring health, fire, and safety hazards in slum areas — a program that will fill in between now and whatever future date marks the rebuilding of the last slum block. That is why many men and women in national housing circles have lately been studying the Baltimore Plan for cleaning up slums.

Baltimore, alone among large American cities, has a plan already in operation to save itself from engulfment by slum blight. Every city has on its lawbooks certain health, fire, and building requirements that slum dwellings obviously do not meet. Violation of these requirements is a criminal offense. What Baltimore has done is launch a block-by-block enforcement drive to compel slum landlords to comply with minimum housing standards, and slum tenants to obey health and sanitary laws.

Here is how the Baltimore Plan has worked under ideal circumstances. What is now known as Block Number One in the city's clean-up drive used to be a run-down collection of 63 small houses surrounding a courtyard cut up by rickety wooden fences, sagging outhouses, and piles of debris. The

houses, 70 per cent of which were in need of major repairs, were occupied by 79 families. Sixty-six of these families had no inside toilets, 56 lacked bathing facilities, 35 used backyards for garbage disposal, and 14 had rats as constant boarders. Leaky roofs and the absence of gutters and downpipes kept most of the houses and yards in a perpetually soggy condition, giving rise to dank odors and bronchial coughs.

Today that block of houses surrounds a paved and sunny courtyard in which children play on swings and seesaws. All the wooden fences and outside toilets have been removed. Every dwelling unit, now one room larger on the average, has an inside toilet, and there are no windowless rooms. Rat infestation has been entirely wiped out. Through the replacement of bad stairs and flooring, the replastering of walls and ceilings, and the addition of gutter spouting, inside plumbing, and backyard drainage, every house in the block complies with minimum health and safety standards. And the cost to the city was only the cost of an inspection staff and court action.

The expenses incurred by the transformation, except for the recreational equipment bought by a civic organization, were borne by the property owners, who get it back gradually through increased rent. Although forced to pay higher rent, the tenants maintain that the improvements are worth it. As for the landlords, their original opposition has been tempered by the realization that their investments have added protection in the forms of physical improvements and a reduction in tenant turnover.

2

BLOCK Number One is Baltimore's showpiece, and has impressed officials from scores of cities in need of a cheap approach to their slum problems. But Block Number One is hardly representative of Baltimore's ten-year struggle to get its plan working smoothly — a struggle awaiting any city that interferes in the operations of as profitable a private enterprise as the renting of slum housing. Block Number One represents the end product of a campaign that began on a day in 1939 when health officials were coaxed into making an official inspection of nine houses that had no electricity, no gas, and only a fire hydrant as a community source of water.

The health officials reported that the block of nine houses was unfit for human habitation, and the block was leveled. After that the same officials, with considerable trepidation, inspected other diseased blocks, and some more bad housing came down. For moral support the health department had the backing of a militant group of do-gooders organized as a citizens' housing association, and of a newspaper that published pictures and descriptions of slum living conditions for eighteen straight

months. The paper avoided emotional appeals to civic conscience and publicized instead the effect on the public purse when slum owners suck the last penny of profit from their properties and then dump them on the city in default of taxes.

Before long, of course, a slum property owner challenged the authority of the health department in the housing field on the grounds that his lowly tenants did not deserve better housing. The owner eventually lost out in Criminal Court, but not without convincing the health officials that their nuisance-abatement powers had technical weaknesses. Then it was that the months of hard-boiled newspaper publicity paid off, because the city councilmen, in an unprecedented burst of economic understanding, passed a municipal housing code in 1941 that defined minimum housing requirements in specific terms and gave health officials separate power to enforce a program of sanitary housing in Baltimore.

Two years later the new housing code had successfully met the legal challenges of slum owners, and the health department had been given a staff of inspectors to enforce the code's provisions. By that time, however, Baltimore was in the midst of a housing crisis familiar to all industrial centers. Incoming warworkers were fighting for any available space from cellar to attic in rotting houses and abandoned tenements.

To condemn and pull down housing on a wholesale scale during an acute housing shortage is a political impossibility, no matter how bad that housing may be. So the Baltimore health department used its new powers to correct reported housing violations too crass to be ignored. Out of that wartime venture into housing-law enforcement, which brought the city through four tortured years without a major disaster or epidemic, came the realization that many slum property owners, rather than lose their gold mines through condemnation, could be made to rectify the most glaring deficiencies in slum housing, and that an enforcement drive aimed at cleaning up one block at a time would have a more lasting effect than single-shooting at reported bad spots in scattered parts of the city.

Immediately after the war, representatives of all the Baltimore city agencies concerned with housing got together and agreed to pool their personnel and authority for a mass attack on the worst blocks in the city. Block Number One was their first target, and into its 63 houses went health, fire, and building inspectors to compile joint lists of illegal conditions. Notices of housing violations were sent to landlords and tenants with orders to correct existing defects within a specific time or face court action.

The first notices to correct housing violations were almost wholly disregarded. Since the campaign was a new one, landlords and tenants alike

adopted a wait-and-see attitude. Court action followed slowly with postponement after postponement as violators found fresh excuses for their inability to install toilets or clear away garbage. In a year and a half the frustrated law-enforcement officers were able to get only a block and a half cleaned up. The one completed block was the now famous Block Number One — an impressive result, to be sure, but hardly a miracle wrought overnight.

The enforcement officers knew, at least in part, why their campaign only crawled along. Housing cases were heard by more than a dozen different police magistrates, most of whom did not know a downspout from a sewer line, and who already had a courtroom filled with petty criminals, runaway couples, and feuding neighbors. The magistrates let housing violators stall indefinitely for time or fined them too little to serve as a warning to other violators. What Baltimore needed, and eventually got in mid-1947, was a Housing Court where all housing cases could be heard separately by a single magistrate who both knew and appreciated the value of city housing laws. With the establishment of that court, and the delegation of sixteen policemen to a special housing-sanitation squad, the slum clean-up drive began to warrant national attention.

A day in Baltimore's Housing Court, the first of its kind in the nation, is an education, and the presiding judge, Magistrate Harry S. Kruger, intends that it should be just that. A tenant comes before him charged with littering her home or yard with trash. She pleads not guilty, saying that her neighbors are the dirty ones. The police "sanitarians" say, on the contrary, that her property is a neighborhood trouble spot. Judge Kruger fines her lightly — perhaps \$1 and costs — and explains in a brief speech, intended as much for spectators as for the defendant, why the city, down to the smallest house or lot, must be kept free of filth.

A landlord appears, and the sordid details of a three-story slum house with five dwelling units are revealed by health inspectors. The one toilet for five families has been out of order for several weeks. There are holes in the floors, and plaster is falling. One family, with two small children, lives in a dirt-floored cellar. There are three active cases of tuberculosis in the house, two children have rheumatic fever, and others have been bitten by rats. The landlord pleads that building materials have been scarce. The Judge, however, points to the record and says that hundreds of slum houses have recently been equipped with inside toilets, and many other types of major repairs are being made daily.

"It's been nine months," the Magistrate remarks, "since you got your notice to make repairs. You were not forced into this business, and you're not new at it. You say that you have more than a hundred houses and that you can't repair them

all at once. But so far you have done almost nothing to improve any of them. This five-family house we're now talking about is one you bought for about \$1000. You're getting \$120 a month out of it in rents. That's a good return, and you should be interested in protecting such an investment. When you own that type of property you assume an obligation to its occupants and to people of the city. I find you guilty: \$50 and costs."

Occasionally a defense lawyer complains to Judge Kruger, after court has adjourned, that he exceeds his legal authority in his sermons on slum housing practices, but by then the Judge has made his point. Sometimes, too, a property owner not in sympathy with the Judge's concern for the human side of slum life leaves the court muttering, "Let's go see the Governor." Such incidents are becoming increasingly rare, however. The Housing Court's record of fairness in the disposition of 2300 cases in the first year and a half of its existence has left recalcitrant landlords with no grounds for appeals to public or political sympathy. And for every case taken to court, health and building inspectors are now able to get more than ten violations cleared up without help from the Judge.

By the first of this year, eighteen months after the establishment of its Housing Court and police sanitation squad, Baltimore had rid itself of 5000 outdoor toilets and some 6000 of the high wooden fences that encourage backyard trash piles, eliminate play space, and shut off light and air. About 20,000 internal housing violations had been corrected, which means less dampness and rat infestation, fewer fire and safety hazards, and generally improved living conditions for a significant number of slum dwellers. More gratifying yet, landlords and tenants in blocks ahead of those in which the inspectors were working had begun to comply with housing laws without waiting for official orders.

3

BALTIMORE, then, has a slum housing program that warrants attention. Inquiries about its operation have come from almost every state and from points as far removed as Hawaii, Brazil, and Australia. Many of these inquiries, however, represent wishful thinking that can be traced directly to the widespread, misleading publicity given the Baltimore Plan by the National Association of Home Builders. Through magazine articles and a \$20,000 film strip, the Home Builders have represented the plan as yielding "immense dividends in health and property values," "gradually ridding this great metropolitan center of its slum areas," "providing much-needed minimum housing," and "markedly reducing the rate of juvenile delinquency."

The interest of the Home Builders in the Baltimore Plan is easy enough to explain. As part of

the powerful real-estate lobby, the Home Builders are exploiting before-and-after pictures of Block Number One as evidence that slum conditions can be eliminated through private enterprise without public housing and slum-clearance programs. But anyone who believes that the Baltimore Plan is an adequate substitute for tearing down the worst slum areas and building anew is hopelessly deluded. The plan does not provide much-needed minimum housing, nor does it actually rid a city of its slum areas. It does eliminate some of the more obvious sources of disease and provide children, under ideal circumstances, with offstreet play space. Yet even if such results could be accurately measured, they would not add up to "immense dividends."

The slums in Baltimore remain slums, with not a single new dwelling unit in all the jam-packed blocks. Some houses have been patched up, to be sure, and there is less sewage standing in backyard puddles, but the blight remains. The sense of achievement that comes with getting a particularly dilapidated house repaired is offset by the knowledge that the occupants of the house are still sleeping three and four to a bed, with all the hazards that accompany overcrowding. Also chastening is the realization that so far, fewer than 30 out of an estimated 2000 slum blocks have been crossed off as "completed" in the block-by-block campaign. As one health official remarked, "We won't live to see the end of this program." And if this were not enough to tone down the extravagant claims made for the program, Baltimore has belatedly discovered that a cleaned-up block does not necessarily remain clean for long in the absence of a supplementary program, as yet undeveloped, to sell sanitation to all slum dwellers.

What the Home Builders and other real-estate groups have overlooked in giving their rosy presentation of the Baltimore Plan is the better than average possibility that the plan will prove to be a Trojan horse as far as their own interests in housing are concerned. What a housing-law enforcement campaign does in the long run is expose the facts of slum life, and these facts, if they get into the hands of an active civic group like Baltimore's Citizens Planning and Housing Association, do little to bolster claims that the slums should be left in private hands. In Baltimore, at least, the campaign has given the public almost daily examples of the ways in which private investors exploit human misery in slum areas at the public's expense. Such examples are hardly likely to turn the public against public housing.

The Baltimore Plan has awakened in Baltimoreans the realization that taxpayers as a whole underwrite the gilt-edged investments of slum property owners. They have learned that 40 per

cent of their staggering city budget goes for the support of downtown slum areas that comprise less than 10 per cent of the city's total area. They have become aware that property assessments in those slum areas have dropped \$10,000,000 since 1938, with the result that Baltimoreans spend an estimated \$14,000,000 more per year on their slums than they get back through real-estate taxes. Baltimoreans now know, in short, that they are dumping precious tax money down ratholes, and the knowledge has stirred them into action.

In the spring of 1947 the voters of Baltimore turned down a \$2,500,000 loan proposal to give the city funds to buy up large parcels of slum property for redevelopment purposes. But in November, 1948, after a year of the public education that went with an intensified housing-law enforcement campaign, the same voters passed a \$5,000,000 redevelopment loan by a large majority. More significant yet, the voters supported the slum-clearance plan while turning down a smaller loan for a new municipal stadium. That is one good reason for the assumption that attempts to make the Baltimore Plan an end in itself will fail. The more the public learns of slum conditions, the less content it is to settle for a makeshift clean-up program.

This is not to imply that the plan is not a good one. The Baltimore Plan is the *least* that a city can do for its slum areas. There is no reason, save complacency, for a city's allowing a few private investors to milk dry an ever widening portion of its residential area. Some of the money extracted from low-income families should be forced back into slum housing to maintain property values and safeguard public health and safety. And as long as investors advertise their willingness to pay cash for dwellings condemned by city officials, there can be no doubt that there are profits in slum housing that should be tapped to help pay the bills for the disease, poverty, crime, and fires that make the slums a public burden.

Utilized most effectively, the Baltimore Plan offers any city a simple method of preventing the further spread of slum blight by compelling landlords to fix up marginal housing before it becomes hopelessly dilapidated. As for the housing too far gone for permanent restoration, the plan presents an inexpensive way to make the worst dwellings more nearly fit for human habitation by seeing to it that both landlords and tenants live up to basic health and safety requirements.

Baltimore fosters no illusions that it has the whole answer to slum problems. But it is prepared to show other cities what can be done temporarily to ease a situation that will certainly trouble Americans for generations to come.



Byron's letters to Countess Guiccioli, held in private by her family for seventy-five years, have now been released. Sympathetically edited by MARCHESA IRIS ORIGO, the letters and the day-to-day account of this extraordinary love affair will be published by Scribner's in September under the title Byron: The Last Attachment. For permission to publish the letters, the Marchesa is indebted to Count Carlo Gamba and the Legal Personal Representative of Lord Byron's estate. This is the third installment of the Atlantic's abridgment.

"MY ONLY AND LAST LOVE"

Byron's Unpublished Letters to Countess Teresa Guiccioli

by IRIS ORIGO

IT WAS in the spring of 1819 that Byron and Contessa Teresa Guiccioli first met, in Venice. He was thirty-one, she nineteen and married to Conte Alessandro Guiccioli, an eccentric nobleman of Ravenna, forty years her senior. In a few days, Byron and Teresa became lovers. He followed her to Ravenna, then to Bologna. They spent six halcyon weeks together in Byron's villa at La Mira. Then the storm broke. Teresa's father protested, Conte Guiccioli came to Venice to fetch his wife, Byron yielded, and Teresa was sent back to her husband in Ravenna.

But soon after her return she fell seriously ill and wrote desperate appeals to her lover; and on his side, Byron felt little inclination to return to England, "a country where I neither like nor am liked." So at last, on Christmas Eve, Byron returned to Ravenna.

"I shall return and do — and be — what you wish. I cannot say more," he wrote, after assuring her, "It will depend on *you*, whether I shall ever again leave you."

Little did he know how true these words would prove. "I have not decided anything," he told Hoppner in January, "about remaining at Ravenna. I may stay a day, a week, a year, all my

life; but all this depends upon what I can neither see nor foresee. I came because I was called, and will go the moment that I perceive what may render my departure proper. My attachment has neither the blindness of the beginning, nor the microscopic accuracy of the close to such *liaisons*; but 'time and the hour' must decide upon what I do."

Yet, however much he might try to preserve an illusion of freedom, Byron's return to Ravenna had been a turning point. On his first public appearance in Ravenna, at a party on New Year's Eve in the house of Teresa's uncle, Marchese Cavalli, where "there were between two and three hundred of the best company I have seen in Italy," he found himself welcomed by the whole of Teresa's family as one of themselves.

"The G.'s object appeared to be to parade her foreign lover as much as possible, and, faith, if she seemed to glory in the Scandal, it was not for me to be ashamed of it. Nobody seemed surprised; all the women, on the contrary, were, as it were, delighted with the excellent example. The Vice-Legat, and all the other Vices, were as polite as could be; — and I, who had acted on the reserve, was fairly obliged to take the lady under my arm,

and look as much like a Cicisbeo as I could on so short a notice."

This mild provincial life was very entertaining — for a while. The cage was charmingly gilded, and now Teresa expected her tame poet to sing in it. He attempted to find lodgings but failed, so Count Guiccioli offered him the apartment on the first floor of his palazzo; the Guicciolis themselves remained on the ground floor.

"After some hesitation, and probably even encouraged and urged by the Countess, Lord Byron accepted. Certainly," Teresa adds, "the offer might appear strange. It was so, indeed, but people were accustomed to consider the Count *an eccentric*, and after a few days they stopped talking about it." But Teresa can hardly have believed this herself. People went on talking — and have been doing so ever since.

Daily life in the Palazzo Guiccioli was far from easy. Here they were again under the same roof, but how differently the time passed, compared with those golden autumn days at La Mira! Now they were dependent for their few snatched hours together on anxious stolen meetings during the Count's siesta, or on the nights when he went to the theater or to a *conversazione* without his wife. Sometimes the Count was suave and courteous, sometimes curt and morose. But always in the background, his presence made itself felt — formidable, inscrutable, perpetually observant.

When the two lovers could not meet, they wrote to each other — hasty scribbled notes, carried from one floor of the palazzo to the other by Teresa's maid or one of the Negro pages. Many of these notes concern a series of quarrels of which the causes, seen at a distance, are extremely slight: the dismissal of a maid, Teresa's jealousy of Geltrude Vicari, Byron's jealousy of an old friend, or Teresa's childish resentment because Byron failed to sit beside her the whole evening during her game of cards.

There are references, too, to disagreements between Byron and his host: on one occasion about some carriages and furniture which Byron had ordered from Florence; on another about the engagement of a celebrated prima donna at the opera. All this seems very trivial, but Byron's letters to Teresa reveal something rather different from the usual reproaches, fair or unfair, of an angry lover. They show, first of all, a growing uneasiness about Teresa's character. Byron was under no illusion about his own weaknesses — but disingenuousness was not one of them, and it is plain that Teresa's lack of frankness caused him much disquiet. He complained that he could not "extract a word of truth" from her; he implored her to behave in a manner "unequivocal, even in appearances." Her lack of sincerity distressed him so much that he tried to find excuses for it by considering it not an individual but a national trait. He wrote of "the

sincerity that unfortunately cannot exist in the present conditions of Italian morals" — of "social morals fatal to a foreigner who loves an Italian woman."

It was not only that he was, as Teresa herself admits, "a little ashamed" of his role of *cavaliere servente*. What must have been even more disquieting was something at which it is only possible to guess, and which the letters, though they hint at it, never explicitly state. This was Teresa's very curious relationship with her husband.

From the available evidence it would appear that in the early days of the liaison, when Guiccioli was still hoping to gain some advantages, in prosperity or prestige, from Byron's friendship, he gave Teresa every reason to believe that he would cause no trouble. She only gradually came to realize that her husband was playing a very tortuous game: on the one hand trying to see of how much use the English milord could be to him, and on the other, spying on the lovers, so that, if he decided that a separation would suit his books better, he would have the necessary evidence to get rid of her. As she began to realize all this, Teresa must have been in a very difficult position indeed. That she really loved Byron is indisputable, and that at any moment she would have been willing to throw everything else overboard for him. But this correspondence shows that she had every reason to doubt whether Byron wanted matters to come to that point.

In this dilemma Teresa must have attempted, at least in the first months of this year, to conciliate her alarming, inscrutable husband, and in smaller matters she would sometimes give Byron an impression of complicity with Alessandro against him. This is, I think, the most probable explanation of the underlying note of tormented uneasiness in Byron's letters. There must have been moments in which, in this foreign country, this strange society, caught up in these unfamiliar conventions, it must have seemed to him that Teresa, too, was on the other side.

2

MORE and more, in his rooms in the Palazzo Guiccioli, Byron began to feel himself alone. "A foreigner," he had called himself, writing to Teresa in such a moment, "far from the moral customs and ways of thought and behavior of my fellow-countrymen"; and this sense of having come into a world entirely alien grew daily upon him.

"Their moral is not your moral," he told Murray, "their life is not your life. . . . The Conventual education, the Cavalier Servitude, the habits of thought and living are so entirely different, and the difference becomes so much more striking the more you live intimately with them, that I know not how to make you comprehend a

people who are at once temperate and profligate, serious in their character and buffoon in their amusements, capable of impressions and passions which are at once *sudden* and *durable*."

Was it of Teresa that he was thinking? She too had succumbed to a passion that was "sudden" and "durable." Would he, her *cavaliere servente*, be able to stay the course?

"Their system has its rules, and its fitnesses, and decorums, so as to be reduced to a kind of discipline or game at hearts, which admits few deviations, unless you wish to lose it. . . . They exact fidelity from a lover as a debt of honour, while they pay the husband as a tradesman, that is, not at all. You hear a person's character, male or female, canvassed, not as depending on their conduct to their husbands or wives, but to their mistress or lover. And — and — that's all."

Yes, that was all. So long as Byron had made love in Venice to women of no repute — to a gondolier's daughter or a Fornarina — the difference between the Italian background and his own had only given a touch of exotic color, of heightened intensity, to his adventure. For in superficial relations it is variety and brilliance that are pleasing. It is only when the heart is involved that the lover begins to seek not the alien and exciting, but the familiar and kind.

And this was precisely what, in Teresa, he did not find. She was pretty, she was passionate, she was, in spite of all her faults of taste, a lady. But she was not, as at first he had hoped, an animal of his own species. By the time he had fully realized this, however, a habit (which is responsible for more lasting ties than passion) had been formed.

But a sense of unease and mistrust was clouding their relationship. And they continued to quarrel. One may surmise that some of these storms were deliberately provoked by Teresa, who had enough *intelligence du cœur* to know that tedium was, in Byron, her greatest enemy.

The emotional storms of the next few months only contributed to his intellectual fertility. Violent passions, even painful, gave him the enhanced sense of his own existence which is the spring of all creative energy. "The great object of life," he wrote, "is sensation — to feel that we exist, even though in pain. It is this 'craving void' which drives us . . . to intemperate, but keenly felt pursuits of any description, whose principal attraction is the agitation inseparable from their accomplishment."

3

WITHIN the next few weeks the events that took place within the walls of Palazzo Guiccioli were sufficiently dramatic to satisfy even Byron's need for sensation. On the morning of April 2, Teresa sent up an agitated note to Byron. Early that morning, she wrote, before she was up, her husband

had forced open her writing desk and had read, one by one, all the letters it contained. Fortunately, she added, they held nothing which could provide him with weapons against Byron. She ended her letter with the declaration: "I will die, before I cease to be your true friend!"

And now the Count decided to change his tactics. For some time, according to Teresa, his ill-humor and "strangeness" had been increasingly marked, and finally, one evening in the middle of May, when he returned home and found Mylord, as usual, in Teresa's company, he made, for the first time, a violent scene.

"The Count went straight up to him [Byron] and said to him that the visits he had once allowed had now become displeasing to him, and that he begged him to discontinue them. Lord Byron had enough self-control to listen fairly calmly — and after replying, with noble pride, a few words signifying that he would defer to his host's age and the fact that he was in his house, he went upstairs again. The scenes which took place after his departure upset and frightened the Countess so much by their violence that on the following morning she sent for her Father, and after confiding to him all that had occurred, she declared to him that it was impossible for her to live with the Count any longer, and begged for his permission to return and live under his protection."

From the whole of Count Gamba's behavior until now, it would have seemed probable that he would tell his daughter roundly to attend to her wifely duties and send Byron away. Instead, he at once agreed to her request and dispatched a formal petition to Pope Pius VII, asking that Teresa should be granted a decree of separation, on the ground that it had become "utterly impossible for her to live any longer with so exacting a husband."

This petition was forwarded and recommended to the Pope by Teresa's maternal grandmother, Countess Cecilia Machirelli Giordani — "a lady of the highest merit," says Teresa, "for whom the Pope had a very great friendship." The Pope, Gregorio Chiaramonti, was in fact an old family friend; he had officiated, as Bishop of Imola, at the wedding of Teresa's parents, and had stayed with her grandmother at the family palazzo at Pesaro. He was therefore naturally prepossessed in favor of the family, and — according to Teresa — remarked on receiving the petition: "Such a request made by Count Gamba on his daughter's behalf, and recommended by the Countess Cecilia, cannot be anything but just."

Meanwhile the Count's spies had not been idle. No fewer than eighteen of his servants, ranging from his accountant and major-domo to the cook, the maids, the coachman, one of the Moors (the other was faithful to Teresa), and even two blacksmiths and carpenters, had been engaged in spy-

ing upon his wife, and later he required all of them to sign a written statement which he forwarded to the Pope.

This evidence affirmed that until the middle of May "perfect harmony" had reigned between Teresa and her husband. The cause of a change in Guiccioli was attributed by them all, according to their testimony, only to "the jealousy that the Cavaliere felt for the Englishman Lord Byron, who was then no more admitted to call upon the lady."

The trouble was now beyond mending. By the 20th of May, Byron was writing to Murray: "The Contessa G. is on the eve of being divorced on account of our having been taken together *quasi* in the fact, and, what is worse, that she did not *deny* it: but the Italian public are on our side, particularly the women — and the men also, because they say that *he* had no business to take the business up now, after a year of toleration. The law is against him, because he slept with his wife after her admission. . . ."

A few days later he continued the story: ". . . She is young and a woman, determined to sacrifice everything to her affections. I have given her the best advice, viz. to stay with him, — pointing out the state of a separated woman . . . and making the most exquisite moral reflections, — but to no purpose. She says 'I will stay with him, if he will let you remain with me. It is hard that I should be the only woman in Romagna who is not to have her *Amico*.'"

Byron realized that a choice was now inevitable: that he must either make a permanent break with Teresa herself or be left with her on his hands. He made a last attempt to go away: —

BYRON TO CONTESSA GUICCIOLI

MY LOVE: —

What do you want me to reply? He has known — or ought to have known, all these things for many months — there is a mystery here that I do not understand, and prefer not to understand. It is only now that he knows of your infidelity? What can he have thought — that we are made of stone? — or that I am *more* or *less* than a man? I know of one remedy only — what I have already suggested, *my departure*. — *It would be a great sacrifice*, but rather than run into things like this every day it becomes necessary — almost a duty — for me not to remain any longer in these parts.

He says that it is impossible for him to tolerate this relationship any longer — I answer that he *never* should have tolerated it. Assuredly it is not the happiest condition, even for me, to be exposed to his scenes, which come too late, now. But I shall do what a gentleman should do, that is, not cause disturbance in a family. All this would already be over — if that man had allowed me to leave in December of last year. He not only *wished*

me to *come*, but he said to me with his own lips that I ought not to go away — "this being too far-fetched a remedy."

In these circumstances we shall not see each other tonight. Always and *all yours!*

[BYRON]

I do not think we need see in all this only the last efforts of a reluctant lover to free himself. Byron's conventionality was genuine, and he probably believed every word of these remarks. If he had played for so many years the rebel's part, it was because society, to his mind, had not been kind to him. But he never questioned — as Shelley did — the essential validity of the social laws. He wrote to Moore of himself and Teresa as "those who are in the wrong — the lady and her lover."

For the last time, Byron tried to bring Teresa to her senses — to make her realize how serious, how *lasting*, the consequences of her decision would be. "A woman requires a great deal of character, the truest friendship, and the profoundest and *untiring* love . . . to decide on a course so disadvantageous."

But it was no good. Teresa merely cried, complained that he did not really love her, and held more strongly to her determination.

4

By now Byron had justifiably reached the conclusion that the Count was "a man who cannot be trusted for a moment," and who had a secondary motive for practically everything he said or did. Moreover, there was another unpleasant aspect to the affair — one which Byron, to his credit, never hinted at in his letters to his English friends. This was the financial one. The Count had borrowed money from Byron in Bologna and had hoped to avoid repaying it by letting him occupy, rent free, the upper floor of the Ravenna palazzo. But, not content with this arrangement, he had attempted, during the spring, to obtain yet another loan from his guest. This, indeed, had been the beginning of all the trouble. "Guiccioli having continued his plans for making money," says a statement of Teresa to her lawyers, "and the Countess having naturally refused to be his intermediary, and moreover her delicate health requiring precautions which inconvenienced him, he began to be estranged and to become insufferable."

That the same opinion was held by the government is shown by a report subsequently sent to the Austrian police in Venice by the Vice-Legate of Ravenna, Conte Lavinio de Medici Spada: —

"So long as Guiccioli's avaricious and sordid mind nourished hopes of the Lord's guineas, there was no trouble; but when these faded, owing to his Wife's refusal to help him . . . then, pretending to have just become aware of their relation-

ship, he showed some resentment which led to their separation."

Count Guiccioli made a final attempt to persuade Byron to go away. He had been taking legal advice and had discovered that for Teresa to obtain a separation, by which he would have to pay her alimony, would not suit his books at all. If he had set spies on his wife and her lover, if he had so assiduously watched them himself all these long months, it had certainly not been in order to be forced to return his wife's dowry and pay her a handsome allowance.

But meanwhile old Count Gamba had taken action. To the petition on his daughter's behalf, which he had already sent to the Pope, he now added a personal letter to Cardinal Rusconi, the Papal Legate in Ravenna:—

"... Now it is truly surprising that the Cavaliere should attempt to put part of the blame due to him upon my shoulders by his calumnies. I say frankly, calumnies, for if he had believed what he now attempts to make others suspect, why did he then invite Lord [Byron] to Ravenna, and in his own house, too? In either of the two cases, be he in good faith or bad, does he not by this admit himself to be the blackguard which the world considers him? I hope that your Eminence will recognize him to be one—and that will suffice me. For if I wished, by words, deeds, or writings, to prove how he attempted, for vile financial considerations, to prostitute, sell, and disgrace my daughter and make her unhappy, I could show it with the greatest clearness; but the extremely delicate nature of the subject obliges me to keep silent, avoiding the scandal of public controversy; so that, satisfied by public opinion, I am willing to trust myself to the conscience and justice of my superiors, among whom I recognize in your Most Reverend Eminence my defender, my judge, my..." Here the letter breaks off.

Count Gamba did not confine himself to writing letters: he sought out his son-in-law and challenged him to a duel. It seems to me that not enough attention has been given, in considering this story, to this very odd behavior. Here is an honest, simple country gentleman whose uprightness has never been called into question, and who until now has shown the most correct and natural disapproval of his daughter's liaison. It is probable that he wrote his letter to Byron, suggesting his return to Ravenna, in good faith, believing his daughter's protestations of a platonic relationship. But when at last the storm broke, and no further doubt could remain in his mind, what was his course of action? First he sent a petition to the Pope for a decree of separation, then he wrote the letter to the Cardinal, and finally he challenged to a duel, not his daughter's lover, but her husband!

Is this not overwhelming evidence that what Teresa at last told him about her husband's be-

havior shocked him so deeply as to place him—against all his principles and preconceptions—completely on her side?

It was now evident to Byron that there was no hope of a reconciliation between Teresa and her husband, or of a tolerable life for her in his company. And at this critical juncture, it must be admitted, Byron behaved correctly. "Now I can hesitate no longer. — He may abandon you — but I *never*." He felt, he told her, immeasurably her elder — centuries older in experience — and he embarked upon this permanent relationship with few illusions. But for the first time he called himself her *husband*. Teresa, at last, had won.

BYRON TO CONTESSA GUICCIOLI

MY LOVE:—

My honest behavior and my advice were what they were because I did not wish to hurry you — and put you in a situation where the greatest reciprocal sacrifices would be needed. — A woman requires a great deal of character, the truest friendship, and the profoundest — and *untiring* love — proved often and for long — to decide on a course so disadvantageous in every way, and irrevocable for all the rest of her life. But as that man has persecuted you in words and deeds for injuries to which no one has *contributed*, and which no one has protected — more than he — now I can hesitate no longer. — He may abandon you — but I *never*. — I have *years* more than you in age — and as many centuries in sad experience; I foresee troubles and sacrifices for you, but they will be *shared*; my love — my duty — my honor — all these and everything should make me forever what I am now, your loving friend and (when circumstances permit) your *husband*.

[BYRON]

P.S. Don't commit yourself for several *reasons* — which I have explained to you in part by word of *mouth*, but if he goes ahead I shall not fail you. *Speak to Papa first.*

The Pope's decree, dated July 6, 1820, stated unequivocally that Teresa was granted her separation because it was "no longer possible for her to live in peace and safety with her husband." It was forwarded by Cardinal Rusconi, together with a letter to Teresa clearly explaining the conditions under which she would be allowed to leave her husband's roof.

Three days later Teresa stole out of the Palazzo Guiccioli and went to her father's country house at Filetto.

The terms of the Pope's decree required that Teresa should live in her father's house "in such laudable manner as befits a respectable and noble Lady separated from her Husband," and this her father very naturally interpreted as meaning that Lord Byron should not be constantly under foot.

"She returns to her father's house," wrote Byron, "and I can only see her under great restrictions — such is the custom of the country. The relations behave very well. I offered any settlement, but they refused to accept it, and swear that she *shan't* live with G. (as he tried to prove her faithless) but that he shall maintain her."

Byron, on his side, in spite of all that had occurred, remained in the Palazzo Guiccioli, and although the Count sent him notice to quit, firmly refused to move.

For nearly two months, according to Teresa, the lovers did not meet. They did, however, exchange letters — brief on Byron's part and long on Teresa's — every two or three days. Byron's letters, which Teresa kept with meticulous care, have changed very greatly from those that he was writing to her a year before, or even during the spring at Palazzo Guiccioli. The note of frustrated passion and uncertainty has disappeared, giving place to an affectionate but faintly condescending ease — and also, it must be admitted, to a certain dullness. As to Teresa's answers, only three of this period have been preserved. They show a Teresa both shrewder and more independent than she has yet appeared; devotedly attached to Byron and yet capable of standing up to him; sentimental, but no longer blind.

5

DURING the early part of the spring Byron had been too much absorbed in his own private life to pay much attention to the state of the country, but since in Italy no matter is so personal that it does not become tinged with politics, both Liberals and Clericals had taken sides in his affairs. And gradually, as he became aware of the oppression from which — under the rule of the Papal States in the Romagna, and of Austria in the Veneto — the country was suffering, his sympathies were awakened. "I vaticinate a *row* in Italy," he wrote in the spring, "in which case I don't know that I won't have a finger in it. I dislike the Austrians and think the Italians infamously oppressed."

And when, three months later, Teresa's younger brother, Pietro Gamba, arrived from the South, bringing news of the success of the Neapolitan insurgents (who, without striking a blow, had succeeded in getting a Constitution and in forming a Parliament), Byron was already prepared to show his sympathy by practical aid. "I shall think it," he wrote, "by far the most interesting spectacle and moment in existence, to see the Italians send the Barbarians of all nations back to their own dens. I have lived long enough among them to feel more for them as a nation than for any other people in existence."

In these activities the Gamba family was deeply

involved. Both Count Ruggero Gamba and his son Pietro were considered by the Austrian and Papal Governments *pecore segnate* (black sheep), and were under police supervision. And now Byron — already suspect as a freethinker and a Liberal — joined them, and was made the head of one of the local bands, the *Cacciatori Americani*.

This band belonged to the third and popular section of the Ravenna Carbonari, which was also known as *la turba*. All over the country, within the last two years, such bands of conspirators had been springing up, many of them with high-flown names suggesting a direct link with the Freemasons. By the spring of 1820 it was said that over 15,000 men were secretly enrolled in the Romagna.

Byron attended some of the important meetings — both in the pine forest and in Ravenna, and at Filetto, Count Gamba's country house. There he met not only the other conspirators of Ravenna but also the representatives of the neighboring cities. And among these genuine patriots of all classes, there were a number of hotheaded, irresponsible boys, a few adventurers and criminals, and — inevitably — some spies and informers.

It was a strange mixture of human beings, and very alien must Byron have seemed among them all: the great English milord, so proud, so eccentric, and yet so anxious to do his share; so friendly when he chose; so generous. But according to Teresa, he was irascible at the meetings; he would call for less talk and quicker action.

By the end of August the Austrian army — on its way to Naples — was at the Po, and the entire Romagna was in a ferment. In such circumstances it is hardly surprising that the Papal Government found Byron an inconvenient guest. "He gives orders right and left," said a police report, "on the strength of the money that he freely distributes to the bad characters who form his society. He is the protector of the *Cacciatori Americani* and the leading revolutionary in Ravenna."

The local police received orders from Rome to arrest Byron's servants, who, in a city where no one was allowed to carry arms, walked about armed to the teeth; but no one had the courage to carry out the order. "They were trying," wrote Byron, "by all kinds of petty vexations to disgust and make me retire. This I should hardly believe, it seems so absurd, if some of their priests did not avow it. They try to fix squabbles upon my servants, to involve me in scrapes (no difficult matter), and lastly they (the governing party) menace to shut Madame Guiccioli up in a *Convent*."

Such tactics were calculated to increase Byron's revolutionary ardor, rather than to diminish it:

When a man hath no freedom to fight for at home,

Let him combat for that of his neighbours;

Let him think of the glories of Greece and of Rome

And get knocked on the head for his labours.

(To be concluded)

Resentment

Author, far traveler, and shrewd student of American economics, DAVID L. COHN here scrutinizes a question which has become a subject of pressing importance in American industry ever since the flow of immigration was halted: Who will or who wants to do the dirty work? Mr. Cohn has published an interesting study of race relations in the South entitled Where I Was Born and Raised; he is the author of a war diary covering some 40,000 miles, entitled This Is the Story, and two entertaining books, The Good Old Days and Love in America.

WHO WILL DO THE DIRTY WORK?

by DAVID L. COHN

I

LARGE numbers of us in the United States are corroded by resentments, conscious or subconscious. The worm of discontent, for all our riches, gnaws at our secret hearts. We are restless, dissatisfied, vaguely troubled; haunted by we know not what. Our cup runneth over with gadgets but we are not serene.

The source of our resentments, in my opinion, is that many of us are not what we should like to be, or what we think we ought to be. We do not occupy the place in business or society to which our merits "entitle" us. Saddest of all, having been "educated" for a higher (economic) place in life, through no fault of our own we are condemned to what we regard as a lower place.

An outward evidence of our inward resentment is our growing aversion to physical labor. "The modern man and the modern woman," wrote D. H. Lawrence, "hate physical work. Ask your husband to peel the potatoes and earn his deep resentment. Ask your wife to wash your socks, and earn the same. There is still a certain thrill about 'mental' and purely mechanical work like attending a machine. But actual labor has become to us, with our education, abhorrent."

Lawrence was writing of Britons in the period between the two world wars. But what he said of them is applicable to us and is intensified by factors purely American: our widespread education; our riches so dazzling that it would seem ignominious to offer a gold mine as a gift if the recipient should have to bend over to pick up the nuggets; the illusion that all of us can, and should, be freed from physical labor; the notion that, as Huey Long promised with great political effectiveness, "every man can be a king"; and the further notion that ours is a classless society when actually it is riddled with class and caste concepts.

The causes and possible cures of our resentments have been little explored; indeed the subject is seldom mentioned, as though it were taboo in polite

society. Why? Because to probe here is to take in the surgeon's hand the palpitant heart of the American dream with the fear that it may stop beating before it can be returned to its place within the chest wall. But since the spread of disease is neither stopped by fears nor cured by looking the other way, it may be well to peer into the heart whatever the risks.

Our dilemma is difficult. It is fraught perhaps with a certain inevitability, given the nation's needs, the manner of its growth, the quality of our industrial genius, the nature of men. For more than a century we have been a people furiously on the run, engaged in the business of settling this continent and bending the resources of nature to the uses of men. And if, as the British say, their empire was put together in abstraction, so the element of abstraction seems to have entered into the conquering of this continent, despite our alleged purposefulness.

Thus, for example, when Lewis and Clark returned from their expedition to the Northwest to find out what was in the grab bag of the Louisiana Purchase, a large body of public and legislative opinion held that much of its contents was worthless. The Great Plains, for example, must forever remain a desert. A quarter century later, Senator Thomas Hart Benton of Missouri told his colleagues that it would be centuries before the Pacific Coast was settled. Hurrying Americans did not even take time out to laugh at these words. They pushed westward in search of riches to be had there, it was believed, for the taking. By 1869 a transcontinental railroad was operating, the Indian and the buffalo were receding into the shadows of oblivion, the Great Plains were soon thereafter thickly tenanted with cattle driven northward from Texas, and clouds of homesteaders, with seed and plow, pressed closely on cattlemen's heels to make an agricultural empire where none had existed before. Then, as the United States threw wide its doors to immigration from 1870 to 1914, it imported

not only millions of people to build this country but also a mass market in the consuming and purchasing power of these same people.

A nation on the run does not stop to take stock. But the United States has long been engaged in transforming itself from one kind of economy into another, and how far we have gone in this transformation was made plain by the Bureau of the Census in 1920. Then it was found, for the first time in the nation's history, that more men were living in cities than in small towns and on the farms. A rural-agricultural society from our earliest beginnings, we had become an urban-industrial society, the process receiving its greatest impetus in our furious expansion after the Civil War.

In this society, business has constantly grown bigger; so have the farms. The hundreds of telephone companies that were operating at the turn of the century have become one giant company. Where once there were many automobile companies, now there are a handful, and one of these accounts for roughly half the output. Retail distribution was formerly the Elysian fields of the little man, because only small organizational ability and capital were required to run the small-town grocery, drugstore, and similar businesses. But retail distribution today is more and more pre-empted by huge chain-store organizations, the sales of one in 1948 amounting to nearly 2.5 billion dollars, and the sales of another to almost 1.5 billion.

Here the testimony of the eye is eloquent. Compare Main Street's tenants of twenty-five years ago with those of today. People still buy groceries and drugs, but what has become of Tom Hunt, Your Grocer for Forty Years, and Doc Stillwell, proprietor of the Busy Bee Drugstore, who sold Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup to your grandmother? More pertinently perhaps, what has become of Tom Hunt, Jr., and Doc Stillwell's boy, Sidney?

The disappearance of independent proprietors is a matter of deep concern to the Federal government. It troubled Franklin and Jefferson, who feared that industrialization of this country might lead to a propertyless proletariat. The theme has been recurring ever since: you find it in the third annual report to President Truman of the Council of Economic Advisers.

"Year by year," says the report, "control of the market is passing more largely into the hands of the large corporations, not only by internal growth but by the absorption of smaller firms. The process of expansion of large corporations by swallowing smaller firms continues, and the concentration of economic power becomes more intense."

But I am not concerned here with the question of whether big business or small business is better for the nation in terms of efficiency in general and the lowering of costs and prices in particular. My concern is with a stubborn and somber fact; namely, that as economic power becomes concentrated, the

great majority of employable Americans, whatever their talents or aspirations, cannot rationally look forward to becoming independent proprietors or executives of big business, but must content themselves with becoming, at best, skilled workers.

According to Seymour E. Harris, Professor of Economics at Harvard, "The need for executives does not increase in proportion to the growth of population. From 1910 to 1940, while the population was increasing 36 per cent, the number of openings for executives was increased only 8 per cent. And from 1929 to 1946 the number of active proprietors of unincorporated enterprises (roughly, the field of small business) actually declined 2.6 per cent" (*New York Times Magazine*, January 2, 1949).

This is also true, if to a lesser degree, of the land. The American farm has long been growing larger, and the larger farms, which are in reality farm-factories owned by corporations, account for a disproportionately large fraction of total farm output and income. Roughly speaking, 10 per cent of our farms produce 50 per cent of our food. This means the constant thinning of the ranks of the subsistence farmer — the "noble independent farmer" as he was called in the 1830's — while machinery has converted the once large farm family from an economic asset into a liability. Fewer people being needed on the land, they must turn to the cities and factories for a livelihood.

The remorseless process of the big becoming bigger is accompanied by a collateral process through which many corporations have expanded into fields foreign to those for which they were chartered. A paint company processes foods; an oil company manufactures cosmetics; recently a railroad-car manufacturer wanted to buy two rayon mills.

Yet, as the big grow bigger, we have continued to preach a doctrine valid perhaps during much of the American past for large numbers of men, but of increasingly dubious application since the turn of the century. It is: *Rise above your station*. At the same time, parents have been saying that their children must have advantages they did not have; the opportunity to get an education, to "amount to something," to do clean, white-collar work, instead of dirty handwork.

2

WHAT does it mean to rise above your station in an industrial society dominated by giant corporations? What can it mean except the opportunity to acquire a managerial job with one of them? (This aside from the self-employed in a variety of occupations some of which are already overcrowded, such as the law or civil engineering.) Yet how is one to win the grand prize of manager? The number of such positions is tiny compared with the number of aspirants, and the competition for the limited

quantity of managerships is so fierce that usually they go only to the superlatively equipped. What of the rest of us? How are we to "amount to something" even when we have gone to college?

Our dilemma — the dilemma of those of us who would rise above our station — is the more cruel since it stems from the noblest instinct of our democratic society: the right of every man to have the opportunity to realize to the utmost his potentialities. This is the cornerstone of the nation. It is a concept so deeply ingrained within us as to become embodied in the folk saying that every American boy may expect to become President. Nor is this all. The right to rise above one's station has acquired a touching poignancy because millions of our citizens derive from communities overseas where a man was expected to stay in the place denominated for him by king, bishop, landlord, or even God. "Once a cobbler, always a cobbler" was a maxim almost as effective as law over wide reaches of the world.

Furthermore, we are faced with a melancholy paradox. It would almost seem that as the dimensions of the nation have widened in riches and power, the dimensions of opportunity for the individual have decreased; that, while we may be leader of the democratic world, we afford less and less room for business leaders here at home. The nobility of the instinct of which we have been speaking remains unsullied, the attractiveness of the aspiration undimmed. But the hard fact remains — let's face it unblinkingly — that most of us cannot now reasonably expect to rise above our station as the term and the opportunity were once understood in the United States, even though we may be the world's richest nation with much of our potential richness as yet unrealized. If this is true of the so-called average man, what of the better-equipped men and women, the college graduates? What are their prospects in the immediate future?

The President's Commission on Higher Education has proposed for 1960 — only eleven years hence — an enrollment of 4.6 million college students. This is almost double the present enrollment which, in turn, is ten times larger than the student body of 1900. We all agree that the wider the diffusion of education among us, the better for the nation. But we, more perhaps than most peoples, have a pathetic faith in the *cash* value of an education. Here, generally speaking, education is not a preparation for the good life — born of love and knowledge, as Bertrand Russell defines it, with the great virtue that both are indefinitely extensible — but an allegedly almost infallible method of rising socially and financially. And in so doing, we tread increasingly unstable ground, for we are turning out more college graduates than the economy is prepared to receive.

While the President's Commission on Higher Education was proposing that we have more college

students, the Veterans Administration addressed itself to a cold fact. There will soon be more college graduates than there are jobs for them in their chosen fields.

By 1950, for example, close to 50,000 engineers will be graduated, as against an annual replacement need of 7000. Lawyers will become a surplus commodity with few takers, yet they continue to flock to college although many members of the class of 1948 are jobless. There is still room for chemists and psychologists but only if they have a graduate degree. There are already too many personnel men. The fields of physical education, social science, and English are crowded. Recruits are badly needed in the ranks of medicine, dentistry, nursing, and grade-school teaching, but even here we could quickly reach the saturation point under a vigorously expanded program.

If large numbers of college graduates could not find employment in their specialties; if we should bring about an overproduction of intellectuals, what would be the effects? Would these ambitious men who had undergone rigorous disciplines of study in order to get a degree just sit and take it when they found themselves jobless? Or, embittered and frustrated, would they become enemies of society as it is at present; fanatical advocates of some form of authoritarianism, more dangerous since they are ambitious, trained, and resentful?

What to do? The Veterans Bureau suggests that more students ought to prepare themselves for the trades, or begin their careers as clerks and office workers. This suggestion flows inevitably from the facts, but will it commend itself to the aspirant? How stem the force of drives among a highly aggressive people? Will a man who thinks of himself as a potential engineer be content to run a lathe?

3

IF IT is difficult for the best equipped to rise and next to impossible for the mediocre, how are we affected when constantly told that we can and should rise? Suppose you say to a worker in a fertilizer plant, a garbage collector, a car washer, that he ought to rise above his station, and he cannot do it. Or you tell a coal miner that he ought to get out of his black pit and become a white-collar gentleman, and he is unable to escape. (When we were hotly discussing the coal strikes some time ago, I never heard one man say that *he* would like to be a miner.) Is it not likely that he will resent being a miner, and begin to wish that his son should not follow in his footsteps? And if this is true of the miner, is it not equally true of all who perform the unpleasant but indispensable tasks of society?

Let's look at what is happening in other occupations. Custom tailors (along with cabinetmakers and other handiwork craftsmen) are a dying race. They were largely first-generation immigrants,

proud of their craft and ranking among our higher wage earners. But their sons do not want to become tailors. They are sensitive to the status they must occupy in our society as workers, and they yearn for the white collar. How archaic seems that day when it was noted in the Talmud: "Rabbi Judah would enter the House of Study carrying a jug (which he himself had made), and Rabbi Simeon carrying a basket (which he himself had woven). They said, 'Great is handicraft for it honors those who engage in it,' " and it was laid down as law that "artisans are not required to stand up from their labor when a sage passes by."

We resent physical labor for many reasons: the exaggerated claims of manufacturers and "science" that machines can give us all a push-button existence; the feeling that if we work with our hands we are less likely to "better ourselves"; and the effects of middle-class snobbishness which dictates that physical labor is not respectable. But many of us resent it because clearly or dimly we believe that we have little chance of rising above our station as, actually or legendarily, we once had in this country. And if our resentments have been temporarily stayed, it is because of our war-born prosperity, high employment during recent years, and phenomenal wages paid even to the most unskilled. Yet this is the shakiest of foundations upon which to rely. For one of the most striking phenomena of the past five years is that businessmen, farmers, and large numbers of workers have had little faith in their prosperity, and if they have accepted it gladly, there has been more than a touch of wariness and skepticism in their acceptance.

Consider three other phenomena of our times. One is that many otherwise honorable men and women — without losing caste among their fellows — have often preferred to loaf on an unemployment dole rather than to take a job which in pay prestige seems an affront to their *amour-propre*. Another is the lack of men's pride in their work: the waiter who throws food at you, the sloppy hotel maid, the slipshod carpenter, the hit-and-miss house painter, the careless garage mechanic. To what extent is this aberrant conduct a reflection of men's resentments in our society?

The third is our search for economic security. We who once disdained security, now want it double-barreled. We desire to be protected not only through devices of the Federal government, but also through industrial pensions for which labor unions are pressing. Where once we believed the sky was the limit, now we see it starred with pie. This is the measure of our changing dream.

What remedies are in sight?

If men's work attitudes are affected by snobbishness, we must make labor truly dignified, not in the sense of the bogus exaltation of the worker by Communism, but in the sense of evaluating a man for what he is and his usefulness to society rather than by his clothes or his occupation. This, however, is difficult to achieve. We do not truly believe in the dignity of labor — a concept mouthed by politicians and sung by poets who never sweated for a day in a Kansas wheat field. Nor will it be simple to knock the snobbishness out of the heads of many American mothers who would rather see Sister marry a white-collar moron than become the wife of a skillful, highly paid patternmaker.

Yet this change of point of view is the condition precedent to the next step. Since it is arithmetically demonstrable that many professional fields will soon be overcrowded, it is reckless for men to enter them unless they are extraordinarily gifted. Their only recourse under the circumstances is to fit themselves, as the Bureau of Labor suggests, for the trades however short this is of their aspirations.

The third step involves a realization by big business that the trend toward the obliteration of small operators and independent owners, the whittling down of the middle class, and the stultification of men's aspirations to rise economically may ultimately wreck the structure of present society. Here, fortunately, many enlightened businessmen are aware of what is happening; they are worried lest the American dream become a nightmare; and they know that men are more than statistical digits called consumers. It is for these reasons that some of the oil companies, for example, distribute their products through independent owners of filling stations.

But many sections of business are less enlightened, and numerous maladjustments in our society flow, not from the greed of businessmen, but from their social illiteracy, their lack of imagination and sensitivity, their unawareness of the hour, and a dangerous time-lag in their thinking. Yet unless large numbers of representatives of these groups take such steps as may be necessary to preserve the American dream, unless they understand that men are prideful as well as aggressive and acquisitive, then the industrializing of the United States will come to the bleak end anticipated by Jefferson and Franklin. "When two men ride a horse, one must go in the front," said Thomas Hobbes. The time has come when Americans must consider whether their countrymen will be long content to ride on the mare's rump.



An Atlantic Story



Of English parentage, MONICA STIRLING was educated in the thirties in Paris, where her father directed the English Theater. In the early years of the war she returned to London to work for the Free French, and after the Allied invasion she went back to France for eighteen months as the Atlantic's correspondent. Her work for the Atlantic brought her a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer award for a year's writing in Italy. This month Miss Stirling's first novel, Lovers Aren't Company, will be published under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint.

THE EXILES

by MONICA STIRLING

THE room was one of the cheapest in the hotel. Its faded yellow wallpaper was patterned with blue roses, its faded crimson carpet with green leaves. The plaster cornices were crumbling and, in one corner, were lightly draped with a spider's web. The low double bed had been covered by a peacock-blue shawl. Beside the chipped high-boy was a large tin trunk on which had been laid out a dozen books, a plate of oranges, a potted hyacinth. A bath, washbasin, cooking lamp and utensils were hidden behind a wooden partition. In the middle of the room was a glass-topped table surrounded by chairs — two armchairs upholstered in machine-made tapestry, two deal ones. In one of the chairs sat a woman.

Her name was Manuela, her nationality Spanish. She had just put on the table a bottle of the cheapest armagnac, two glasses, and a package of Gauloise cigarettes. Now she was waiting for a man.

From the street below came the battle cries of vendors selling newspapers of opposing political tendencies — *Humanité! Le Rassemblement!* — and sturdy murmurs from around the market stalls, which kept late hours. Cars hooted, shrieked, whined, as if in angry derision; and in a house across the narrow street a radio, tuned to a foreign station, was blaring a tune Manuela didn't recognize as "Nature Boy."

Presently there was a tap at the door. Manuela's lively expression became livelier. The key was outside the door. A man let himself in. His name was Arcosh, his nationality Hungarian. After a second's hesitation, he hurried unflustered to Manuela and bent to kiss her hand. Then he slicked back his hair

and sat down. Manuela filled their glasses generously and offered cigarettes. Raising their glasses, they wished each other a happy new year. Both spoke fluent French with a marked foreign accent.

To the wall over the bed were pinned a reproduction, cut from a magazine, of Carpaccio's Lagoon Scene; a photograph of a woman whom Arcosh did not recognize as La Pasionaria; and two picture postcards, one of Boucher's *Jeune Femme Étendue*, the other of Michelangelo's *Pietà*.

Arcosh looked at the pictures eagerly. He did not greatly care for art, other than music, but prided himself on his psychological sense, and thought these pictures would tell him something about this foreign woman with whom he'd become acquainted in the elevator. He'd been glad to accept her impulsive invitation. He too was a foreigner, alone in Paris on New Year's Eve, and this evening he had climbed upstairs hoping for the best: the best meaning, in his vocabulary, a very limited and precise pleasure for which he had much appetite. But the dissimilarity of the pictures puzzled him. It took all his fine formal manners not to show bewilderment as he looked from the lovely lagoon, with its two mysterious figures setting out in their gondola, to the photograph of the darkly ravaged woman, the strawberries-and-cream body of Boucher's sweet libertine, and the austere majesty of Michelangelo's juvenile Madonna brooding over her dead child.

Manuela watched her visitor with benevolent amusement. This was her most characteristic expression. She knew precisely what he was thinking. It had never occurred to her to pride herself on her sense of psychology — or indeed on anything save

the prodigious appetite for life that had proved her most useful possession — but she often guessed what people were thinking. Manuela liked people, and lacked censoriousness. Curiously, Arcosh glanced from the pictures to their owner.

Manuela was a tall woman in her late thirties. Several years of malnutrition had made her unhealthily plump. The thick dark hair that curled to her shoulders was streaked with gray. Before the Spanish civil war she had been a pianist. Now that her hands had been frozen as the result of mountain fighting she earned a poor living teaching Spanish and doing odd jobs which sometimes proved very odd indeed. Her family had repudiated her on account of her ideals and now she no longer felt sure of the ideals on account of which she had embraced repudiation.

But despite the loss of family, friends, ideals, profession, country, comfort, Manuela's interest in life had not deserted her. For her, every day was really a new day, exciting as a Christmas package to an unspoiled child. Anything might happen! And in the meantime there was always someone needy with whom to share a few francs; someone hungry for whom to boil a saucepan of soup beneath the printed notice "Clients who cook or wash clothes in their rooms may be INSTANTLY ejected"; someone whose unhappiness in love needed to weep itself out on an ample breast. Perhaps because she was never bored by other people's stories, because she saw through their unconscious pathos and sordid self-delusion to the elements of grandeur and beauty as endemic to human beings as are birth and death, Manuela was seldom without some battered creature running to her as a starved cat runs to a saucer of milk. She could not see anyone lacking love without feeling personally responsible.

Arcosh would have been astonished, disconcerted, to learn that Manuela's unpremeditated invitation had been the result of compassion. A tall, handsome, blond, greenish-blue-eyed man in his early forties who viewed revolutions only as social solecisms, he lived on a charity he considered less than his due and spent his extensive leisure conspiring in a refined and impractical manner in the back rooms of cafés with literary pretensions. Dead empires and decayed royal families adorned his thoughts as blue roses adorned Manuela's faded wallpaper. Self-assured and self-possessed — in so far as so tenuous a self could be possessed by anyone — he mimed his way through his exile with the complacent mockery of a ballet dancer who is convinced his talent will obtain indulgence for all his moral faults. His chief inconveniences came from his appetite for women, an appetite in which fastidiousness fought a losing battle with greed.

In the days when he had been an indigenous aristocrat in income as well as in blood, Arcosh had provided many a beauty with a valid reason for

dropping pearly tears into a lace-bordered handkerchief. Lately he had found himself obliged to make do with little girls who wore pants rolled to the knees in imitation of *Life* magazine and insisted on expatiating on Existentialism at moments when they should, properly, have been swooning with gratitude. More than once he had caught himself grumbling that the girls of today were not like their mothers. Then, realizing that this was a sign of age, he shut his mouth and looked around.

In this mood he had met Manuela. She was not a young girl; she was poor like himself; like himself she lived in a cheap hotel — but she was the daughter of a Marquis and maybe when she took off her cheap dress he would inhale from her luscious body the fumes of generic costliness without which he found life a vulgar farce.

2

THEIR second drinks having suffused them with illusions of warmth and hope, Manuela and Arcosh discussed their plans for the evening.

"I had thought we might eat here," said Manuela. "I have quite a kitchen in my bathroom. I could make us soup and there is spaghetti and ham and fruit and I even have butter and good coffee — and a bottle of champagne, quite a New Year's feast, what do you say?"

Arcosh did not know what to say. His sensitive nostrils flickered disgustedly at the idea of the cheap room, so like his own, filling with the smell of cooking cheap as that to which he was accustomed. With genuine anguish he thought of subtly lit night clubs where, to the accompaniment of ersatz *tzigane* orchestras, starched waiters served caviar, *foie gras*, hot toast, iced butter, and long-necked bottles in silvery buckets. But because he knew that all his wallet could offer Manuela was a restaurant with sawdust on the floor where foreign students would elbow their way through a bad meal accompanied by loud and jejune arguments about the liberty of the individual, Arcosh smiled and said that would be delightful if you are sure it will not be too much trouble, dear friend?

In fact it was delightful. Manuela was a fine cook, and produced not one but two bottles of champagne. And after the coffee, came more armagnac. Arcosh ventured to take Manuela's hand, which she gave him as readily as she would have given him a match to light his cigarette.

The room was dim now, only the bedside lamp lit. The noise was muted in the street below. Absent-mindedly Arcosh let his delicate fingertips explore Manuela's forearm. He adored this moment, the moment when every goose still had time to prove herself a swan. Inaudible violins playing in his head, Arcosh slid his hand above Manuela's elbow. Her flesh was soft and fragrant. Slicking back his hair, raising his chin, flattening his stom-

ach, Arcosh remembered dear dead women with whom he had once waltzed, whispering as he did so assignations that committed them to the kind of trouble he considered appropriate to their station in life.

Skirts that the moths had long ago devoured rustled softly through his narrow imagination, and Arcosh looked searchingly at Manuela's strong brown face, striving to find there the enchanting fatuity with which he had once played so prettily. "Destiny . . ." he murmured, with a look appropriate to Charles Boyer in a close-up, "destiny does strange things to us. . . ."

Manuela smiled accommodatingly. She felt very sorry for Arcosh. Throughout dinner his conversation had reminded her of that of an aged and jobless actor referring to his petty provincial successes of a decade ago as if they were actual triumphs on the stages of great capitals. Let him indulge in pompous vocal preliminaries if that was his fancy. She looked forward to the moment when she would hold his head against her breast much as a fond mother looks forward to tucking up a child and kissing it good night.

Suddenly there was a clatter of horses' hoofs in the street below. A certain familiarity about the sound made both exiles react instantly. Together they pulled open the window. Swathed in floating scarves of fog, a detachment of Gardes Mobiles was riding by in full battle regalia. Manuela and Arcosh looked at each other without speaking. Violence had played too great a part in both their lives for them to be indifferent to the faintest whiff of it.

They shut the window and sat down. The sound of the horses' hoofs receded. Arcosh put an arm around Manuela's handsome shoulders. But they were no longer alone in the room. The past was there now, a censorious third person criticizing their love-making.

"What do you suppose that meant?" asked Arcosh, trying to make his voice sound urbane, unconcerned.

"Trouble with the strikers," said Manuela. "It said in the papers they were going to call the troops out." Without knowing she was doing so, she sighed. She could not remember a period when her private life had not been like a contraband object, infallibly confiscated by public events.

"New Year's Eve," murmured Arcosh, anxious to reintroduce a sentimental note. "Where were you this time say . . ." he hesitated, searching for a period he had enjoyed, "say five years ago?"

Manuela reflected. Then she smiled, stretched her arms, forgot Arcosh.

"This time five years ago? I was in the mountains. Madonna, but it was cold! Our clothes were in rags. We had to lie as close together as pigs in a litter to keep alive, let alone warm. We'd just gotten hold of some first-rate machine guns. That was before my arm was broken. We were due to blow

up a train." She began to laugh. "That was the time we hid in a barn and mother of God if there wasn't a bull in it! You can't imagine what a terrified group of partisans we were! One look at that bull and we ran like crazy! Still we blew the train up. . . ." Manuela's voice trailed away, the enjoyment left her face. Somberly she stared into a future in which there would be, for her, no more of the kind of friends as united as pigs in a litter. Then, her natural courtesy reasserting itself, she asked, "And you, where were you then?"

"I?" Arcosh gave a little social cough, cleared his throat, and looked at Manuela reproachfully. The daughter of a Marquis. Deplorable. Had he realized her tendencies he would not, he told himself, have come here tonight.

"I," he said with dignity, "was getting dressed for a ball. One of the finest balls I've ever attended." Pleasure drove the pedagogic note out of his voice. He saw his starched shirt, his elegant coattails, the felicitous way in which he had glided, the admired of all beholders, kissing white hand after white hand.

Like a pouter pigeon he arched his chest, remembering the little German baroness he had escorted home. She had told him she adored Goethe and next day Arcosh had sent her a beautiful edition of this poet accompanied by a basket of flowers and fruit and the appropriate quotation from Verlaine. It had been the beginning of one of the most charming idyls Arcosh could remember: champagne glasses winking in the firelight and the little baroness murmuring endearments through her disordered rivers of ash-blond hair. What a temperament she had had! . . . and how convenient had been her husband's absence on the eastern front. "Ah, those were the days," said Arcosh, pressing his fingertips to his lips and throwing an imaginary kiss into the air.

Suddenly a notion occurred to Arcosh that entirely restored his good humor: he would be doing Manuela a favor if he made love to her. After all not every woman of forty, not even every Marquis's daughter, had the opportunity to be courted with old-world grace and refinement by a man who had possessed some of the silkiest heads, finest profiles, snowiest breasts in Europe, a man who had given many a noble scutcheon a traditional blot. With infinite condescension he laid a manicured hand on Manuela's throat. Without *brusquerie* she stood up and began clearing the coffee cups. When she had done so she came back and sat down at the opposite side of the table from Arcosh. Neither smiling nor speaking they stared at each other. The silence became oppressive.

3

For the first time since boyhood Arcosh considered a woman as something other than pleasure fodder.

Uneasily he turned away and stared at the dim Carpaccio reproduction. It was really very elegant he thought, trying to remember an Italian duchess he had known in Venice — and to use the memory as if it had been an aspirin.

With an effort Manuela considered a human being as something other than a creature in need of solace. My body is becoming flaccid she thought, my mind weak; but all the same I am not yet a philanthropic institution to which everyone can apply.

With all the power she had once possessed she willed Arcosh to look back at her. When he did so something strange happened. His eyes seemed to dull, his chin to sag, his hands to tremble. For a moment it was impossible not to see him as he would be when, having lost his hair and gained a paunch, he became the fatuous old man who had lurked inside his bright boyhood as a future tenant lurks about an apartment whose previous owners are moving out.

Simultaneously Manuela's bulk seemed to diminish, her hair to darken, until her leonine person became no more than a pale frame for the dark and vivid girl she had once been. An apprehension of the nature of violence rushed between them like a torrent they had surveyed from opposite banks.

"Life is a very strange thing," muttered Arcosh querulously.

He looked so old, tired, and foolish that Manuela had much difficulty in not running to him. But some not entirely worn-out spring of her past life

made her say "very strange indeed" with dry equability.

Arcosh stood up. He went to Manuela, kissed her hand, and thanked her for a pleasant evening. Then he moved to the door. A great actor could not have expressed futile grief more felicitously than Arcosh was doing by hunching his shoulders and shuffling his feet.

An agony such as she had not known for years stirred in Manuela. Hushing it as she would have hushed a fractious child, she wished her guest good night.

On the threshold he hesitated. "Destiny," he murmured — but he was no longer at all like Charles Boyer — "destiny does strange things to us."

"Very strange indeed," acquiesced Manuela.

After Arcosh had gone Manuela stretched herself upon her bed. The faded yellow wallpaper of her room was patterned with blue roses, its faded crimson carpet with green leaves. Its plaster cornices were crumbling and, in one corner, were heavily draped with a spider's web. From behind the bathroom's partition came a smell of cooking.

For a moment Manuela wished she were dead. Then she remembered the young Spanish painter and his wife who'd recently settled on the floor below. They looked as if they didn't get enough to eat. Tomorrow she would ask the porter about them. Tomorrow was another day. Manuela rolled over and slept. Not for the first time she forgot to turn out the light.



THE SHELL

by MARGARET McGOVERN

THIS mortal shell Thou gavest me,
To hear and sing eternity,
Can sing no more:
No voice will hear
But earthly loss and plunging spear,
Crying near, surging near.

Ah Jesu! from eternity
Renew the shell Thou gavest me,
Thee to adore!
Make it to hear
No more of loss, no more the spear,
Or the fear — mortal fear.

So hearing it will sing anew,
Songs of You, self-adieu.

Wealth

Big government, by big taxes, continues to expand social services. But it still leaves the multimillionaire many philanthropic choices of his own — endowment of pioneering research, for instance — as alternatives to the inheritance taxes. To find out why more Americans fail to exercise that choice, JOHN PEARSON sought the opinions of thirty wealthy men and tax attorneys. Mr. Pearson was among the small group of skilled administrators selected to launch the Federal Security programs. More recently he has been Managing Trustee of the Hanover Institute, Hanover, New Hampshire, seeking to finance the Institute's basic research leading to a greater understanding of the nature of man and his problems.

"DEATH AND TAXES"

by JOHN PEARSON

I

CHICAGO's fifty-year dream, now slowly taking shape in a blighted 305-acre tract, is for a \$300,000,000 "Garden of Health" without parallel as a world center for healing and life saving — so reports the *New York Times*. On the same day New York University announced that the Bellevue Medical Center will cost \$33,000,000, including facilities for an \$8,000,000 postgraduate medical program which the Samuel H. Kress Foundation has underwritten.

Thus the daily press spreads forth the record of the opportunities developing for American benefactors. The *Yearbook of Philanthropy* forecasts that "in the next ten years American philanthropy will be called upon for an increase of at least one billion dollars a year." Estimates of new financial aid from private sources, required annually, for just a few areas of philanthropy include: —

- \$500,000,000 for hospitals
- \$105,000,000 for religion
- \$100,000,000 for social work
- \$100,000,000 for higher education
- \$ 44,000,000 for secondary education
- \$ 4,000,000 for medical education

An Associated Press dispatch reporting the settlement of the W. K. Vanderbilt estate focused attention on another aspect of the issue. This news item was headed: "Taxes Eat 30 of Vanderbilt's 35 Millions." The news report further stated that W. K. Vanderbilt had died leaving an estate of \$35,000,000 and that after the administrator had raised cash for the payment of \$25,000,000 of Federal taxes and \$5,000,000 of New York state taxes, only \$5,000,000 remained for Mr. Vanderbilt's widow.

Death tax laws exempt from taxation the property in an estate conveyed to non-profit institutions such as hospitals, colleges, and research agencies. Thus an individual can arrange for a continuation

of his charitable inclinations with only a relatively small tax cost to his heirs.

The facts in the Vanderbilt case seemed so extraordinary, a check was made of published records of other instances of disposition of estates. Similar lack of provision for a tax-free disposition of estates was frequently indicated. The insight of Thomas W. Lamont, New York banker and large donor to Harvard University and Phillips Exeter Academy, has apparently not been gained by some men of wealth. Mr. Lamont is said to have remarked, "When I give \$500,000 it costs my heirs just \$25,000."

For example, according to published reports only \$9,000,000 of private property remained in the \$33,000,000 estate of Eldridge R. Johnson of Camden, New Jersey, after the payment of taxes and other expenses.

Only \$2,400,000 was left in the \$10,000,000 estate of Mrs. Emily Thorn Vanderbilt Sloane White after the payment of \$7,000,000 of Federal and state death taxes and \$600,000 costs of administration. The \$12,000,000 estate of Mrs. Agnes Anderson of Seattle was required to pay \$6,000,000 in taxes, and \$11,600,000 death taxes were required of the \$20,600,000 estate of Mrs. Margaret Carnegie Miller of New York.

The \$10,690,000 estate of Jules S. Bache, New York banker, had to pay \$5,400,000 in death taxes. The \$1,900,000 estate of the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt was called on for \$400,000 of inheritance and estate transfer taxes.

The journal *Trusts and Estates* gave a detailed report on a smaller estate, which makes even more specific the heavy incidence of taxation and the substantial liquidation required in raising cash for death taxes when charitable disposition of a portion of a man's estate is overlooked.

In this case, the estate of a New Jersey businessman was valued by the court at \$1,100,000. The

backbone of the estate was a difficult-to-liquidate 20 per cent interest in a close corporation. This asset was valued at \$400,000. Other assets in the estate were: —

Summer home	\$200,000
Suburban home	150,000
Business real estate	100,000
Miscellaneous securities	50,000
Personal property	50,000
Cash	60,000
Life insurance	100,000

Under the law, \$60,000 of the property was exempt from the Federal estate tax. Costs of administering the estate were \$50,000. The Federal estate tax was \$335,000. The additional New Jersey inheritance tax of \$57,000 brought the total death taxes and expenses to \$442,000.

Further search of public records of the settlement of estates of well-to-do individuals would turn up additional confirmation of the 160-year-old maxim of Benjamin Franklin: "Nothing is certain but death and taxes."

2

WHY are there so many instances of wealthy persons failing to take advantage of tax encouragement of a philanthropic distribution of their property? Answer to this question was sought from several individuals said to own considerable wealth, as well as from tax attorneys and trust company officers with lifetime experience in advising men and women of large means on estate matters.

Preoccupation with making money, ignorance, tax technicalities, and selfishness were the reasons most frequently advanced by men of large affairs for the omission of tax-free disposition of estates. The observation of one tax attorney — "Wills reflect life motives. There always is a life motive" — recalled Herbert Spencer's earlier description of the motivations of men of property as "nine parts of self-interest gilt over with one part of philanthropy."

A Chinese proverb which has survived 2200 years — "He who seeks to be rich will not be benevolent; he who wishes to be benevolent will not be rich". — still finds some confirmation today although the U.S. Treasury Department estimates that 10,000 wealthy individuals have lately set up tax-free charitable trusts and philanthropic foundations in anticipation of death taxes.

The question raised in the inquiry was: "What in your judgment is the principal reason why nontaxable disposition of an estate is not more frequently planned by wealthy individuals?"

The trust officer of one of the nation's largest banks said: "I think the principal reason why nontaxable disposition of an estate is not more frequently planned by wealthy individuals is that they are unwilling to be educated about the difference between letting the government have, by way of

estate tax, so large a proportion of their fortunes, and the benefit of being able to give, without any additional cost to the residuary beneficiaries of the estate, a substantial portion of the estate by way of nontaxable disposition."

An experienced tax attorney declared: "It is a constant source of amazement to me how many able businessmen do intensive planning in their own ventures but give no time whatsoever to the planning of their estates. It is comparatively easy to 'sell' them some gadget which saves them income taxes. When it comes to death taxes, however, they are vaguely aware that they exist, but pay little attention to estate and inheritance taxes.

"Life planning and death planning must be integrated to make ultimate sense. If they are not, a mess of some kind may result. What are we going to do about it? Clearly, education on the subject is needed."

Another tax attorney of national reputation replied: "An outstanding reason why individuals do not give tax-free money to charities to a greater degree is selfishness."

In sharp contrast is the point of view of a trust officer with thirty-two years experience in pointing out to wealthy people the heavy impact of Federal estate taxation: "I find that many people of considerable wealth are averse to taking any part in a plan which they consider tax 'evasion' rather than tax avoidance. The difference is apparently not made clear to them. They feel that they are doing something that is against the good of the national economy."

Lack of a sincere interest in a philanthropic purpose and lack of understanding of philanthropic opportunities were offered as explanations by a leading American investment adviser.

The trust officer of a large Pacific Coast bank, with twenty-five years experience in dealing out death tax advice, said: "From my experience I conclude that most of the wealthy individuals who fail to plan a tax-free disposition of their estates are self-made, as distinguished from those who have a broader background, a more liberal education, and a wider experience in the affairs of mankind.

"In his early and formative years the self-made man of means very often has had his being in an environment, if not of adversity, at least of modest existence. During this period he has been keenly conscious of the influence and prestige of his more affluent friends and acquaintances and thus has soon developed the concept that the acquisition of wealth is the means to that end.

"Experience has taught the self-made man that the greater the amount of wealth he has been able to accumulate, the greater the power and influence he wields or thinks he wields in his community. In his eyes, the possession of wealth bears the stamp of distinction and power, while conversely the absence of wealth or of an aptitude for its acquisition is a mark

of inferiority and weakness. The notion that he might with advantage to himself in particular, and to his fellow men in general, reverse the process by wise gifts or donations is beyond the periphery of his consciousness.

"There are exceptions, but in most cases any gesture in that direction takes the form of ostentatious generosity mainly because that course of action at once flatters his vanity and serves his purpose. His views and actions, however, on this subject very often seem eccentric, if not psychic.

"How else can one explain the action of any number of self-made men of means who, being in the 70 per cent or more income tax brackets, will decline to make donations or gifts to worthy charitable organizations, such as the Community Chest, in excess of such meager amounts as \$100, and sometimes less?

"The fact, so easily demonstrated, that his net cost on a gift of \$400, for example, would be a mere \$120 does not make the slightest impression and leaves him stone-cold. A spirit of frustration seems to freeze him into inaction, with the result that he permits events to take their normal course. This same melancholy phenomenon projects itself into his views and actions concerning the making of tax-free disposition of his estate.

"Why should he perpetuate his lifetime interests through a nontaxable disposition of his estate? He will be dead when that happens, and what good will it bring to him? The be-all and end-all of his existence on this earth has been the acquisition and not the disposition of wealth, and since he cannot take it with him when he dies, the same spirit of frustration takes effect."

A Midwestern life insurance man specializing in estate-planning advice commented: "I suspect the problem is more psychiatric than economic. Several factors affect pre-death distribution: (1) a lack of information or understanding with respect to the operation of the tax; (2) fear — of inflation, of a depression, of the value of the dollar, and perhaps greatest of all, the fear of insecurity in old age and possible infirmity.

"Doubtless you have seen the tables which show that if your income be such-and-such you can give to charity so much at a cost of only so much. I think these tables have prompted many a gift to charity of \$1000 when the donor realized that his actual cost was only \$250. But I have never seen anything like this worked out for the estate tax.

"In large estates there is usually something which the owner wishes to protect, on the theory (oftentimes erroneous) that his heirs will wish to preserve it always. Perhaps this is a home, a business, a stamp collection, or great-great-grandmother's diamond bracelet. To the end, then, that this may be retained, stocks, bonds, and cold cash are piled up and hoarded as a tax buffer to guarantee the retention."

A New York State attorney offered still another cause for the failure to specify tax-exempt philanthropic planning of an estate: "There are many questions involving relations of a client with his family, and with his business associates, where the human relations are more important problems than a discussion of the topic of saving taxes. Estate planning is not attempted because clients are afraid of their wives and prefer domestic peace to the ordeal of explaining why they are not leaving all their property to their wives. Lawyers regard such situations as the client's affair and therefore say and do nothing. The lawyer offers advice only when the client asks for it."

3

MEN of large wealth, when asked to comment on the numerous instances of heavily taxed estates for which tax-free benefactions had not been planned, were more concrete in their judgments of the situations. Only occasionally were such men of the opinion that "many people do not take the time to make a study of their estates," or that "there is always the obstacle that no individual likes to spend a great volume of time in planning for his death."

As would be natural, wealthy men did not express the point of view of a Washington tax lawyer that the reason estates were burdened by large death taxes was that the wealthy man was too busy, did not expect to die so soon, or was too fearful lest lawyers or accountants know too much of his affairs. The following thoughtful, factual size-up of the question, from the experience of a distinguished New Jersey manufacturer, is characteristic of men who have taken the time to think about estate planning: "The answer may lie in an effort to perpetuate the individual's *principal* lifetime interest, the interest to which he may have given ten or twelve hours devotion each day for fifty years. The nontaxable disposition of a portion of an estate diminishes the possibility of such perpetuation.

"Thus, even though the nontaxable disposition might otherwise be subject to a Federal estate tax of 77 per cent, there would still remain 23 per cent for the perpetuation of the individual's principal lifetime interest. With the chance of such perpetuation already small, the decedent may be reluctant to diminish it further through the abandonment of this 23 per cent.

"It is interesting that as tax rates rise, tax-deductible donations fall. All educational and charitable institutions are painfully aware of this fact. Is it the story of the goose and the golden egg?

"I suppose the answer to your questions really lies in excessive tax rates. It is less easy to give \$15 out of \$100, when only \$23 remain available, than it is to give \$15 out of \$100 when \$75 remain available. Expressed in another way, if there were \$1000 in an estate and the decedent wished to give \$500 to an

educational institution, he would feel less able to do so if he could keep only \$115 of the remaining \$500, than if he could keep \$400 of that remaining \$500."

A publicly active wealthy New Yorker commented: "Tax laws should be changed to encourage philanthropy. Annual income tax exemptions should be enlarged to permit the individual to donate to institutions during his lifetime, instead of compelling him to earmark the same amounts on his death."

An academic answer to the question was offered by a psychologist who put forward the idea that "consciousness of a 'death tax' is not so great as consciousness of other types of taxes because of the general remoteness and indefinite time of payment of taxes on an estate. The taxpayer probably does not worry so much about possible future payment as he does about the income tax and other regularly recurring taxes."

And a philosopher said: "A 'man of means' naturally seeks a satisfaction of his personal purposes if he is to share his wealth with others. Money contributions rest on a *quid pro quo* basis. There has to be an interchange of values rendered between the donor and the institution aided if tax-free gifts are to be specified in a man's will. The essence of giving is the donation of something of value to the donor — the self-sacrifice represented by the gift."

The conclusion of a New England metal manufacturer — "People owning estates of substance only make gifts to charities in which they have a real personal interest — a donor wants to get the glow which goes with a charitable gift" — was in line with that of a former high official of the U.S. Treasury Department who suggested that "the general problem is one of a deserving institution making its good work known to those individuals who can give it financial aid. If the virtues of the charitable enterprise are recognized, gifts and bequests to it are apt to follow. One of the better means for such education is the organization of a group of interested and enthusiastic supporters of the enterprise."

The point of view of a wealthy California businessman sets forth still another attitude on the desirability of a tax-free disposition of an estate: "I believe purposes of government services more worthy than educational or charitable purposes. Educational institutions now an object of philanthropic interest of some wealthy people are not found deserving by other wealthy individuals. 'Education obtained without sacrifice by an individual is of little value.'

"Donations to benevolent organizations bleed industry of capital needed for the development of a free and competitive society. I am interested in the promotion of industry and in the promotion of charity as charity, but not in endowments for the purpose of avoiding taxes. Gifts to tax-free institu-

tions increase the tax burden of people less able to bear the burden of taxes."

Thus, no simple guesses emerged as to why W. K. Vanderbilt and others did not plan a greater degree of charitable and tax-free disposition of their estates.

The final inquiry was into the prospects for the repeal or substantial modification of the Federal estate tax. The United States inheritance tax was first applied at a rate of 15 per cent in 1898 at the time of the Spanish War. It was repealed in 1902 but became Federal law again in 1916 when the levy was made 10 per cent. World War I tax burdens caused the rate to rise to 25 per cent, but a post-war reduction to 20 per cent was voted in 1926.

Rising government services to the people following the 1929 depression caused the inheritance tax rate to jump to a new high level in 1932 (45 per cent on the larger estates) followed by a sharp increase to 60 per cent in 1934, 70 per cent in 1935, and 77 per cent in 1940, the rate which still continues. That is, Federal estate tax rates range from 3 per cent on the first \$5000 of the net estate to 77 per cent on that portion of the net estate exceeding \$10,000,000, after an exemption of \$60,000.

In the present post-war period 76 per cent (\$32,000,000,000) of the current Federal budget is the burden of the costs of wars in the past and today's military preparations. Thus there is slight prospect that reduced death taxes will lessen the importance, to a wealthy man or woman, of considering the values in a tax-free planned estate.

Recent Congressional hearings on tax matters show the steadily increasing dependence of the Federal government on death taxes. The total estate and gift tax revenue of \$643,000,000 in 1945 had grown to \$779,000,000 in 1947, and yet these taxes produced less than 2 per cent of the revenue required for the Federal budget.

Continuation of high rates for estate taxes, as recommended in the minority report of the House Ways and Means Committee in 1947, is indicated, since the minority party is now the majority party. This minority report, discussing Revenue Revisions of 1947-1948, concluded: "It seems clear that the privilege of transmitting property at death is not bearing its fair share of the increased tax burdens of the Federal Government."

Unless some reader of this article can shed new light as to why many people leave estates heavily burdened with death taxes which a charitable disposition could have lightened, our inquiry must end with the thought expressed by the editor of a banking journal specializing in problems of trusts and estates: "Your wonderment as to why more people of means do not make more bequests to charity, and avoid taxes thereby, is understandable. I really don't have an answer for you, as it is hard to explain human behavior."



In his book *Gamesmanship* and in his article "Golfmanship," which the *Atlantic* published last September, STEPHEN POTTER disclosed the new technique by which the dub, or crock, can win various games of skill from a superior opponent. He now lays down a conversational method by which the full-blown ignoramus can take the field successfully against highly placed experts in typography, military affairs, travel, art, and literature.

LIFEMANSHIP, OR HOW TO TRIP THE EXPERT

by STEPHEN POTTER

MILLIONS of people must have formulated the wish, often unconscious, certainly rarely expressed, that the philosophy of Gamesmanship should be extended to include the simple problems of everyday life.

It has indeed been a wonderful surprise to me to find that our small theory has found response; that the seed has been sown in, if possible, such tremendously diverse hearts. And perhaps it is true that today we stand in need of precisely that kind of formulation, more actual if only because it is less concrete, which finds its expression in the so variously manifested *temporal* problems, themselves reflections of a wider principle, which is yet capable of a not less personal approach.

Counter Expert

I always believe that some kind of ABC of counter expert play is the best grounding for the young Lifeman. Without any special knowledge, without indeed any education whatever, it is possible not only to keep going in conversation but, sometimes, to throw grave doubts on the value of expert knowledge in general. There is no finer spectacle than the sight of a good Lifeman, so ignorant that he can scarcely spell the simplest word, making an expert look a fool in his own subject, or at any rate interrupting him in that stupefying *flow*, breaking the deadly *one upness* of the man who, say, has really been to Russia, has genuinely taken a course in psychiatry, has actually read history at Oxford, or has written a book on something.

A few simple rules, then, for a start.

Note. There is no need to stress the failure, here, of the sloppy expertship of the old school. The man who depended on mugging up the subjects of his week-end fellow guests never went very far. The classical example of this was, I always thought, G. Protheroe. On one occasion, for instance, hearing that Dr. Lowes, the expert on Coleridge, was to

be present during a week-end holiday, he spent the previous month (he was a very slow reader) trying to memorize the facts of a small, mass-produced life of S. T. Coleridge printed in the *These Men Have Made Their Mark* series.

By the Sunday evening, when the visit was coming to an end, he realized only too well that as yet *no reference to Coleridge had been made*. During a pause in the conversation he decided to speak.

PROTHEROE: I am right in saying, I believe, that there are two versions of the *Ancient Mariner* and they are not the same.

LOWES: 1798 and 1800?

PROTHEROE: 1798 and 1800.

LOWES: Yes — they are not the same.

PROTHEROE: Not the same.

And here the conversation ended. Easy to find fault with Protheroe. Not so easy to formulate the basic rules which turn failure into success.

The Canterbury Block

We always encourage youngsters to *practice as they learn*. Why not an easy exercise to warm up? The Expert on International Relations is talking. He is in full spate. How can he be jolted?

EXPERT: There can be no relationship based on a mutual dependency of neutral markets. Otto Hüscher would not have allowed that. He was in Vienna at the time —

LIFEMAN (*as if explaining to the rest of the audience*): It was Hüscher who prevented the Archbishop from taking office in Sofia.

A suggestion, only. But no matter how wild Lifeman's quiet insertion may be, it is enough to create a pause, even a tiny sensation.

Your expert dominating his audience is in the position of the golfer four up at the turn. To break the *winning vein*, break the *flow*. One is reminded of an old story of a man greater than we, with greater problems — Wagner. How did Wagner maintain

discipline over his orchestra and convince them of his professional mastery in his sphere? Before rehearsing a new work, he would purposely insert in the part of one player a B flat instead of the correct B natural. During rehearsal he would stop the orchestra at this passage.

WAGNER: B natural — who was it played B flat?

RICHTER (then No. 16 of the second violins): I did. It's written in the part.

WAGNER: Ah! a mistake. Alter it, please.

Out of an orchestra of a hundred . . . in the huge Gehatmesserschalle . . . one semitone in the second violins detected . . . no wonder the flow of suspicion which all orchestras feel for their conductor was blocked, and diverted to admiration!

Here we have two forms of what is known as the Canterbury Block. (This word has nothing to do with Block; nor has Canterbury with Canterbury. The phrase is good "White Celtic" and almost certainly derives from Kan-tiubh bribl-loch (literally the war-winning man-of-words in the porcelain-expert foray.) Originally nicknamed the Trip, both words express the essential dynamic of counter expertizing.

Plonking

Another simple block is known as "plonking." If you have nothing to say — or, rather, something extremely stupid and obvious — say it, but in a plonking tone of voice — that is, roundly, wisely, and dogmatically; or take up and repeat with slight variation, in this tone of voice, the last phrase of the speaker. Thus: —

TYPOGRAPHY EXPERT: . . . and roman lower-case letters of Scotch and Baskerville have 2 or 3 thou: more breadth, which gives a more generous tone, an easier and more spacious color, to the full page —

YOURSELF: The letters "have width."

TYPOGRAPHY EXPERT: Exactly, exactly, exactly — and then if —

YOURSELF: It is a widening.

TYPOGRAPHY EXPERT: What? — Oh yes, yes.

This is the lightest of trips; yet if properly managed the tone of voice can suggest that you can afford to say the obvious thing, because you have approached your conclusion the hard way, through a long apprenticeship of study.

Plonking of a kind, a delicate but embarrassing trip, can be made by the right use of quotation, or assumed quotation. Here is the rough format: —

MILITARY EXPERT (beginning to get into his stride, and talking now really well): There is, of course, no precise common denominator between the type of mind which, in matters of military science, thinks tactically, and the man who is just an ordinary pugnacious devil with a bit of battlefield instinct about him.

YOURSELF (quietly plonking): Yes — "Where equal mind and contest equal go."

This is correct quotation plonking (a) because it is not a genuine quotation and (b) because it is meaningless. The Military Expert must either pass it over, smile vaguely, say "Yes" or, in the last resort, "I don't quite get . . ." In any case, it stops flow and suggests that whatever he is saying, you got there first.

I Was Never in Vladivostok

Here, I think, it is right to introduce a slightly more complex ploy for use against the Travel Expert. He is dangerous, for whatever part of the world happens to be in the news, he will have been there before, and with his firsthand information — even if in fact it is only a firsthand knowledge of the station waiting rooms of the area — he will expect, and may get, a hush whenever he starts to speak.

This expert can only be attacked on his own ground. And the form of attack is to take if possible *one foreign place* where you have *actually been*. A convenient one for young British draftees who have spent their army year in Germany is Munster Lager, a transit and demobilization camp well known to them, but entirely unknown to anybody over the age of twenty-one. Munster Lager is good because it can be pronounced, by variation, as if it were a place name of any country. The conversation goes like this. Subject, say, Fishing Rights on Russia's Eastern Seaboard. The expert coming in to the attack: —

TRAVEL EXPERT: Well, I don't know, but when I was in Vladivostok, I knew there was going to be trouble. Nyelinsky was on the warpath even then, and I was fortunate enough to meet his staff with the Korean Councilor.

AUDIENCE: Really?

TRAVEL EXPERT: The local papers were front-paging it day after day. I soon *sensed* a very nasty situation, even if it didn't blow up then. It wasn't a very *comfortable* visit, but I was glad I'd been, afterwards.

YOURSELF: Yes.

TRAVEL EXPERT: You see —

YOURSELF: I was going to say — I'm sorry.

TRAVEL EXPERT: I'm sorry?

YOURSELF: I was only going to say that though I was never in Vladivostok, I *did* spend some months in Munster Lager, not a million miles away. (*The pronunciation can be slurred into something like Man Stalagin*).

TRAVEL EXPERT: Oh yes?

SELF: Of course I was working as a stevedore among the dockers and porters — I didn't see much of the high-ups, I'm afraid. But Lord, I feel I understood the *people* — the cutters and the quay cleaners, the dossmen and the workers on the factory fringe. The wives waiting on the quayside, waiting with their children. I needn't say where my sympathies lay.

Often the Travel Expert is completely shut up

by this kind of talk; but it is *not for beginners*. The clever Lifeman can continue in this vein indefinitely, without ever having to say that he has been in Asia — or that, in fact, he has not.

The Question Gambit

Very different from plonking is my small device for use by the supposed expert when set against those who know more than they should. It is in essence concealed counter and consists in asking questions in a clear, kindly tone of voice, as if you were teaching, or trying to make it simple.

I have used it myself when showing young persons round the National Gallery. A couple of boys I know are very cut-and-dried on the subject of the History of Art. I take them up to a large picture in the Florentine Room marked Uccello. Never having heard of Uccello I say: —

SELF: Now, Uccello, as they spell it here. Is he Early? Or is he Late?

BOY: Oh, Early — isn't he?

SELF: Early. Good. Well, what is he famous for?

BOY: Origin of perspective.

SELF: Perspective — yes — good. (*Catching sight of the figure of a knight in the foreground*) Or foreshortening, anyhow. Yes. And what do we know about his color? . . .

The "What a pity!" Probe

Different again — indeed, a totally new form of attack — is the method whereby doubt is thrown on the usefulness, if not indeed the good taste, of expert knowledge itself.

This ploy is beautifully manipulated, I always think, by G. Wert. No speaker, he trusts to the pen, and in letters, articles, and reviews throws doubt not only on the accuracy of the expert opinion but on its validity for the particular context involved.

His opening pass — "I am surprised that so eminent a scholar as Dr. Trout" — is well known. His variation on the principal theme is no less famous. "What a pity!" is his gist. Of Folder, the specialist on Ben Jonson, he says: "What a pity that Dr. Folder, for all the immaculate scholarship of his approach and the learning which is almost too patent in his pages, can yet expend his energies on the schoolbook question of Influences! Ben Jonson's debt, in his middle period, to the commedia dell'arte. Chapter and verse are given, with pages of parallel passages. Sound enough, were it not a fact that writer learns from writer not by imitation but by conflagration, and takes fire, like a brand from the burning."

Wert is particularly successful with professors of English literature. "According to Professor Maud Holliday," he writes, "the lines *To Paula* reflect Fitzgerald's interest in Pauline Westerby, the 'fair white flambeau' of *In My Time*. Alternatively it is suggested that she is the possessor of the 'eyes, twin pools of onyx' in the celebrated stanza. But surely

it is enough to realize that here is a man who lived and loved, with warm human passion, a Paula, Pauline, or Paulette, be she who she may."

Several of these articles ended with "be she who she may," a phrase of which Wert was particularly proud.

Go on Talking

A very small probe, which yet is not ineffective, has been used by my friend Cogg-Willoughby, who has been fairly successful with a counter from the psychiatrist's angle.

The expert holds the floor. His audience is submissive. Cogg waits, attentive. Sooner or later the expert will say, "But I'm talking too much" — always a prelude to talking still more. Or, "What do you think?" he may even say, simply.

EXPERT: But you say. What do you think?

COGG-WILLOUGHBY: No, go on.

EXPERT: But I have been going on!

COGG-WILLOUGHBY: I know. But it's good. It's right. I knew as soon as I came in you were happy. You look so splendidly relaxed —

EXPERT: Relaxed?

COGG-WILLOUGHBY: Yes, it's all right: don't take any notice of what I say. It's good.

EXPERT: Good?

COGG-WILLOUGHBY: It means that you're what we call happy. Go ahead. We're all listening to you.

Cogg was extraordinarily successful with this sequence for a time, and it led him to explore, curiously enough, the field of counter psychiatry. Cogg's Anti Psyke, as it came to be called, is not well known, and I have been asked to publish a note on it here. He had two principal tactics, and trained himself to make a spontaneous choice of either.

Tactic One, his favorite, was used against the direct attack. This would be the shape of the dialogue — or at any rate these were the words I noted down when he was set against Krautz Ebenfeld. Imagine, if you can, the thick Slovene accent of the one, and the quiet Cambridge tones of Cogg for contrast.

COGG: I expect you are always observing and analyzing, Dr. Ebenfeld.

EBENFELD: It is my job.

COGG: You will make me self-conscious.

EBENFELD: Why is that? It is what you do when you are not conscious that interests me. Do you know that you caress the back of your neck with your left hand when you speak to me?

COGG (*who has been doing this on purpose*): No. Really?

EBENFELD: Do you know why that is?

COGG: Well — you mean —

EBENFELD: You had a brother or young cousin who was a fine swimmer, yes?

COGG: Rather!

EBENFELD: And you perhaps were not much of a swimmer. Yes?

COGG (*very warmly*): How glad I am to hear you say that!

EBENFELD: Glad?

COGG: The doctrine of '95, supported by you of all people.

EBENFELD: Ninety-five what?

COGG: Back to the founder of all founders — and how rightly. Hardt's doctrine, as my own father taught it to me.

EBENFELD: Yes — Hardt —

COGG: How well did Freud say, in his queer English: "He is my look up to. I stand to him — pupil."

"That is very interesting," said Ebenfeld. But he realized he was beaten.

Later Cogg even reduced Sophie Harmon, the great lay practitioner, to silence. In this case (*Tactic Two*) Sophie as usual began it.

SOPHIE: You have a limp?

COGG: No.

SOPHIE: You were dragging your foot as you crossed the room.

COGG (*smelling a rat*): Was I?

SOPHIE: You are not satisfied, fulfilled, today?

COGG: Ah.

SOPHIE: You have *two motives* pulling different ways.

COGG: My limp, you mean?

SOPHIE: Perhaps.

COGG (*lowering his voice yet speaking more distinctly*): Perhaps. Or just an old weakness of the para-deltoid?

SOPHIE: Perhaps.

Sophie keeps her head, but she is ployed, and Cogg knows it, knowing, as he does, that she never took anatomy.

It is easy to bungle counter psychiatry — which is, of course, a huge subject. But it is essential, we now believe, to work at these opening exercises before the more intricate problems are attempted — before dealing, that is to say, with the experts in painting and music, politics and philosophy.



FORGIVE MY GUILT

by ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

Not always sure what things called sins may be,
I am sure of one sin I have done.
It was years ago, and I was a boy,
I lay in the frostflowers with a gun,
The air ran blue as the flowers, I held my breath,
Two birds on golden legs slim as dream things
Ran like quicksilver on the golden sand,
My gun went off, they ran with broken wings
Into the sea, I ran to fetch them in,
But they swam with their heads high out to sea,
They cried like two sorrowful high flutes,
With jagged ivory bones where wings should be.

For days I heard them when I walked that headland
Crying out to their kind in the blue,
The other plovers were going over south
On silver wings leaving these broken two.
The cries went out one day; but I still hear them
Over all the sounds of sorrow in war or peace
I ever have heard, time cannot drown them,
Those slender flutes of sorrow never cease.
Two airy things forever denied the air!
I never knew how their lives at last were spilt,
But I have hoped for years all that is wild,
Airy, and beautiful will forgive my guilt.



Journalist and historian whose penetrating and prophetic book, *The Making of Tomorrow*, appeared in 1942 shortly before his death, RAOUL DE ROUSSY DE SALES, bilingual that he was, worked ceaselessly for a better understanding between the French and American democracies until his strength was spent. Among her husband's papers, the Countess de Sales found these epigrams, which were written over a period of years and which we shall publish in this and the following issue. The French was often so tight-packed and precise as to defy translation, in which case it seemed wiser to the editors simply to reproduce the original.

REFLECTIONS

by RAOUL DE ROUSSY DE SALES

THE easiest thing to give away is the best of yourself.

A calm, still night, a breeze both cool and warm. I hear the leaves of the trees whispering and the low songs of insects. Nothing else. Where is this scene? Never mind where. It tears my heart out to remember.

Il n'y a pas de raisons de vivre, mais il y a des prétextes.

To a Frenchman, the most important thing is "the scene of his childhood." His being is filled with memories of the place where he was born. He never denies them; even Stendhal, obsessed with his hatred of Grenoble, could not disavow it. That one is born in Saintonge, in Brittany, in Picardy, or in Provence is an important fact. It is important, too, that a cluster of oak trees, a field of broom in flower, a road gently encircling a little hill, a blue-gray sky — that these things are always there in the background, that one *feels* them, that one has one's roots deep in some small corner of the map of France. If a Frenchman is asked for his references, he should produce a landscape.

Do not complain about your loneliness: nobody is troubling you. Do not shout for help: someone might hear you. Keep quiet; beware the volunteer lifesavers! They will destroy you.

L'ennui est la mesure du temps et de l'espace.

The influence of the heart is no less great than that of the mind, and it is more subtle. There are people who create, about themselves, a certain warmth of personality, who transmit to others their

particular emotional atmosphere, who show you how to love, to suffer, to be happy, to laugh at the humorous things in life. Those who respond to this influence may recognize one another by the slightest of signs, by the tone of voice, a glance, a phrase, a gesture. Often they do not know the nature of the bond they have in common until one says to the other, "Do you happen to know So-and-so?"

Women complain so often that one loves only their bodies. Try — at your peril — to prove the contrary to one of them!

When it is as painful to forget as it is to remember, you are in love.

Jean dit à Jeanne: "Vous êtes un jardin où j'aimerais entrer, me promener, me reposer." Cela fait sourire. Il faut pourtant bien finir par se faire une raison: l'amour ne gagne pas à s'additionner de lyrisme, de poésie. L'amour est la chose la plus crüe qui soit; plus il est profond, plus il est dépouillé et simple: "Voici mon sexe, voici mon coeur, voici tout ce que je possède." On ne couche pas, en fin de compte, avec la littérature.

Sleep is a locked door to a room which one enters alone.

We are obliged to be friends with certain individuals — in spite of everything. Otherwise we could not forget how thoroughly disagreeable they are. There are others whom we think we should like for one reason or another. What we really want is someone we can love without telling ourselves why.

Il y a des femmes qu'on aime d'avance: on devrait le leur dire et s'en aller.

There is something in the classic style which at times achieves grandeur and, at other times, is merely banal. To a modern, that classic wisdom, that balance, that measure and temperance, are somehow incomplete. Perhaps we have discovered that life is incomplete without some strain of folly, of error, of bad taste.

Even the loftiest literature is, strictly speaking, *juvenilia*. Older people can only search for their lost youth in books. Life dries up. For the majority of men, creative writing stops in their thirties — others are only prolonging an artificial youth. Sooner or later, the voice is silenced.

I have just read Cocteau's phrase in *The Potomac*: "*Écrire, c'est déranger le dictionnaire.*" I have written exactly the same words without the slightest idea that they were not original. Is there such a thing as subconscious plagiarism? The most honest writers deceive themselves. The best thing to do is not to strive for originality. The classics are mostly quotations.

Il y a des gens qui mentent par paresse; d'autres qui disent la vérité par paresse.

To discuss one's friends with others is the surest way to destroy one's affection for them. If you wish to keep on loving your friends, do not mention their names.

The cat is ill. He neither eats nor cries, but spends his days lying in his basket beneath the table. You feel that his head is heavy and that his eyes are filled with pain. He walks stiffly and stops for rest on each step of the stairs. You tell yourself that he is suffering less than a human being because he does not *know* that he is ill and that he may die. But he is so wise, so calm, so resigned, he carries his burden with such dignity that you wonder.

La fin arrivera le jour où chaque chose sera à sa place. La vie peut se concevoir comme une tentative d'arrangement.

When you suffer intolerable grief, it is useless to repeat that there is no suffering which time cannot cure. You long for immediate relief. You want to forget the present moment. Tomorrow, tomorrow, you tell yourself, I shall be less miserable — and yet you cling to sorrow more tenaciously than you do to happiness. The present is unbearable, perhaps, because you do not quite dare to admit that you will forget — altogether.

We all know what other people think of us. Yet if, perchance, that opinion is confirmed, we are wounded — or at least surprised. We prefer to give ourselves the benefit of the doubt.

To please is a rare pleasure but, at times, what a bore!

Si la nuit porte conseil, pourquoi vous réveillez-vous? Passez plutôt l'hiver en Laponie.

Remember that this man or that woman is just as great a liar as you are. Consequently it is futile to blame or fear them. Let everyone be allowed his own margin of error.

Gather yourself together; force yourself to be silent and still; close your eyes, plug your ears. That heavy throbbing which you hear like the distant drumming of an airplane's engine — that is your life ebbing away.

Records: *Je voudrais savoir le jour où j'ai le plus souffert, j'ai ri, mangé, dormi, fumé, aimé, tremblé, été le plus vite, parlé, été le plus près de mourir.*

I want to live as long as I am myself.

I have had nothing new to say to you for a long time. I only repeat myself. For an equally long time you have had nothing new to say to me. But when will I stop speaking? And you?

Guerre future: Lorsque la guerre matérielle sera devenue impossible par excès de complication (les moyens de défense correspondront aux moyens d'attaque jusqu'à une sorte de stabilisation neutralisante de l'ensemble), on fera des guerres psychiques. On agira sur le moral de l'ennemi, par les journaux, la radio; et grâce au perfectionnement de la propagande on diluera les énergies, on bouleversera les réflexes, on creusera des mines dans les consciences. Il n'y aura plus que des victoires morales, les plus terribles.

Daily life with its succeeding events, its hopes and deceptions, its half successes and its false catastrophes, is unintelligible. We must create a kind of inner life even if it is an erroneous one. We must at least seem to believe or we are in danger of total disintegration. I cannot blame those who cling to religion or philosophy although my nature finds such supports ineffectual. Most people do so to escape a doubt, a disorder which will overwhelm and destroy them. As for myself, I am only capable of a very fragile faith, a faith which is intermittent and conjectural, but even if I smile at it, I would not give it up. It is a kind of soul insurance whose premiums I pay at irregular intervals, knowing all the time that the company is or may, at any moment, be declared bankrupt.

How many people have thought today about their own deaths? Many, you say. Perhaps, but many more have tried earnestly to think about something else.



The Atlantic Serial



THE BRAVE BULLS

by TOM LEA

Luis Bello, the Mexican matador known as "the Swordsman of Guerreras," is a tired man though still in his early thirties. For years he has supported a large, lazy clan of relatives, paying for their fat with his own flesh. In the plane to the Capital where he will fight in the Plaza Mexico, his thoughts are on Linda de Calderon who he believes will comfort him. He is right.

Meanwhile Raul Fuentes, his manager, is negotiating for another corrida, one which will have both Luis and his adoring young brother Pepe on the card at the plaza in Cuenca. Luis has agreed to appear there on the feast day of Santa Barbara, on the one condition that Eladio Gomez, the impresario, will provide bulls of the first class from Las Astas.

The fight in Plaza Mexico does not go well. Luis is off his timing, he chops at the horns without undue risk, the crowd boos. It is only when the other matador, Juan Salazar,

is fatally gored that Luis, aroused, takes revenge on the bull with his deadly accuracy.

Spending his evenings in Linda's apartment, Luis falls more and more in love with her. She worries about his scars; she pleads with him to give up the bulls and he answers by telling her of the corridas ahead. The Sunday following, he fights at Guadalajara. The bulls are good, but again Luis is cautious. On the way back to Mexico City, the entire cuadrilla is downhearted. They seem to have a premonition of the news that Pepe brings them — Raul and Linda have been killed on a mountain road in Luis's car. The world falls apart for Luis Bello. They have ruined his car; they have killed themselves; they have wrecked him. And still ahead of him is the corrida in Cuenca for which the brave bulls, the tough bulls, have been promised.

This novel, which has been abridged for the Atlantic, is being published in its entirety by Little, Brown.

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THE bugle blew and the waiting was finished. Luis saw the toril door open, saw Chon Munoz peering into the darkness, poised with the divisa ribbons in his hand. He saw the horns come from the darkness; Chon's hand swept down. The bull plunged into the sun, ribbons fluttering from the black shoulder, a roar lifting from the plaza shouting its joy at big Tramillero, Number 74.

All of Luis Bello pulled up into his eyes to estimate his enemy as he watched the bull rush bounding across the ring for the peon Enrique, who waved his cape and dodged behind the shield. The horns came lashing and rattled on the planks.

Instantly from the opposite side of the plaza Monkey Garcia ran out with his cape so that the bull whirled and came. The peon calmly slipped through the slot in the barrier one step ahead of the bull. The horns banged again at the timbers.

"He sees good, near and far away. Seems to favor his left," Goyo said, close to his matador's ear, helping him plan his campaign. "Lots of bull. Shall I take him?"

"Run him."

Goyo came out fast. Ten paces from the barrera

he cited, holding the cape before him. As the bull rushed, lowering to hook, Goyo swung the cape out sideward and stepped away, the horns sliding fast along the cloth, finding nothing. Goyo took him from the other side. The bull went by him straight and skidded around then to face him for more.

Luis stood studying the carriage and the movement of the horned head as it passed the cloth. "Run him," he called to Goyo, to judge further.

The peon of confidence took a few steps backward, tacking around, glancing at his terrain. As the bull started for him, he held the cape in one hand with the cloth dragging while he ran for Enrique's burladero, zigzagging in front of the bull with the horns chopping after the veering cloth. Goyo controlled his twisting run so precisely that he flung himself into the shelter a split second before the pursuing horns hit wood. The bull turned from the planks, baffled and breathing hard. Goyo looked inquiringly toward his matador.

It was time. Luis heard the cheer as the crowd saw him step out with his cape. He felt as if his feet did not meet the ground, as if his hands had no

sense of the cloth they gripped so hard. Here it comes. The size of a house. He saw the lunge with the head going down, with the eyes glaring at the cloth, and he flipped it outward and stepped back as the black mass hurtled by, pounding the sand.

Holding the cape with both hands low, he turned profiling, citing for the dangerous thing, the beautiful thing the crowd waited for. He saw the horns scoop down, he felt his wrists send the cape in a proper tiny flick outward to take the horns — and something happened in his feet, in his arms. He jerked the cloth high and away, stepping back, choked with a surge of dread he could not control.

I got to make one. I got to glue it down. I want to, I want to stand still and get that rag swinging low and slow, O help me Jesus, I got to.

The bull came back and Luis Bello tried. With all the dread in him he tried, and he jerked away like a frightened amateur when the horns arrived. The stunned plaza reacted with a shrill jeer.

In the corner of his eye he saw the horsemen enter, jogging close to the barrera. He took the bull again, stepping back, spinning the cape in a tight fast curve that wrenched the bull around short, stumbling and skidding on the sand. When he tried to walk away, the bull came after him; he tossed his cape one-handed, deflecting the charge, and let Enrique worry the bull away while the crowd hooted.

Luis Bello's voice was hoarse. "Set it up for the ponies, Goyo. Tell them to plant a ton of iron."

The Jackdaw saw the big bull start. He braced himself in his iron stirrup, gripping the lance under his right arm, aiming, to take the shock. Over-anxious, he reached out jabbing too soon, before he could set the vara high in the crest. The iron ripped into the bull's left shoulder, with the crowd howling at the crippling placement. The picador leaned hard against the lance but the horns shoved on, striking, the great neck muscle tossing, the horse and the Jackdaw and the lance all rising up and slamming down sideward on the sand. A lump of wadding flew from the belly pad as the left horn tore and the black nose bumped trying for the kicking horse's entrails, while the capes came flapping.

As senior matador it was Luis Bello's duty to take the bull away, work him through a set of figures in a quite, and leave him facing the next horseman for the second pic. Luis ran up from the right, automatically, flipping his cape over the bull's face to blind it, while a mono and the peons pulled the Jackdaw from the other side of the fallen horse. The horns jerked the cape from Luis's hand. He stepped back, the bull tossing to lose the blinding cloth. When it fell, the bull swiveled for Luis.

Goyo cut across flashing his cape, swerving, turning the bull, holding him. Luis picked up his torn cloth and gripped it for citing. When the horns

came for him, he could not plant his feet. He ran like a peon, veering the charge away with a cape toss as the bull went by, headed for the Little White, ready on his horse. The crowd howled, cheated of the quite they expected of the Swordsman of Guerreras. Luis heard it, with the sweat on his face.

He saw the Little White nail the bull's withers with the lance, and stay mounted, pushing hard, delivering the iron. Plenty of iron. He saw Pepe Bello dance out, taking the bull away, flashing his quite with swirling cape, wheeling the bull to a stop facing the Jackdaw again, remounted on his shaken nag. Luis heard the applause like a probe twisting in him. He watched the Jackdaw strike the vara into the pushing shoulder, with the horse standing stiff at an angle, the bull feeling the iron now and stopping, with the blood glistening red on the blackness.

He heard the bugle signaling the horsemen to leave plaza, and saw the cape of Paco Saya take the bull away. Walking toward the burladero of the matadors, Luis heard applause and brought his eyes around to see Paco swinging with the cloth gathered and held at his hip, wringing the bull around sharp and fixing him to the spot by the twist of his cape. Seeing Paco smiling up at the stands, Luis turned away and walked behind the planks. The horses were through the gate. Goyo trotted up to his master.

"You and Monkey nail sticks," Luis ordered. "Nail hard and see if you can hook four pairs on that mountain before the bugle."

He heard the catcalls and the whistling as he stood behind the barrier while his peons served the banderillas. He was conscious of the tense good humor of Pepe and Paco standing by him, fresh from applause. They said nothing. He felt it like a stone, watching Goyo and Monkey as they in turn cited and ran quartering toward the bull, barbing the pairs of bright sticks into the bloody shoulders, fast.

Too fast, too fast, for Luis Bello now in the last moments before he must take his sword and go alone. His eyes were fastened to the horns. He could feel them. He could feel everything about them. Horns still high as a bandstand. He heard the bugle. Tacho handed him a muleta.

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Luis Bello stepped out of the shelter. Tacho offered him the red sword handle over the top of the planks. He drew it, seeing the steel slide out with the emptying leather going limp in Tacho's hand. Holding the furled muleta and the sword in his left as he had held it hundreds of times, he lifted his montera with his right and looked up at the Judge, asking the routine permission to kill. He saw the Judge nod.

Like it was easy. Like it was nothing at all.

He handed Tacho the hat over the planks, seeing his servant's gray frightened face. He wondered if he looked as gray as Tacho, and turned, taking the sword and cloth into his right hand, letting the muleta fall unfurled, walking out to the horns.

All of Luis Bello, the breath he took, the blood that pumped through him, the hands and wrists that held his knowledge, the eyes he saw with, the feet that felt the sand under him, all of Luis Bello, all of him cried out the sentence of being alive as he stepped toward being alive no longer.

Step by step he came to where he stood ready before the horns. There at the cruel place his mind groped away from its task for a wry instant. It tried to tell him he had done the hardest part now, the hardest part. Walking out to it, knowing it. The crowd hooted because he was afraid.

He shook the muleta, luring the horns to him.

The cloth in his right hand led them past. His mind was of no use against the horns. He did not elude them by any process of thought: the years he had spent in the plazas were his servants now, rushing up to guard him while his eyes and his wrist and his feet took desperate command to lead the horns safely by.

In the onslaught of the horns all feeling left him but the value of his life. His yet living eyes, his wrist, his feet commanded him. Keep chopping, backing, jerking. Stay with it. Stay alive, stay alive, Luis Bello. Wrench the monster neck. Tire it. The horns will come down. Then you can kill it. You can walk away if you kill it. It's your chance. Keep wrenching the cloth.

His right wrist went numb with the twisting weight. He could feel his hand slipping and he stepped back leading the horns out and away. The beast wheeled to face him and stopped, racked for breath. Watching the horns, he changed the muleta to the other hand.

A cushion from the stands hit near his feet and skidded along the sand with a puff of dust. The bull snorted and lunged. He saw the left horn coming, coming too far. He stepped back hard, feeling the horn strike his leg and the whirl in terror with the sand in his face, the bestial breath over him, the horns hacking, grooving the ground. Now, O Christ, it's now. Yet he heard Goyo's strident *Yah-hi Toro!* with the cape's wish and the feet led away. His brother Pepe picked him up.

"You all right, Mano? You all right? It was the flat of the horn! It's dry! You all right?"

Luis tried to brush the sand from his wet face. There were grains of it in his eyes. He pushed his hair back. Pepe picked up the sword and muleta and handed them to him.

"The left horn, Luis! He's learning. Come on. Wash your face with a towel before you go back."

Luis pushed away. He walked toward where Goyo and Enrique had fixed the bull. He came up shaken, spitting sand from his mouth, arranging the

sword and muleta in his right hand, pricking the sword point into the cloth to spread it.

"Keep on his right, Luis! He's getting heavy. Chop him a little more and then let him have it."

Luis motioned Goyo away.

The bull was blurred but he saw it gather. He saw the ear twitch and the tail bobble and the whole thing lunge, coming. A man in a sick dream of thrusting horns, he felt the heat, the cud smell, of the crushing blackness he swerved and warped with the scarlet flashing cloth. He grappled swiveling against its lashing closeness, seeing the ruby-red lights in the bulging eyes, seeing between them, coming at him, the whorl of dusty coarse curls flecked with blood drops from the streaming shoulders where the spattered stick shafts jounced and clattered at him, rattling like bones.

The crowd banked up around the rim of his lonely place looked down and jeered him. He heard the shrilling as the horns tossed and thrust. He heard the sound of the crowd seeing the man they paid to be brave writhing for his life, as if the pay were not enough.

He heard it, with the stick shafts rattling and the breath hacking at him from the flaring wet nostrils, coming, and his right hand slipping from the cloth.

The horn wrenched. He felt the notched stick under the wool, and the sword handle, leaving his hand. He saw the sword glitter falling and the cloth hanging crazy on the horn. Luis Bello ran. He ran away and jumped the barrera.

A raving clamor pierced at him. Luis Bello ran from a bull. He jumped the barrera. He quit. He beat it for the planks. O that bigshot bastard, jumping the boards. O the fine beautiful torero.

The cushions thudded when they hit. They hurt. He was conscious of Tacho and Pepe standing by him yelling, batting at the cushions as they sailed down from the stands at his back. He looked out at the bull standing heavy with the red cloth at its feet, the red the color of blood, the color of the slow pumping rivulets spilling from the shoulders.

"Are you going to kill him, dolly? Or are you going to stand there and cry? What's the matter, dolly? You're not scared, are you, dolly boy?"

Luis turned. He saw the heavy red face that roared it. He saw the thick hand slam the cushion whirling. It grazed his head, raking his ear.

He touched his ear. It left blood on his hand. Soldiers and policemen were closing around him in the callejon.

Mute, grasping the top of the barrera tight with both hands, he pulled himself up suddenly and flung himself over into the ring and stood on the sand.

"The stuff, Tacho. Gimme. Another sword. Gimme a rag."

He felt nothing, walking out to the bull. He had nothing. Nothing but sand-scratched eyeballs

looking at the blurred black bull. Nothing but the sword and the muleta. Nothing but the hands to hold them and the feet to carry him to the place.

Goyo spoke as he went by. "Square him, kid. Line him up, and lay it in. We'll finish him."

The horns came. Luis jerked them, crisscrossing with his cloth, holding tight, tight, swerving, wrenching the neck that reached for him. Doubling back along the flank, he swept the cloth up and outward and backed away, leaving the bull standing fixed, facing him.

"Now!" Goyo called. The bull's forefeet stood evenly together.

Luis backed a half step, taking the cloth in his left, firming the grip on the sword in his right. He turned profiling, looking across his left shoulder at the bull, furling a twist of cloth over the stick of the muleta. Watching to be certain the glowering eyes were fastened upon his cloth, he raised his sword, then aimed along the blade.

His left arm swept the muleta rightward across his body as he ran forward — not straight, but veering to the left — aiming along the sword. The bull's head went down to hook, following the cloth. The horns flashed by to the right as he thrust, feeling the sword enter, turning loose of the handle as the bull jerked it past.

He saw it halfway in, on the forward edge of the right shoulder, crooked. He saw the bull stop, the blood splashing from the mouth, as Goyo ran in flinging his cape to spin the bull around, and Enrique coming in fast from the other side to spin the bull back, wringing the bull from side to side, dizzying the stricken thing to make it fall, to hasten the bright frothing hemorrhage from the sword-pierced lung, while the crowd screamed the cowardice of the sword thrust and the illegality of the dizzying capes.

The brave bull of Las Astas, Tramillero, Number 74, bleeding to death, folded its legs slowly and got down patiently on the sand to die. The union torero of Cuenca, Jose Prado, in his faded traje with the black braid, ran up from behind, with the puntilla dagger. He placed it cautiously at the back of the bull's neck, to sever the spinal cord behind the horns, and he jabbed hard. The bull dropped stiff and sudden on its side, lifeless in a wink.

The instant it was still, shame came sick and fevered into Luis Bello. He walked with it, trembling, toward his shelter behind the planks. He walked by the bull, hearing the mule chains jingle coming to drag his enemy away. As he passed, he looked down at the horns on the sand.

They weren't the ones. They were dead.

An empty tequila bottle skittered across the cushion-spotted sand in front of him.

Tacho ran out to him. "Come on, Luis. Let's go. Let's go to the infirmary. Stay away from the planks. Let's get your eyes washed. Come

on, Luis. Come on." Tacho took him by the arm to hurry him.

Police met them and flanked them as they went through the cuadrilla gate and under the stands, away from the bleating din.

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THE plaza did not notice Luis Bello coming back, walking with his swordhandler around the callejon. The plaza's eyes were fastened on a figure dressed in lilac and silver standing light-footed on the sand, a pair of green banderillas held high, poised and pointed at a black bull.

Luis looked out and saw the bull start. He saw his brother Pepe start too, his gay fast tiptoe steps perfectly timed in his quartering run across the curving course of the bull's charge, pausing a fluid instant, pivoting, as the green sticks flashed down into the driving black shoulders and went away. He heard the applause rattle, seeing Pepe walking toward him, toward the burladero of the matadors, coming for his sword. He heard the "Diana" as Pepe walked. When he stepped up grinning to the planks, Luis saw the bursting sweat of elation on his brother's face, his eyes glassed with combat as if he saw visions, and not the world.

Pepe swallowed, still grinning. "You all right, Luis?"

Luis nodded.

The Little O handed Pepe a muleta, and he drew his sword. He stepped out, turned, and looked up at the Judge, for permission. Pepe Bello had practiced the ceremony standing straight and solemn before a mirror, a hundred times. He saw the Judge incline his head, a real Judge of flesh and blood, smiling.

Pepe turned back to the burladero, with his hat in his hand. He stood before his brother. "Luis," he said. He handed him the montera. "I dedicate this bull to thee, Luis. Because thou art my teacher. Because I owe thee everything."

The lilac and silver blurred in Luis Bello's eyes. He watched his brother walk out to the bull.

He saw him spread the red cloth with his sword and seat himself on the stirrup, the white-painted plank shelf built around the face of the barrera a foot from the ground. He saw his brother citing the bull as a dare, from that position, cornered, seated, his back to the wall. He saw Pepe lead the bull past him with the red cloth sweeping, the crowd on its feet, roaring, and the bull coming back and the red cloth sweeping the horns away.

Pepe danced out from the barrera, adjusting the sword and cloth, holding them out before him with both hands, glancing around fast at his terrain, correcting with a half turn, stopping, standing straight, quiet, citing. The bull came. As the horns touched the extended muleta, Pepe lifted it. The blackness rushed under going up, forefeet leaving

the ground, horns heaving for the dramatic skyward billow of the cloth, going by.

Pepe had to run following then, to where the bull stopped and turned, close to the toril door, to face the maddening cloth again.

"Pepe'll have to pull him out of there," Goyo said, by Luis's ear. "That's where he goes for defense."

"The kid's rabid."

"Feeling fever."

"And the horns sticking sideways. Wide."

"Pancho keeps telling him. He don't see it."

They watched him work the bull away from querencia, a step at a time, chopping the cloth, leading.

"The kid's keeping his head. Now —"

"Jesus and Mary."

They watched him plant his feet, saw him bring the bull by his belly, the cloth held low, going slow, pulling the horns around like a magnet, pivoting, pulling them by again. Ole! cracked sharp each time the horn grazed and came back and passed once more. When the bull turned away and stopped, winded and heavy, the "Diana" rollicked in the shouting. Pepe stepped to the barrera, calling Abundio for a change of swords.

Luis saw the tension in Pancho Perez's face as his lips moved speaking to Pepe drawing the new sword. He saw Pepe turn smiling, fixing his cloth in his left hand, going out to the bull.

He saw Pepe standing straight and the beautiful sweep of the cloth molding the man to the lunging bull with a smooth red slow-motion line in the sunlight. "Look at the kid, Goyo. Torero! We got a torero, Goyo, look at him!" Luis Bello shouted Ole! with the plaza. He shouted it.

The horns went by again, and turned, and came back for the lilac and silver and he saw it happen.

He heard it, seeing it, the quick razzling rip of the silk and Pepe in the air, the red cloth whirling and the smash on the sand, and himself with every cape in the plaza running without thought, croaking dry-mouthed, coming to the place. Running, he saw old Pancho whip a cape blinding over the horns. He saw Monkey at the flank yanking the tail. He saw Ramon Delgado come jumping from nowhere, barchanded, grabbing at Pepe's ankles, pulling him out, out from under, away, through the sand.

Luis knelt down over his brother. He saw the taleguilla ripped half the length of the front of the leg, with the white drawers torn, hanging out, and the blood beginning. Pepe was unconscious.

"Take him. Get him to the table quick!"

The Jank and the Little O lifted Pepe, with two red-shirted monos holding his legs. Luis saw them running, jogging their burden across the sand, through the gate. He stood there, seeing them go.

They got Pepe. O they got him. The horns of the bulls.

He turned his eyes and saw Paco Saya standing calm with a ready cape, holding the bull fixed while the ring cleared. Luis Bello's mind gathered itself in that image. It brought everything together fast, for the first time, since the sound of the ripping silk. The impact hit him like a blow.

All the horns, all the bulls, all the afternoon. I do it all.

He walked toward the planks; Paco Saya came with him. The bull stood waiting. Through the fog of his agony, Luis heard the outcry from the crowd. It yelled at the Judge. Let the sobresaliente! Let anybody kill it. But not that coward Luis Bello. Give the Spaniard a sword!

Luis turned, looking up at the Judge. The Judge peered down with a face made of stone.

"Paco." Luis grated it. "Don't fret yourself. When they move Pepe over to lay me on the oil-cloth, the plaza's all yours. Luck to you."

Saya's eyes flashed wide for an instant of resentment. He knocked on the wood of the barrera and crossed himself, saying nothing.

Luis took a muleta and unsheathed a blade. He threw his hat on the dirt. The plaza railed at him as he started toward the horns.

No sentience possessed him now, no mind, no body, no hate or love or pride. Death possessed him. The shouters were silent suddenly in the watching plaza.

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NOTHING reveals so much of what a man has carried within himself, nothing strips him down so bare, nothing probes so sharp into his yet living heart, as the true expectation of violent death in the moment of its approach. It came to Luis Bello now, revealing what his life had planted strongest and left waiting in him to save him when everything else had been stripped away. It was the molding smooth red slow-motion line in the sunlight, and when the horns came for Luis Bello he made it. Death held his hand as he described it. It curved taut, full and lovely, and its power like some great current flowing from beyond fear pulled the plaza to its feet.

Death held to the notched stick under the scarlet cloth as the line curved out again growing smooth and beautiful and breaking as the horns went by, and came back, to tempt the line to its slow swinging tautness once more, Luis Bello untouched, standing straight and still, a blue golden hinge for the curve of the cloth and the blood.

Heedless of the horns now as death held his hand, Luis Bello mounted the sword. He aimed, lunging in crossing the cloth, seeing, feeling the blur of the circling blackness of the black band on his left arm as it crossed his heart below his eyes, feeling the blade sink, feeling the handle gone, feeling death slip from his hand, from his heart, to go grip

at the horns that lurched away, falling, in the noise from the high curving verge of the lonely sand.

The life Luis Bello carried with him back to the barrera stirred in him like a stranger whose responses he could not yet measure. As he approached the planks and the crowd banked up beyond, he realized only vaguely that the noise he heard was applause, a scattered clapping rattle as if the plaza had no use now for its throat but only its nervous hands. He walked in the sound as if he were alone and unwatched, carrying a bloody sword. He saw the Jank's face before him suddenly; Luis Bello was a stranger to his life no longer. He made a word aloud.

"Pepe?"

"Not grave. I came to tell you."

Luis wet his lips with his tongue, teaching them to talk again. "God I thank, I thank Him."

The toreros stood around with their capes.

"Father mine, how you sworded! You made my beard grow."

"Shut up. What about Pepe?"

"Bleeding. The leg. But not deep. Not bad, Luis. Saw stars and heard birds, landing on his head. He's rabid again already. Says you had to kill the bug he toasted to you."

"Tell him not to be crazy. They got to sew him up."

In the midst of his toreros, Luis Bello took a cape and turned away, finished with words.

The blue shadow had traveled across the sand to its edge; the sunlight's yellow rim touched the toril door. Luis Bello saw the lettering bright on the redness of the door. 23 BRUJO. The bugle blew.

His mind had neither time nor skill to make into utterable thought what he felt, but he felt it strong now: he had never been afraid of death, he had only gotten afraid of the act of dying.

There was a great difference. Death was an abstraction beyond him; dying was a personal violence. Not to have fear was actually not to fear any rending physical act. It seemed such an obvious thing. Yet the only way a man ever learned its meaning and felt it lift him beyond fear was in the doom of combat feeling the grip of death's hand.

As the red door came open again, Luis Bello's mind jumped past the unworded discovery of his heart, to try to frame the feeling fast, with words he already knew. *It comes as God wants it.* He had heard it and said it all his life in the plazas. But in the flash of his mind gathering again toward the violence, it was different: he believed it. It left him free to fight his enemy instead of his fear. Luis Bello was ready.

The package came hurtling from the door. In the center of the plaza it stopped, head up, searching. It stood trembling, lusting to kill. With all the power of the piston drive in the black haunches and tight swelling crested neck, with all the pride in the reaching curves of the high horns, the bull

Brujo, the Wizard, the ugly beast the crowd came to scorn for ugliness, challenged the plaza, challenged the world.

The crowd did not scorn it. The crowd saw neither the whiskers nor the hook of the nose; it did not miss the tassel on the tail. It saw the blackness, the primal wrath, and in its deepest heart the crowd was glad it sat in seats high and safe above the beast.

When the peon Enrique stepped out to tempt it, the wrath pointed and came like a shot. Luis Bello watched it wordless. His servant Goyo stood silent, waiting at his side. They felt each other's tenseness growing, saying nothing, their eyes glued tight to the rushing of the beast. The peons in the side burladeros ran and re-ran it across the width of the sand, making pink moving billows of their eluding capes to test, to slow, the flinging rage.

"Now," Luis said.

Goyo stepped out and the bull came straight like a rocket. It wished as Goyo tossed his cape wide out and stepped back, measuring the charge, turning, receiving it fast and straight again from the other side, and yet again, swinging the rustling cloth.

Luis Bello watched the driving weaponed head. He read it. He felt his instinct and his knowledge rise up, taking hold of what he read with his eyes, filling his heart, so full he could not wait. He shouted.

"Goyo! Lead out toward Monkey! I'm coming!"

The horns raked the emptiness of Goyo's cape and he danced back light-toed into the slot, breathing hard.

"You got one, Luis!" He couldn't help saying it. He had to, fast. "Torazo! Whiskers on wheels, Luis!" He had to say it.

No one who saw it ever forgot it. The fear that drained away from Luis Bello's heart, leaving him free, neither dried nor disappeared. It seeped strangely outward through the sand, past its rim, up through the stands of the plaza, into the heart of the crowd.

The mob felt the burden of what it had reviled.

28

Luis Bello came out with his cape like the music in the "Macarena." When the bull turned and saw him and he could judge the angle of its course, Luis stopped, his body profiled, and he planted his feet, hard. One. Two. Nailed down. The whole plaza heard him nail them. Holding the cape low before his legs, his arms unbent and straight as his back, his wrists feeling the life they sent coursing into the folds of the cloth, he received the assault.

His body turned like some solemn sculpture swaying with glittering arms, sweeping the cloth low, fastening the horns into a long pink swing that pulled the plunging blackness past, and, when

it was gone, settled to rest around the immobile slippers on the sand. Weightless and poised, divorced from time in its magic slow lightness, the rosy arc of the veronica flared out, curving and carrying away the rush of the beast as it returned and returned again.

The noise, the crowd, the bullring of Cuenca, melted away from Luis Bello, leaving him alone with his wrists and his cloth and the slashing great blackness.

When it came again, he felt his hands at his right hip holding the gathered folds of the cloth as he spun sharp whirling, wrapping the blackness coiling close. He heard the whuff, the grunt of the bull hurt as he wrenched it hard around; he knew he had it nailed, and he walked away, his back turned taunting to the baffled horns. A cracking burst of applause hit him like a blast as he turned. There was music. He neither looked up nor smiled. Horsemen rode into the plaza.

The Little White was too late with his lance against the speed of the charge, too late with the iron that tore blood from the terrible neck. He felt the jolt smash, lifting, and he went up, high, hearing the iron stirrup bang the planks and scrape; and down, feeling the wrench, jabbing pain, dive sick bright into him. It flung him over the barrera.

Luis saw the bull grind in, chopping the nag against the planks. He saw the heads bobbing up and down in the callejon where his picador had fallen. He skipped forward veering, his cape unfolded before his chest. He saw the bull gouging into the pool of red under the sprangled thin forelegs, avid, and he ran whirling by the flank, flapping his cape, "Eeee *hah*, Toro!" The horse was dead.

The wet horns came up turning, reaching. One-handed he swept them out and away with the margin of his cloth, and ran three steps following, cutting around, seeing the bull, the terrain, the Jackdaw, seeing everything, screaming, "Yai *eeee*!"

He gave the crowd its quite. He shoved it down the crowd's dry throat. His cape took the horns four times rushing. Each time the cloth went flowing an instant with them and then spun abruptly whirling opposite, furling around the blue-gold hinge, wrapping it fast in rosy folds, then falling away, the hinge turned, revealed, ready again for the onset of the horns.

As the monos carried the Little White to the infirmary, the bull ripped at the Jackdaw. The picador shot the stick hard and lucky into the charging crest and bore down, bringing applause, all his body against the grip of his huge hand on the angled shaft, leaning out shoving, the blood welling, the horns lashing; and he held it and stayed, pushing, reining, to ease away. When the iron lost its hold and came free, the bull thrust, recharging, blind to the flapping capes, raging for the horse. It was too quick and too close under for the

Jackdaw to fend it. The vara slipped, fumbling, the bull struck, the horse sprawled.

In the shrill cry of the plaza, Luis heard the fog-horn anguish of his picador pinned by the leg under his mount.

"Mother of God get this cathedral off, O Mother of God this cathedral —"

Three whipping capes got the bumping nose, the grooving horns away. Goyo and the monos lifted the Jackdaw groaning and helped him through the slot in the planks. The horse was done; it could not gain its feet. The dagger of a mono, acting on orders, with reluctance sent the broken thing beyond pain and terror.

The union pic of Cuenca, Gonzalo Olanda, rode in, yellow with his fear. Goyo bellowed at him above the shouting.

"Get moving! Move up and plant one! Do it!"

The bull came without prompting; in self-defense Olanda put up his vara, and hoped. He held the iron too high. It only scraped sliding off the lunging back. The horns hit. Horse and rider went down with the plaza roaring, the capes flailing, the bull swerving out of the tumbled melee in a wild quite by Luis Bello that brought Oles.

Goyo was shouting. "Yai! We're running out of cavalry!" He danced toward the one remaining horseman, mounted by the planks. "*Soup!* Deliver it! You better deliver it!"

The Soup delivered. A puyazo. The iron struck into the withers and held, while the Soup pushed praying, and the bugle blew.

"Take it, Saya!" Luis grunted, out of breath. "Don't twist hard! I want him. I'm going for darts." He walked fast for the fence, calling over his shoulder. "Set up for sticks, Goyo, I'm hooking them. Watch! He'll take them al quiebro!"

Paco brought the bull out and turned him with a snaking whirl of his cape swinging around like a dancer's skirt, while the Soup and the union labor got their horses from the ring.

29

Luis walked out very slow, the sticks pointed down, his eyes checking the positions of his peons with their capes, and then turning intently to the horns. Twenty paces from the bull he stopped still, feet together, body straight. Slowly, with grace, as if he commanded some great music, he brought the sticks up pointing, holding them high, higher yet, rising on his toes, lowering slowly, arms outspreading, in the silence, pointing at the beast. He saw the bull's eyes fix, the hoofs gather. Suddenly he hit the stick shafts together with a clack and called "*Toro!*"

The crowd rose, sucked to its feet by the hurl of the bull toward the unmoving, pointing arrogance of the man. At some split perfect instant before the horns scooped down, the blue-gold figure

swayed on its rooted feet. It flashed the sticks out sideward, luring, and swayed back, lifting, then flashed the sticks down, the horns grazing by, the empty-handed figure standing still, the sticks carried away like magic high in the rushing shoulders, the plaza finding its voice tearing its throat, seeing Luis Bello walk untouched toward the barrera, for another pair. Lured away by the capes, the bull plunged, pitching its head with the pain of the barbs.

When the great stained crest lunged by him again, carrying the second pair clattering in the wild cry of the crowd, Luis Bello stood too close. The bull's flank bumped him and he stumbled, wringing a scream from the stands as the peon Enrique's cape flared, taking the threat away. Goyo ran to his matador as he headed for the planks.

"Luis! No! You put Jesus in my mouth!"

"I'll hook the last ones running."

He felt the twinge as he came cutting across the face and straightened, in the instant as the horns passed and he darted the sticks down. The leg twisted as he pivoted; he felt it go, falling, his hands hitting the sand, his eyes jerking around seeing the bull skid turning and Monkey Garcia snaking his cape, holding the bull in the turn, taking it pounding away. He heard the bugle. He felt Goyo's hand helping him up. "The leg," Luis said. "It folded." He hit it with his fist.

He came to his burladero hearing the "Diana," and rinsed his mouth from the jug and wiped his face, before he took his hat and the cloth, and drew a sword. Turning from the planks he looked out for a moment upon the ring.

He saw the bull waiting with the tight cluster of the sticks flowering from the dark shoulders. He saw the two quiet mounds, the dead horses covered with gray raveled canvas on the sand by the planks. He saw the crowd, the lines of many faces, and the colors sloping high to the pennants on the rim, and beyond, the empty blue. He heard the living hum of the plaza de toros. He felt it.

He stepped out and stood very straight, raising the montera high above his head, holding it, looking up, turning slowly right and left, saluting the circling plaza. In his hand at his side he held the unsheathed steel and the cloth the color of the final violence, the red shuttle to weave the darkness about him. In the shout of the plaza he could not hear the sound of the words he spoke. He neither heard them nor understood them exactly, but they came to him. He said them: "I dedicate this bull to all of it. All. Knowing bravery has grace." He tossed his hat over his shoulder, and went to the bull.

He led it past him, raising it as if its threat soared weightless with the scarlet lift of the cloth. Pass of the Death, toreros named it, opening a faena, like a wide waving of a banner before furling death closer about.

Luis Bello entered the terrain of his enemy feeling his toes reach out holding to the earth. Then he swung a low scarlet line of his cloth, pulling the horns past the parcel of life hot in his belly, drawing them around and tempting them again, flat-footed, feeling that life working like a hinge on a door of dying, opening, and closing and opening again.

The bull came ravening with his blood-lined nostrils centered in the cloth and when he left it he turned and came back straight unasked, like bulls of triumph in toreros' dreams.

Dizzy with the spin of the scarlet line, with the horns, with the death he pulled close about him curving in the sharp crack of the Ole each time death came surging, Luis Bello felt without thought how the bull began to falter, winded, how he must repair the steps of his terrain and the grip on his cloth; as the horns came again he led them past and spun the tight whirl of the molinete to stop the bull's charges and pause a moment, before he began again. His leg failed him as he spun it.

He felt the flashing wrench of the blow on his back, ripping silk jerking as he slammed down seeing the shape loom gugging, hearing the bumping scrape of the horns. He felt the queer jerk at his foot, stinging numb, the capes flapping like big curtains in the noise, the hands under his armpits pulling, the rim of the plaza tilting gray down.

Twisting, he saw the Jank's face over his shoulder, feeling the Jank's solid hands holding; he struggled from them, coming to his feet shaking the gray blur from his head, feeling the hang of his heavy jacket ripped up the side. He looked at his left sleeve torn open, and the red on the whiteness of his shirt under his arm. He saw the black band. It was half torn away from the golden sleeve, ripped loose by the horns.

He took hold of the hanging blackness, gripping his fist tight around it, and he jerked it off. It seemed important. He threw it on the ground.

"That thing," he said. "Now —"

"The infirmary," Tacho said. "You're bleeding!"

"Not me. That's from the bull. Gimme a towel."

"The foot, Luis! You're barefooted. With the slipper gone and the stocking destroyed."

"The foot's still there." He looked down at it to be sure. "Shut up and gimme that red rag and a hatpin."

He grabbed the muleta and sword and shoved away. The plaza stood up screaming, seeing him come, with his bare foot, with his jacket riding crazy across his back and the shirt hanging with the red on it. He heard the voices, "No, Luis! No!"

He came holding the sword pointing downward in his right hand, and the red cloth in his left. He cited, talking.

"Now. Toro, Torazo. Great bull. I'm tired of waiting. Let's take the package. *Harrhh Toro!*"

The plaza never sat down again. It stood as the red line flowed out and took the horns, carrying them now so that death wove and braided tight with the gold and blue and magic scarlet. Luis Bello's lips pulled back, baring the unfleshed grin of his skull. The pumping darkness of the blood flowing from the shoulders of the beast brushed him, staining his belly, his breast.

Now he saw the horns and not his fear of them. He saw everything about them sharp and clear at last as they came to kill him and he led them away and led them back, closer. Suddenly sure of his knowledge of them, he lifted his eyes as they came again. With his face tilted up at the frightened plaza, he led the horns blind across his belly.

30

SANTANA in a newspaper account of the corrida wrote that Luis Bello made nineteen linked pases naturales. But he did not really know how many there were; he stood screaming with the rest of the plaza, in the Oles, losing count at the end. Luis Bello did not know. He and the bull Brujo were both drunk with the whirling red-lined turns of terrible battle.

He ended them moving his left foot back to brace himself, citing, leading the bull from his left. The emotion of the plaza sliced at the air with a high hysterical cry as he swept the cloth up rightward across his chest, leading death grazing past his heart, sending it out from him and away.

The bull slowed wheeling to face him again, and stopped. The wild driving power was spent, gone from the massive blackness. The horns were no longer high. Yet the wrath glittered red in the watching eyes, ready.

Luis Bello stood still. His naked foot, dirty and bleeding on the sand, stood precise and unfavored at the side of his one black slipper. Unmoving, chin drawn in so that his head brooded downward, the back of his neck straight up from his straight back where the torn gold hung, he looked at his enemy.

His voice came in a whisper unheard in the shouting. "I love thee, Toro. Torazo. I love every whisker."

In that moment he knew with the sudden instinct and flame of art what he must do. In all his life he had not done it. The plaza of Cuenca in all its life had never seen it.

He whispered again. The technical detail gathered clear and sure in his heart without need of mind, of thought.

"You can do it, Toro, you're the one! I can do it! We know. Only us. Together."

The shouting caught in the throat of the plaza of Cuenca.

"What's in my soul," he whispered to the bull. "What was born in yours."

Luis Bello turned the torn blue-gold hinge a quarter turn. The soaking, widening red on the whiteness showed under his arm as he furled a twist of the scarlet serge over the stick of the muleta. With a slowness like a dream he raised his sword in the hush, and aimed. His left knee bent from its straightness then, bringing up the heel of his naked foot so that only the bleeding toes gripped arching to the ground.

He flicked the red cloth calling death to him, standing still. The plaza heard him as the cloth moved.

"Brujo!"

The blue gold bent in over the final plunge of the blackness as it came, melted with it, joined it. Slow time slid with the steel, with the red-shrouded horns, and paused; the package opening, breaking, emptying at last, the red line flowing out bearing the horns falling away to earth, carrying the buried sword, leaving the blue gold standing where it stood, straightening, standing free.

The hushed plaza of Cuenca saw all the brave festival in that figure standing free. It felt the flame of it revealing for an instant the secret empty heart of the blackness. It felt the somber magnificence of life lending to death the only majesty death has. And then, alive, sure of its blue-gold hope, the plaza moved. It moved, all of it, in a cry, a roar, a pealing thunder.

Luis Bello, unbelieving, stood motionless. Then he swayed, with the red cloth hanging in his hand. He walked to the dead bull. He looked at it, and suddenly bent down, reaching out his sword hand, seeing it stained red. With that hand he patted the bull between the dead eyes.

"Toro." He was crying. "Senor Toro."

In the blur he felt them put a slipper on his foot and wipe his face with a wet towel. They hugged him. It made him dizzy, looking up, seeing the plaza whirling white with the whirling handkerchiefs, the people all standing in their seats whirling, jumping up and down, waving their arms, bawling.

He felt the two hairy black ears they put in his hands. He felt the cry pierce him in the din and turned, seeing Goyo running to him with a length of limp black cylinder like a piece of hose. He heard them laughing as he took into his hand the untasseled tail of the brave bull Brujo, and then stood with it, unlaughing.

And then Goyo came trotting in the rising din, in the dizziness, handing Luis Bello the dusty foot the Judge ordered cut from the leg of the bull.

Goyo grinned. His eyes were moist. "Forgive the hacksaw, kid. I don't know how to cut feet! No practice."

Lacking its ears, its tail, its right hind foot, lacking its noble life, the bull was dragged by mules with flags in their collars, three circuits of the ring and out the arrastre gate, while the stands stood, saluting.

In the unceasing sound Luis walked circling the sand. He held his black trophies high and he tried to hide his limp and the hurt under his arm as he went. Flash bulbs winked bright. Hats sailed down thick. Coats, scarves, handbags, high-heeled shoes, shirts, flowers, cigars. His peons followed along dragging their capes according to the ritual of triumphs, stuffing cigars in their pockets, holding flowers in their hands, tossing the rest back into the stands.

Eladio Gomez piled through the opened gate in front of the toril door. His brown hat fell off and rolled in the sand. He embraced Luis Bello.

"A bath, a bath, Luis, never have I seen it, felt it, but for God get to the infirmary!" His voice jerked. He almost blubbered. "Here is the representative of Las Astas!" Gomez pulled Policarpo Cana into the ring. "Take him."

Luis took him, linking his arm. He came bashful, walking spindle-legged in his tight charro pants, gripping his crimped straw sombrero in both hands.

"I'm the humble," he kept saying. Nobody heard him. "Not for me. Ovations for duenos, not for me!"

"Ole Las Astas, vaquero! Ole the guardian of the casta!"

Luis Bello tossed the trophies up into the weaving rows of faces and flapping arms, hearing the girls scream. He saw the respectables in the expensive seats as wild as the sunny-side hoodlums. They all stood waving their arms, howling. It made him very dizzy.

There was a final thundering roar when Luis Bello stood with his arms raised hurting, in the center of the sand. As he came toward the planks to enter the burladero again, his peon Goyo Salinas stepped out with a sudden flourish and inspiration. He whirled out the rosy fullness of a fighting cape upon the ground for his matador to tread on leaving the sand of the ring.

"Que tio!" Goyo said. "Que tio mio!"

"Yeeeee Luis!" Paco Saya's eyes were shiny wide. He almost sang what he said. "The faena with four kidneys! Ole tu gracia, bello Luis!"

The bugle blew.

Luis Bello felt his face creasing into a grin at last. He slapped Paco on the back. "We got another one coming out, kid!"

"Ai Luis!" It was Tacho with a towel. "In your condition?"

"Fight a bull? It's what I do, swordhandler."

31

REGALON, Number 37, came jumping.

"Take him, Paco! I'll be there in a minute." Luis stood behind the planks while Tacho tried to fasten the side of his jacket together. The swordhandler's hands trembled, feeling the wet red. He bit his lips.

"You shouldn't, Luis. You —"

"When you finish the needlework, get the trash out of my left shoe. And shut up." Goyo and Pancho Perez were running the bull.

"Delgado," Luis said. "Thanks for pulling Pepe out. You pulled me out too. A regular Red Cross wagon with the siren blowing. What you trying to do?"

"Don Luis. I will tell you. I want to manage a couple of bullfighters. I want to sign contracts for Bellos and smoke Havana cigars."

"Bandit! Eehoh! Get going, Tacho. I got a bull waiting."

The plaza was dulled by long expense of spirit. It was tired. The day itself seemed spent. Only the pennants on the rim caught the lowering sun. A chill crept into the shadowed cup, below the deepening empty blue.

Out on the sand Paco Saya felt the dullness, the lateness. It entered his wrists. He tried hard, leading the horns and swinging; the crowd was not impressed. Its mind wandered. It was listless watching picadors serve iron, cautiously, into another black bull's shoulders.

Holding to the planks while Tacho sewed, Luis felt the dullness, the lateness, grow. Winding out now to its end the corrida lost its pace.

"Delgado! Get out there and stir that Spaniard up. Shove those horns under the Soup and tell him to lay one on!"

Nobody watched the last vara. A rattle of applause by the cuadrilla gate turned the crowd's eyes. The rattle grew into a cheer. Luis looked up, and jerked away from Tacho's needle. He saw Pepe walking around in back of the planks, coming. Pepe was grinning, waving at the crowd.

"What the hell are you doing?" Luis grinned too.

"I got business. Watch me, Mano. I owe you one, you know."

"Like hell. Like hell you get in that ring."

"Like hell I don't."

The horsemen were out. The bull was waiting.

"You don't look like Sunday on the Paseo yourself."

"Cut that stuff, sonny. Goyo! You and Monkey get busy with the darts."

Paco ran in from the ring. He reached over the planks and patted Pepe on the back. "Hola, Pepillo! How about letting me hook on the twigs? You can't run with that leg —"

"He can't do anything."

"Sure, Paco," Pepe said. "Hang some stickers on my bull."

He took the banderillas from Goyo's hands, and gave a pair to the Spaniard. "With pleasure," Pepe said, looking at Luis. The plaza was interested. It applauded.

Paco nailed the banderillas with a high Sevillian flourish and danced back to the burladero.

"The salt and cinnamon, Pepe! Gimme some more. The alegria!"

He laid on another pair, high and perfectly placed in the withers, and ran back in the applause.

"Just a minute, goats." Luis stepped out on the sand and bowed to his brother so the crowd would see it. "Petitioning a pair of sticks from the diestro." He lowered his voice. "Gimme, goddammit."

"Eh Luis! In the name of God! Let me break off the thread!" Tacho wailed, coming out of the slot. "The needle's hanging!"

Luis drew up his knee and broke the two banderillas in half. He threw the handle ends on the ground, wet his thumb, and ran it along the barbed tips of the halves he held, looking up at the stands.

"I'll show you boys how to play with toothpicks." He ran out from the planks. The crowd rose to its feet.

"Ho, Torillo!" he called, stopping in the center. The bull's eyes fixed on him. The bull started.

Holding the two sticks in his right fist out before him, he ran curving in from an angle, across the black nose, as if he gracefully fended the horns with only the colored uprights in his outstretched fist. Safely past, he doubled back around the swerving flank, winding a slow light-toed maze with his steps like an arrogant dance as he took the sticks ready into both of his hands, curving, swaying a final taunt and turning in, quartering across the charge, pausing, feet together, darting his arms down deep over the grazing horns, pushing back clean, the bull gone with the stubby sticks in the withers.

He heard the "Diana" in the shouting. He felt a new stickiness under the arm, hurting, as he ran to the planks.

"Okay, kid. The plaza's awake." He grinned at Pepe. "You be careful out there."

"Be careful he says." Pepe drew a sword. "Watch me, Mano."

Luis watched him. He picked up a cape and walked outside of the slot, ready.

He felt the effort of his brother's desire as Pepe Bello walked out to the horns trying not to limp, trying to pretend there was no makeshift adhesive taped over the stained rip, over the surgical clamps in his flesh. Luis Bello read all his own desire in his brother's walk, felt all his own strength, all his own will gathering, as Pepe planted his feet and stood straight.

He felt all his own pride in his throat as the red line curved out smooth and slow, and curved again. He watched it with his heart and his eyes, hearing the Oles build rolling, feeling the plaza alive again with the pull of the line flowing slow and red and sure from his brother's wrist, from his brother's heart.

He saw the color gone from Pepe's face strained suddenly, and the falter pivoting and the fall, feeling himself running in a dream with his cape, running. He heard himself holding to his brother's arm, saying *No* with the crowd as it shouted *No! Don't, don't do it!* — holding.

When his brother shoved away from him, there by the planks with the crowd yelling *No*, Luis Bello saw himself in the dream. He let his brother Pepe go to the horns. He let him go, seeing the red streaming new from the lilac and silver, soaking down dark on the rosy stocking.

Feeling the grip of his hands on his unfolded cape, feeling fire reach down into his feet ready to jump with the flame in his throat, he saw Pepe profile, aiming, and lunge. In, in, far over in, the weight on the good leg, pushing. Leading out, O Jesus and Mary, with it done. Down to the knuckles, a matador de toros Pepe Bello, raising his hand, seeing his bull stumble pitching down as the peons ran in.

Luis caught his brother before he fell, and held him.

"Wake up, Pepe! Wake up and hold this ear! See it? A big black one! It looks good in your hand."

The band was playing "Guerreras, the Place Where I Was Born."

Eladio Gomez was out on the sand bareheaded, shouting drunk with the drama he had made. "Pepe! Luis! Ole the casta of Bellos! Luis! Luis! I'm saving the head of the Brujo, too! I'm having it stuffed. The cost means nothing to me! Nothing!"

The rabble from the sunny side were jumping down swarming in the roar.

"Like hell we're leaving on shoulders! Turn loose, *goddamn you!* *Don't touch him!* Don't touch me neither! We're leaking ink. O look at the babes up there smiling, Pepe, look at them. Pepe. Let's walk to the oilcloth. Get away! Bastards! Can you make it, Pepillo? Come on, kid. We'll live forever and both get rich."

(The End)



Books and Men



Novelist and critic, CHARLES MORGAN entered the British Navy as a

Cadet in 1907 and served in the Atlantic and in the China Sea from 1911 to 1913. He re-enlisted during the First World War, went to the front with the Naval Brigades, took part in the defense of Antwerp, and was captured and interned in Holland for four years. That interlude gave him the background for his most famous novel, *The Fountain*, which won the Hawthornden Prize for 1933.

A NOVEL PARIS REVIVES

by CHARLES MORGAN

1

EUGÈNE FROMENTIN'S *Dominique* has never made its way among the English-speaking peoples, greatly to their loss. The appearance of a new and sensitive translation by Sir Edward Marsh may lead to its becoming more widely known not in England only but in the United States.

It is difficult in England today to launch such a book, for the same reasons which make it difficult to launch a novel by a new, young writer whose qualities are not modish in either the intellectual or the popular sense. In the past, a writer of distinction, even if he were unknown and swimming against the fashionable tide, would find his book discussed *at length* in the great dailies and weeklies. Space which now seems fabulous was given to the discussion of literature, so that a novel which won no wide public for itself might nevertheless prove to be the seed of an increasing repute. That space is no longer available.

The work of a genuinely original young writer, if it is to make its way, needs to be analyzed, understood, and interpreted at length by a critic who has already his own public familiar with his critical method — a public, that is to say, regular enough and intelligent enough to be able to read between the lines into the very heart of the book criticized. Only in this way can new and strange talent be launched, or an old book which, like *Dominique*, has not a smartly fashionable appearance be brought to the attention of those who would value it.

Fromentin was born at La Rochelle in 1820 and died unexpectedly of an anthrax infection in 1876. During his lifetime he was even more celebrated as a painter than as a writer, though his two books of North African travel, his work on the Old Masters of the Low Countries, *Les Maîtres d'autrefois*, and his single novel, *Dominique*, were recognized by his contemporaries as writing of high rank. Today it is by the novel that his name lives, for it is now a small classic of French literature.

The simple truth is that, in France, *Dominique*

started late, and in England desperately later. Though the restraints of its style are classical, its subject and its confessional method give it an air of belonging to the Romantic Movement, and the Romantic Movement, though by no means dead, had long ago ceased to be a fashionable excitement when *Dominique* began to appear in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on April 15, 1862. The readers of that august periodical appear to have taken very little interest in it — so little, indeed, that the *Revue* became alarmed; Fromentin was hard pressed to abridge the later installments, and there were, according to Edmond Schérer, who had it from the novelist himself, anxious discussions as to whether to continue publication to the end.

George Sand greeted the story with enthusiasm while it was appearing serially. Flaubert, either then or a little later (his letter is undated), read it at a sitting between eight at night and two in the morning. "I am burning with desire to see you," he wrote, "to talk about it and to congratulate you." The praises of the elect were not wanting, but neither as a serial nor as a volume did *Dominique* set the Seine on fire.

For this there were two reasons: first, the fashionable and relatively unimportant one that, if it was to excite the smart drawing rooms and the pseudo-intellectual back parlors, *Dominique* should have been published twenty years before, and not five years after, *Madame Bovary*; second, the more serious reason, arising from Fromentin's method, that his novel was felt to be, and may still be considered, slow in movement, lacking in action and incident. It is worth while, if we are prepared to take an objective view of our own prejudices, to consider what critical validity these two handicaps have in our own day.

The influence of *Madame Bovary* was gigantic, and rightly so, for it is one of the great novels of the world, but it was often applauded for the wrong reasons, and still is. Unless we remember that

Flaubert also wrote *Bouvard et Pécuchet*, we cannot understand *Madame Bovary*, which was not a partisan attack upon the philosophy of Romanticism as such, but a criticism of the stupidities, the inaccuracies, and what Flaubert considered the essential mediocrity of the human mind.

The proof that Flaubert's masterpiece was not intended as a "naturalistic" textbook and that Flaubert himself was as much a romantic as a naturalist is to be found in the whole body of his work and in the unescapable fact that Emma Bovary herself glows. For all her faults and follies, she is never dry as the women of the professional anti-romantics are dry or harsh or dusty. She has sap and — let us use the word deliberately in spite of what the films have done to it — glamour. *Madame Bovary* is not an anti-romantic novel, but a novel written by a romantic with his eyes open.

For that reason, while the fashionable Bovaryists were shrugging their shoulders at *Dominique* because their anti-romantic snobbism told them that they ought not to approve it, Flaubert himself was sitting up all night to read it. If they had read his letter to Fromentin, they would all have made haste to raise embarrassed cheers, just as in our own day, when T. S. Eliot praised Kipling, all the fashionable anti-Kiplingists suddenly turned over in bed. Fashion in literature is always a vice of the timid fellow travelers, never of the great men.

A few years ago, Victor Hugo was "out" in France; now he is a god again. Today it is fashionable in Paris to say that the plays of Musset are admissible but that his poems are not; and yet every sane man knows that his poetry, and particularly his Ode to Malibran, is indestructible. Today all but the first-rate talk of Anatole France with disparagement, yet in a few years those who now despise him will be chattering about his flawless prose.

Fashion in literature is absurd; the masters, from Donne to Meredith, from Meredith to Kipling, from Baudelaire to Poe, always survive it; but it is temporarily formidable, and *Dominique* was held back by it. Today there is no reason that it should be held back among us; whoever can listen to Chopin can read Fromentin.

2

WHAT is the uniqueness of *Dominique*? Unique does not mean rare, exceptional, unusual; it means, by the dictionary: "of which there is only one; one and only; single, sole, solitary." In that strict sense of the word, Fromentin's novel is unique. There are greater novels, but there is none in the same kind with it.

Its story is by no means unique, nor even exceptional. Dominique, when very young, falls in love with Madeleine, a little older than himself. She marries another before Dominique has declared his love to her or even to himself. Rapture, melancholy,

torment, and frustration follow. Dominique tries to cure himself by solitude and work, then by taking a mistress who has no impact upon him and passes across the novel as a nameless shadow. Next he tries by being continually in Madeleine's company to convert love into friendship, and she, wishing to help him, makes a corresponding attempt. All in vain. Passion is contagious. Instead of curing him, she herself falls passionately in love with him. For them there is no remedy but to part for ever, she to continue in her marriage, he to find at last, as the husband of another and admirable woman, tranquillity in the countryside where he was born.

Where, it may be asked, is the "uniqueness" of that? Is not the tale, in its outline, familiar enough?

Yes; but it is familiar neither in its motive nor in its method. Consider its method first. It begins with an account of Dominique as an aging man living, with his wife and children, a retired life at Les Trembles, his country estate on the border of the Bay of Biscay. This is a long prologue, and a brief epilogue reverts to the same scene. In between is Dominique's own narrative of his boyhood, of his love for Madeleine, of his life with her and without her in the country and in Paris, and of the final crisis and parting.

The "slowness," the lack of incident and dialogue, may be seen, from another point of view, as an extreme dramatic economy. No writer knows better than Fromentin how to stop when he has made his point. For example, he describes with beautiful care Madeleine and Dominique's final parting: —

It was nearly ten when Madeleine came down. . . .

"Father," she said, in a fearless and resolute tone, "I want to be alone with M. de Bray for a moment."

He got up without demur, and left us, giving her a fatherly kiss.

"You are going away tomorrow," she said. We were both standing.

"Yes," I replied.

"And we shall never see one another again."

I made no answer.

"Never," she repeated. "Do you understand? Never. I've put between us the only barrier which neither of us could ever dream of passing."

By this, she means her admission of passion in herself, her acknowledgment that their continued meeting could now be only a prelude to mortal sin. Nothing is harder to communicate in a novel than this quality of absolute resolve that makes argument superfluous and qualification a surrender. Fromentin communicates it with a finality and simplicity of language equal to the cause.

His method has another quality peculiar to him which is an integral part of what is called his slowness. It has been said that he was a painter. In particular, he was a landscapist. It is therefore not surprising that he should have seen the background of his story with a painter's eye, but it is remarkable that, having this pictorial power, he was able to

transcend it, to transmute it to serve his narrative purpose. His descriptions of nature are a part of his dramatic method. Through them he communicates the moods, the sufferings, the delights, and above all, the tensions of his characters.

In this special power, he has no superior, and takes rank even with Turgenev in his *Sportsman's Sketches*. The most ignorant townsman, who can find none of the pleasures of familiarity in descriptions of rural scenes, may be enthralled by Fromentin in this vein, for it is in his descriptions of nature that he continually reveals the essence of his characters.

When Madeleine is lost and Dominique is returning to his old home, "hurrying on my miserable journey like a wounded animal losing blood and struggling to reach its hole before its strength gives out," Fromentin describes the young man's walk across the solitary marshes, "the peculiar rushing, rustling sound of wild-duck overhead," and his encounter with an old servant out shooting. It is a description not only of great beauty but of astonishing evocative power. It is too precious to abbreviate, too long to quote at length. Perhaps quotation is unnecessary. That little phrase about a wounded animal losing blood is evidence enough that, as a country poet, a country dramatist, Fromentin is unique.

3

Dominique is unique also in its motive. Fromentin has something to say about love and the responsibilities arising from it which has not been said elsewhere; and what he says about love has its bearing upon the whole conduct of life — upon all our hungers, and not only upon that of desire; upon all our dedications and loyalties, and not only upon those of love; upon all our confusions, our deadlocks, our tormented oppositions of right to right, our cry that "nothing makes sense!"

A few years ago, no cry was more frequent among the contradictions and frustrations of the contemporary world. The despair and the self-pity implied in it were characteristic of the novel of violence (of anarchy) and of a formidable body of verse that shouted and whimpered but did not sing.

Upon all this Fromentin makes his unique comment. In effect he says: "No. Your unhappiness, even though it spring from no fault of yours, does not entitle you to take sides with chaos. Life which is not lived within a rule of law is not life but death." When, near the end of the book, Madeleine's and Dominique's love is fully recognized by them both, and Dominique, knowing that she is awake within, has come as far as her bedroom door, he turns away, not because it is expedient to do so, not in any consideration of conventional honor, but in obedience to an absolute law which is of the essence of Fromentin's story: —

Here I was, groping my way about the sleeping, unsuspecting house, in the middle of the night, drawn irresistibly to Madeleine's bedroom door, and bumping against it like a man in a dream. Was I merely an unhappy being with nothing left to sacrifice, blinded by desire, neither better nor worse than the rest of my fellow-creatures? or was I a criminal? This crucial question floated vaguely at the back of my mind without leading me to anything remotely resembling a positive choice between the alternatives of behaving like a man of honour, and deliberately planning an infamy. All that I knew beyond a doubt — and even that left me undecided — was that if Madeleine sinned it would kill her and that most certainly I shouldn't survive her an hour.

I can't tell you what saved me. All I know is that I found myself in the park. . . .

The important sentence is: *La seule chose dont je ne doutais pas . . . c'est qu'une faute tuerait Madeleine*. The novel rests upon that absolutism.

Sainte-Beuve, who was prevented by the limitations of his genius from recognizing absolutism when he saw it, while praising *Dominique* on all other grounds, objected to this denouement which, he said, was not *entièrement d'accord avec la vérité humaine*. He thought — and it is typical of Sainte-Beuve — that Madeleine would have had good reason to despise Dominique for having brought her so far and then drawn back; and Dominique himself, according to Sainte-Beuve, was a halfhearted lover "who mistook his natural timidity for stoicism." It is one of those unseeing and would-be worldly-wise comments which, in the work of a critic so masterly and so discerning on his own territory, make one blink. It misses the whole point of the book, which consists in its assumption that it was not open to the two lovers to argue with their appetites or to compromise with their separation. Their struggle from beginning to end is not to find a way round the truth as they see it, not to pride themselves on their stoicism or to despise each other for their abstentions, not to submit themselves to their satisfactions, but to liberate themselves by their acceptances.

It is this that Sainte-Beuve could not see when he wrote in 1864, and that we might not have been able to see in 1934. But today, when society is in peril of dissolving because the rejection of absolute values has resulted in chaos and chaos in violence, when we have come — to use Sainte-Beuve's words — *jusqu'au bord extrême du précipice*, we know that there are moments in life when it is necessary to stand absolutely.

That this is an enduring truth, independent of fashion, is a reason for *Dominique's* survival through eighty years of tragedy in France. That it is a present truth, of mounting urgency in our own day, is a reason for thinking that there is a considerable modern audience who would find their own intuitions of wisdom crystallized in Fromentin's story.

THE ATLANTIC

Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY
EDWARD
WEEKS

WHEN I began looking for my first job in the summer of 1923, all I had, in the words of the old song, was

... a happy disposition
And a wild desire to succeed.

I wanted to work with books, I wanted to have time to do a little writing of my own, and I knew that I had to live on what I earned. I think I was much more aware of my aspirations than of what I had to offer. I was able to type but not rapidly, I knew no shorthand (very useful for a writer, as Dickens found), and the only experience I could draw on was that as an editor of a college paper and as a correspondent on space rates for the *Boston Evening Transcript* and the Associated Press.

With this equipment I began pounding the pavements of New York. They were hot pavements that July, and with my shoe leather I burned up quite a lot of hope in those sticky days of trial and disappointment. I began by visiting the editorial offices of every magazine. I said I wanted to be a manuscript reader, but curiously enough they all had their quota of readers. I made the rounds of the publishing houses — there were more than thirty of them on my list — and I still held out for editorial work. I also paid my respects to the big metropolitan newspapers. My friend Hungry Cox, who was then a reporter for the *Tribune* (this was just before the merger with the *Herald*), warned me away from the rewrite desk. "Tell 'em you've got to be out on the street," he said; "tell 'em you'd like to cover the police courts or Bellevue — anything to keep away from that damn desk." I told 'em, and they told me they would let me know.

All this took five weeks. Even with friends like Fred Allen, then the assistant editor of *Harper's*,

and my cousin, Alice Duer Miller, to cheer me on, I felt pretty blue. The notion I had built up in college of my own resourcefulness had been considerably deflated. On Monday of the sixth week I made a grudging decision. I decided that I would stop trying to persuade the world that I was an editor and take any job available in journalism or publishing. And that Friday I was employed as a book salesman by Horace Liveright. I had never imagined myself as a book salesman, but now at least I had my foot in the door and anything could happen.

Today I see resemblances of my younger self in the college graduates, the young men and women who have majored in English and some of whom begin scouting for editorial jobs in May even before they have graduated. I try to talk to as many of them as I can; I try to tell those intent on publishing that they have to be ready to take any job that offers, as a salesman or in the manufacturing or the mail order or the advertising departments. Get a job, get experience, and then if you really have editorial ability, you will begin to gravitate in that direction.

I tell the girls that they ought to have typewriting and shorthand, and not to be afraid of beginning as a typist; and I try to persuade those who want to write that if they intend to support themselves and write in their spare time, they must try for a job that does not sap their energy and eyesight.

The newspapers are a good, demanding school. If you can land a job as an editorial writer on a metropolitan daily, you will move in the current of ideas and controversy, you will learn a good deal about the human nature of your city, and you won't necessarily be spent at the day's end. The same holds true for the sports page, which opens about as vivid an opportunity for observant deadline writing as I know.

But you don't necessarily have to write against a deadline. I have known writers who have supported themselves by carving tombstones, by watching trees as a forest ranger, by tending sheep, by fishing (on a trawler, not in a trout stream), and dozens, literally dozens, who have trained themselves to write while teaching school. A young teacher — I am thinking of Thornton Wilder, once of Lawrenceville; Wallace Stegner at Wisconsin University; Robert Frost in the schools of Lawrence; George Santayana at Harvard; Thomas Wolfe at New York University — can keep in

touch with human nature and not have to force the pace for his literary output. Best of all, a young teacher has time: time to travel, time to find himself, time to try.

"There he goes!"

It never occurred to me, in my search for an opening, to apply for a job on the sports page. Perhaps it was because I felt dedicated to Literature with a capital *L*; perhaps it was because I did not know then what I know now: that the sports pages permit the greatest freedom in contemporary journalism, and that the work is pleasant. Far from being an occupational hazard, this assignment has developed writers as able and diverse as Ring Lardner and his son John, Damon Runyon, Heywood Broun, Westbrook Pegler, Paul Gallico, and Bugs Baer.

As we used up our frontier and as our country became more domesticated, Americans, who have always loved vicarious excitement, needed some new way of blowing off steam, and they found it in sports. In 1887 when the New York *Tribune* published a little handbook of sports explaining the rules of various games and how they were played, the paper commented on this new rising interest on the part of the public, in response to which they had published eighty columns of sport news during the previous year! Today that same paper will publish eighty columns of sports news on a single Sunday. There is a story in this phenomenal growth — and one which has been told with vividness, understanding, and experience by **Stanley Woodward** in his book *Sports Page* (Simon and Schuster, \$2.95).

Mr. Woodward is a graduate of Amherst who made his by-line on the Boston *Herald-Traveler*, and who was in charge of the *Herald Tribune* sports page from 1938 to 1948. His reporting of football was masterful, and he always took the part of the sucker public in his criticism of the corruption in horse racing. The candid, pungent sentences which made his column one of the saltiest in the country serve him well in this book.

He begins by telling what is required of any young sports writer. This he says is "deadline writing day after day"; it calls for a man "with quick fingers and a quick brain" who can write at top speed and under circumstances which would floor many journalists. He shows, for instance, what is required of a baseball reporter at a night game: how he writes one story as the game progresses toward midnight, how he must get his second-day story finished by three or four in the morning, and still be ready for the double-header coming up next afternoon (a baseball writer will handle as many as 175 games a year).

He discusses the Gee Whiz school, founded by Grantland Rice, the Aw Nuts school, founded by W. O. McGeehan, Westbrook Pegler, and others,

and the "new school" which has come to the front since 1934. He quotes some of the best of the sports writing — Red Smith's column on the Westminster Kennel Club is a beauty; tells what a reporter is subjected to in the Bowl, at the ringside, and in the press box; comments on the plus and minus of television; and signalizes the humor, the resourcefulness, and above all the ability to spot the telling play which are now demanded by the American reader.

J. P. Morgan

To anyone of my vintage, born at the close of the nineteenth century and brought up on the outskirts of New York, the name J. P. Morgan had the solidity of an American Gibraltar: it stood for power, for dignity; and in an age when T.R. was swinging his Big Stick, when Charles Evans Hughes was making his reputation by his investigations of the life insurance companies, and when a railroad baron like Jay Gould was respected for his wealth but hated for how he got it, the name of Morgan had a sterling integrity which never dropped below par. In *The Great Pierpont Morgan* (Harper, \$3.50), **Frederick Lewis Allen**, who began his editorial career on the *Atlantic* in 1914 and who has been Editor of *Harper's* since 1941, has given us the portrait of our greatest American banker, and the chronicle of his doings, in a book which is admirably concise, highly readable, decent and without bias all the way.

His method is more than reportorial: he selects, he digs for motivation, he trains his spotlight on what happened, he gives his fair, shrewd judgment of why it happened, he is scrupulous and very slow to condemn the standards of yesterday by ours of today.

Mr. Allen tells us that he first encountered Pierpont Morgan's personality some fourteen years ago when he was working on an informal financial history called *The Lords of Creation*. "Here," he thought, "is an extraordinary man, strikingly different from the other financial and industrial princes of his day." The impression remained in his mind; and in the spring of 1947, realizing that there was a dwindling number of those who had known and worked with Morgan the elder, he began the swift quest for his source material. He spent some days with Thomas W. Lamont talking and checking details; he turned to Belle da Costa Greene, long the librarian of the Morgan collection, and Leonhard Keyes, who had served as an office boy under the old gentleman and whose photographic memory decades later was of invaluable help. Mr. Allen always had friendly access to those at 23 Wall Street, who were quick to tell him if this or that negotiation had not "worked out" exactly as he had written it. But this biography is in no sense "authorized," that being a polite term for a book in which the family censors what it does not like.

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A Cycle of the West

By JOHN G. NEIHARDT

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

"Pierpont Morgan," says the biographer, "was a man with whom I would have disagreed strongly on most political and economic issues if I had been his contemporary. To me he represented a trend in the direction of economic affairs which had to be altered for the good of the country. But I am also convinced that he was a man great in character and force, whose immense influence was in many respects salutary."

What Mr. Allen does is to draw for us the portrait of a Proper New Yorker — "the big, solid man with the red nose and fierce eyes who sat at the head of the table"; the conservative who only once departed from the Republican ticket (when he voted for Grover Cleveland); the American who was almost as much at home in England as in the United States; the family man whose love of family reunions and whose pleasure in an unchanging tradition found complete expression in that big brownstone house at 219 Madison Avenue (yet it was the first residence in the world to be electrified) or, in the summer months, at Cragston, his capacious country place on the Highlands of the Hudson; the cosmopolitan who on the *Corsair* or on his innumerable travels through Europe lived by a more relaxed code than when, in his cutaway, high wing collar, and Ascot tie, he fought the daily battle of Wall Street. Pierpont Morgan invariably finished his day with a few games of solitaire, his constant solace. He loved it for its order; and it was order, enforced by integrity, which more than anything else he brought to the business arena.

A born fighter and a magnificent tactician, Morgan again and again rose to the opportunity when the battle was going badly. Such was the case when, in his early forties, he stepped out from his father's shadow to assume the long-challenged but finally undisputed leadership in American railroads. Morgan, with English investors and the *London Economist* on his conscience, had no patience with the loose financing, the ruinous competition of parallel lines, the special rebates, the price wars which drove the cost of a ticket from New York to Chicago down to \$7 and which threatened to drive a full half of our railroads into bankruptcy. He fought for reform from 1893 to 1897 and he won. The story was repeated in his reorganization of Steel; it was to be repeated in smaller issues again and again throughout his life.

He believed in capital, he believed in profits, he believed in technological change — witness his early backing of Edison; he disbelieved in politicians, for, as Mr. Allen puts it, he believed that "people like himself, who helped business secure capital and tried to keep it on an orderly and solvent basis, were doing more for the general well-being than all these yawpers put together."

The days of one-man rule in American industry are over. The Fords, the Firestones, the Carnegies — men whose power and inventive genius ruled an

empire — have been replaced by a managerial cabinet such as one finds today in General Motors. The same is true in finance, which will not again witness the magnificence of a Pierpont Morgan. This book of Mr. Allen's is a one-character book; other figures are named but they have no color. Morgan subordinates them all as he did in life.

The monastic life

Many a man has heard the distant call of monastic life. I have heard it myself not only on visits to Fountains Abbey and the lovely ruins of the Vales and Dales, but on my own retreat at the monastery of the Holy Cross order. **Thomas Merton**, who was born in France in 1915, threw aside his last reservation to answer that call and become a Trappist monk in 1941. The account he gives us of his first twenty-six years fills three quarters of his book, *The Seven Storey Mountain* (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.00); and as we follow his checkered, lonely, and wandering career, it is natural to try to identify those personal pressures which led to his decision.

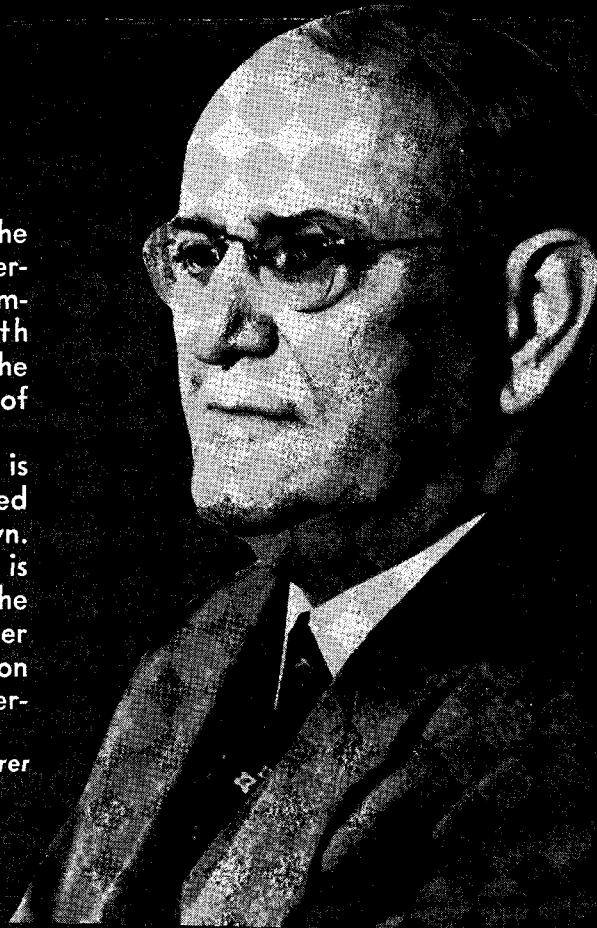
Tom Merton's upbringing was not that of an American boy. His mother was an American but she died of cancer when he was six. His father, a New Zealander, was a wandering artist, who came nearest to success in his shows at Paris and London. Most of Tom's formative years were spent abroad, and since the boy was not close to his father, who was often away, it was a lonely education resulting in a cast of mind revealed in this remark: "I have always tended to resist any kind of a possessive affection on the part of any other human being — there has always been this profound instinct to keep clear, to keep free. And only with truly supernatural people have I ever felt really at my ease, really at peace."

Tom early developed an interest in writing and the egotism to support it. His poetry did not run clear until after he joined the Church; and then, as he tells us, it followed in the current of Andrew Marvell. But his love for fiction came early. He has the power of observation and the ear for dialogue of a natural storyteller; in renouncing a writer's career he burned the manuscripts of three finished novels and one which was half finished; yet it is still his inner compulsion to speak out and this his Abbot has encouraged despite the silence of his order. I think his desire for writing led to his quest for peace, just as I think the convulsion of the war enforced his final decision. At Columbia University, he had made up his mind not to fight in any war whatever. When the draft came, he had filled out his application as a noncombatant objector; then he was rejected on physical grounds, and thereafter his choice was whether to write, whether to teach, whether to identify himself with Baroness de Hueck's mission in Harlem, or whether to submerge himself in the Trappist order, for which, at first, he thought he had no vocation.

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Philadelphia Inquirer



LLOYD C. DOUGLAS,
author of 1949's #1 Best Seller
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Big Fisherman

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To a Protestant, this book is a mixed blessing. As an autobiography it has in it the search for the interior life — a chronicle by turns exhibitionistic, irrelevant, and intense. As a book of spiritual leading, it holds many arrows of truth for us all, as when he discusses the Communist line of attack in Harlem; or, speaking more personally, says, "I no longer needed to get something, I needed to give something." Or again, "I was free. I had recovered my liberty. I belonged to God, not to myself." Or again, "The monastery is a school — a school in which we learn from God how to be happy. . . . What we have to learn is love. . . ." Yet I cannot agree with some of the sweeping condemnations which he applies so readily to those who are not members of his Church. I think he knows too little of American democracy to speak as he does about our public schools. I think there would have been more humility in his judgment of American problems had he been with us longer, not as a transient but as one who has had to live them through.

The allergies of Ogden Nash

Ogden Nash is a quizzical observer who has used the verse form to report his mildly resentful, tolerantly humorous view of the small nuisances which plague mankind. His exasperations are easily identified with yours and mine. His versification is as free and versatile as his fancy. Whether he uses the long, footless rambling line, or the more clipped accents of the quatrain, his skill is in devising the unexpected rhyme, the rhyme being formed by a slurred or inverted word in a laughable combination. Here are three fillips from his new book, *Versus* (Little, Brown, \$2.50), to show you what endears him to us. He concludes his lines to "The People Upstairs" with

I might love the people upstairs wondrous
If instead of above us, they just lived under us.

And this is the way he presents some facts of middle age: —

Well, who wants to be young anyhow, any idiot born
in the last forty years can be young, and besides
forty-five isn't really old, it's right on the border;
At least, unless the elevator's out of order.

And this is his modest disclaimer: —

No, I may never win any prizes from Mr. Pulitzer,
But when it comes to supplying the customers with
little jokes for their breakfast table I will always be
in there pitching honestly and trulitzer.

In the new book there are jingles not quite as deft as A. P. Herbert's, there are sentimental poems which seem to me rather small potatoes, but there is also the unconfined Nash whose style may by now be familiar but whose bright and most devastating lines have a wit and compression hard to beat — for instance, "Big hussy novel wilts on cob," or "as dilatory as a 10-cent depilatory," or "Today spring fever, tomorrow pneumonia."



Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO

UTOPIA, like so many pleasant places, is not the place it used to be. The old Utopias — from Plato's to Sir Thomas More's; from Bacon's New Atlantis to Edward Bellamy's new Boston, Samuel Butler's Erewhon, and William Morris's Nowhere — were earnest blueprints of an earthly paradise in which every prospect pleased and man was never vile. Our contemporaries, presumably convinced that man is irremediably imperfect, have taken to debunking Utopias. Aldous Huxley, back in the thirties, conjured up an uninviting vision of mass-produced happiness (a "death-without-tears") in a scientific and industrialized Utopia. Now Robert Graves describes an idyllic society of the distant future, and ends up by, so to speak, de-Utopianizing it. And Marghanita Laski shows that the dream state of Evelyn Waugh, the *Tatler*, and the clubmen at Boodles — the Tory Utopia — has nightmare possibilities even for a true-blue Tory. Both Miss Laski's novel and Mr. Graves's are, each in its highly distinctive way, sparkling performances.

A poet among witches

Watch the Northwind Rise (Creative Age, \$3.00) is in a sense a sequel to Robert Graves's last book, *The White Goddess*, an investigation into the origins of "pure poetry." It was Graves's thesis, in that dazzling compendium of erudition and hocus-pocus, that the ancient cult of the White Goddess and its attendant myths are the very substance of poetry, the White Goddess being the triple deity of Birth, Love, and Death. It was further argued that civilization has damned itself by transferring its allegiance to the masculine (anti-poetic) deities: the gods of "wealth . . . science . . . and thieves." The civilization portrayed in Graves's present novel is one in which the cult of the White Goddess reigns supreme. It might therefore seem to be the poet's Utopia.

In the "New Crete" there are no mechanical contrivances; no product or process is acceptable "unless love had a part in it." Clocks have been abolished (the schools ring a bell when the first three pupils have arrived); so have money ("it misbehaved"), statistics, and newspapers (the barbers have replaced them). Paper, too, has been abolished — for fear of bureaucratic excesses: the

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poets use slates and are given twenty small silver plates on which to record their lifework. The occasional friendly "wars" between villages are like a game of American football, only much less rough.

The New Crete has a rigid caste system consisting of five estates: captains, recorders, commons, servants, and magicians. All creative thinking and legislation is done by the magicians, who are also the poets and who commune directly with the Goddess.

A poet of our era, Edward Venn-Thomas, is summoned to the New Crete by the incantations of a witch called Sally, who resembles Marlene Dietrich. Although the New Crete seems to answer most of the poet's strong objections to his own world, Venn-Thomas finds life there distinctly disconcerting. The New Cretans are strangely humorless; the meatless table d'hôte in the magicians' hostel sets up a yearning for roast beef; and, amazingly, the state of poetry is lamentable. The "Good Life," it seems, has made the New Cretans "practically half-witted." What they need, Venn-Thomas concludes, is a spot of serious trouble. He soon discovers that the Goddess intends him to be the troublemaker.

Like everything else in this Utopia, the course of love, sacred and profane, is wondrously unruffled—but not for visitors. Platonically mated to Sapphire, the beauteous Nymph-of-the-Month, Venn-Thomas is lustfully coveted by the witch Sally and haunted by an old flame, Erica. This amorous imbroglio, in which magic plays a dire hand, becomes the high-pressure area from which the whirlwind is unleashed on Arcady.

Mr. Graves has dexterously wrapped his serious ideas in witty burlesque and spirited narration. The debunking leaves untouched the author's central ideas about the cult of the White Goddess—there is something of the crank in Graves with his fetish for the archaic and his vested interest in magic. Still, one is disarmed and delighted by the impression that much of the time Graves is spoofing himself. It is quite clear he had a grand time writing this satiric fantasy, and his enjoyment is thoroughly contagious.

The pukka Sahib's paradise

The British upper classes—begged by income tax, bullied by so-

cialism, unrevered by the lower orders, who no longer know their place—would hardly seem big game for the contemporary satirist, even if they had not already been satirized to death. But **Marghanita Laski**, niece of the erudite and censorious Harold, has succeeded in giving the old British caste system a new lease on life, fictionally speaking.

It was an inspired idea to create a Tory Utopia in order to administer, with exquisite gentility, the *coup de grâce* to Toryism; and Miss Laski has executed that idea with singular charm. **Toasted English** (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.50) is an exhilarating story whose blandly devastating satire will especially regale those well versed in the mores of Miss Laski's natives. There is less sense of the fantastic here than in the early Waugh books—the inventions are clothed in an aura of normalcy; and the satire is innocent of Waugh's inhumanity. (Which is not to say that Miss Laski has Waugh's talent.)

Five Britishers, marooned on a desert island after fleeing from Singapore, are repatriated to an England in which the "bloody Socialists" have been forcibly displaced by a caucus of "retrogressive Conservatives." The quintet consists of James Leigh-Smith, the hero, a young man of good family and no means; Ugh-tred, an elderly and penurious civil servant belonging to the great Thicknesse family of Thorpnesse-in-Holdernesse; a scientist, Martin Weatherall; the daughter of an impoverished peer, and an expensive demimondaine. The three who are well-born now find themselves among the blessed few in a land of stately homes; of deer parks with gamekeepers in brown corduroys "each as winsome as any Lady Chatterly could wish"; of hansom cabs, Jeevesian butlers, and discreet hotels where the "amenities" for gentlemen include the cherry-cheeked maid.

Miss Laski's new England, like Mr. Graves's New Crete, has five classes. The A's (they carry gold identification tags) are supported in the style that befits them by the Ministry of Social Security; you can usually tell them by their "attitude of easy superiority." The B's (silver tags) are the great middle class. C (tags of solid English oak) is the retainer class, the "chaps [who] like serving Sahibs." The D's (bronze disks) are the Trade Unionists; they work exceedingly long hours for exceedingly low wages and are not al-

lowed to strike — only employers' lockouts are legal. Intellectuals, along with streetwalkers and other "odds and sods," belong to Class E; all jobs are barred to them. Martin, when he tells the grading official he likes Picasso, instantly is graded E.

The vote is now confined to men of property and "safe C's." Elections are contested by the Opposition, the Whigs, "for the fun of it." "It's just what anyone would expect," an A explains to James. "There's nothing artificial anywhere." That, in effect, is the beauty of Miss Laski's Utopia: it represents with perfect logic the flowering *ad absurdum* of the old caste system. To James, who chooses a career which the Ministry is only too anxious to encourage — he elects to be a Man About Town (Ughtred decides to be a Clubman) — the new England seems to be the earthly paradise.

But James, like Mr. Graves's hero, gradually learns that his Utopia has its price. A visit to his family provides six-course reminders of the horrors of good old English cooking. His parents, who once had middle-class friends, live in mortal terror of being called up for de-grading — the new butler is obviously a police spy. James has twinges of discomfort on discovering the abominable condition of the lower classes. Worst of all, he finds his most cherished plans frustrated because, in the Tory heaven, even among A's not all men are created equal. Ughtred, too, has made an awful discovery: his favorite weekly has been suppressed! The original quintet is brought together in a startling climax. Entirely by indirection, and with unflinching wit, Miss Laski has fashioned a scorching indictment of a hierarchical society.

Past tense, present tension

Two years ago, Isabel Bolton's first novel, *Do I Wake or Sleep*, received superlative reviews from several of the most exacting critics. Miss Bolton, who is in her sixties, has now written a second novel of notable distinction, *The Christmas Tree* (Scribner's, \$2.75). It leaves me convinced she is among the three or four most talented of women fiction writers in this country.

The subject of *The Christmas Tree* is one of the most overworked in contemporary fiction — homosexuality. But Miss Bolton brings to it that *new seeing* which makes any subject entirely fresh. There is in her writing

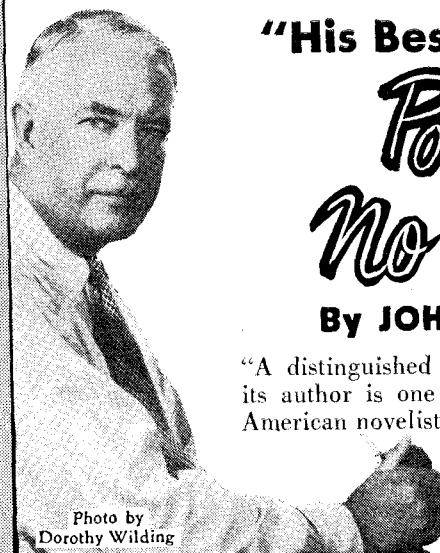


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the same ambitious — virtually unattainable — aim as in Elizabeth Bowen's: to maintain a two-way traffic between private and public tensions, between the psychological states of individuals and the moral quality of the surrounding climate; to show a correspondence between the two and wrest from it the crucial insights. Her method of unfolding her story, which spans three generations, reduces to a minimum the sense of time. The novel's eye takes in past tense and present tension — Larry Danforth's antecedents, the circumstances he grew up in, his present condition and its consequences — as nearly simultaneously as the novel form allows. The resulting effect is not, as in many novels dealing with neurotic problems, that of following a clinical case history through to a final "diagnosis." Miss Bolton does not diagnose, she re-creates — in no more than two hundred firmly ordered pages — the full context of experience in which the problem exists.

The story's focal point is Mrs. Danforth's New York apartment, where her grandson is staying for Christmas. The child's father — Mrs. Danforth's "brilliant," half-homosexual son, Larry — has telegraphed from Washington to announce a visit, though he knows that his ex-wife, Anne, is expected from Reno with her new husband. The story is centered, in turn, on Larry, Anne, and their obnoxious child. Meanwhile, the past keeps stealing in, telling of Mrs. Danforth's glittering childhood and loveless marriage, and of how, when robbed of the security of marriage, untrained to face the world, she found comfort in a devouring attachment to her son.

The final scene is melodrama: the characters meet around the Christmas tree and clash — and here the author falters. Her climax, with its hint that there are larger meanings to the private drama, overreaches itself. Even so, the book is truly a fine one. Miss Bolton's prose, which owes a debt to James and Proust, is (excepting for rare lapses) exquisitely good — precise and packed with feeling, marvelously evocative, faultlessly accented in its elaborate rhythms.

The mixture as before

It has been said of several noted novelists that they have spent their lives rewriting the same book. The unkind cut has point in reference

to James Farrell. As a relatively young man, Mr. Farrell earned himself a chapter in the literary textbooks with the Studs Lonigan-Danny O'Neill series — it was really one long novel. He has since been giving us new versions of it, each seemingly designed to prove the truth of Scott Fitzgerald's sad remark, "There are no second acts in American lives." The latest version, *The Road Between* (Vanguard, \$3.50), is, for a writer of Farrell's reputation, a pedestrian performance.

It must be said, to Mr. Farrell's credit, that the failings of his recent work are not the usual ones of a top-drawer U.S. novelist slipping below his par. There is no sign in *The Road Between* of slickness or slackness; no conversion to the popular ethos, no intrusion of cant and flag-waving; in short, no weakening of integrity and energy. The trouble is simply that Farrell has never outgrown the thirties (I refer, of course, to his outlook, not his subject matter). He has remained petrified in the attitudes and obsessions which made him a representative voice — an eloquent and important one — of that decade. And being "dated" is something he can ill afford to be, for his prose is devoid of grace, humor, or poetry, and is littered with clichés.

The youthful hero of *The Road Between* has fled from Chicago to New York with his young wife to escape his squalid family and bourgeois in-laws, and to write novels which, he is certain, will assure him a permanent place in American literature. He is ill-used by money-minded publishers and shabbily reviewed by most of the critics. Hating bourgeois-capitalist society, he drifts into the Communist milieu; repelled by its tyranny over artists, he eventually drifts out of it. We leave him planning to go to Paris on the money of a Loewenthal Fellowship, which he has not been awarded but is confident of getting.

There are some good things in the book — especially the perceptive study of a very youthful marriage in which tenderness, almost insensibly, gets the better of occasional regrets and disenchantment. But the dominant impression is of a novel one read and reread years ago; of immature thinking and of pages drenched in self-righteous indignation. Even the copious documentation of New York Stalinism, which is certainly in line with contemporary fashion, is

not particularly interesting — so much of it is commonplace.

Here, written with ponderous literal-mindedness and amazing naïveté, is a stereotyped drama of the genius neglected by the wicked world, the "true artist" struggling against a generation of Babbitts and vipers; and, too, of the bitter and bewildered young leftist in capitalist society. All of Farrell's familiar crotchets — about publishers, "literary politics," the bourgeois life — get an exhaustive and exhausting workout; and he deafens us with bald assertions that his fictional alter ego is a genius. *The Road Between* sounds as though it were yet another brief in the interminable lawsuit, Farrell vs. America, which was tried in the thirties, not settled to the plaintiff's satisfaction, and is being repeatedly, passionately, appealed.

On being a genius

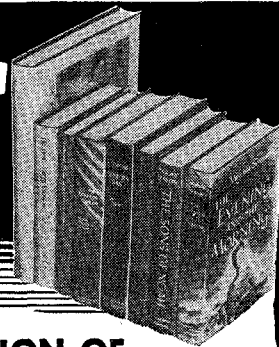
A recent biographer of Stalin summed him up as the supreme example of the man who has succeeded in inventing himself. Stalin's supremacy on this count is challenged by Bernard Shaw, who has said of G.B.S., "One of the most successful of my fictions." The two latest additions to the Shavian legend are Shaw's own *Sixteen Self Sketches* (Dodd, Mead, \$3.50) and *Days with Bernard Shaw* (Vanguard, \$3.75), a record of Shaw's conversations, over a period of years, with his neighbor Stephen Winsten. The sketches display Shaw in fine fettle; the conversations leave one with the impression that he has talked too long and too much for his own good.

Sixteen Self Sketches is not formal autobiography. "I am not at all interesting biographically," Shaw writes. "Things have not happened to me: on the contrary it is I who have happened to them. . . . The autobiographical fragments which pad this volume tell you most what has been overlooked and misunderstood."

From the outset Shaw emphasizes how greatly he was conditioned by having been "a Downstart," the son of a penurious gentleman and by upbringing "a penniless snob." His enrollment, for a short period, in a school for tradesmen's sons filled him with "a shame which was more or less a psychosis"; the experience was "so repugnant to me that for 80 years I never mentioned it to any mortal creature."

Shaw's father was a dipsomaniac,

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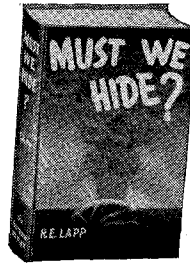
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and caused the family to be ostracized. His mother found salvation in music, and it became her son's "daily food." At fifteen Shaw went to work as a clerk. Five years later he followed his mother to London, where he concluded that, as a shabby-genteel Irishman, he would have to "change London's mind to gain any sort of acceptance."

For nine years he wrote unpublished novels — his total earnings were \$30. His first success was with a music column that was "a mixture of tomfoolery with genuine criticism."

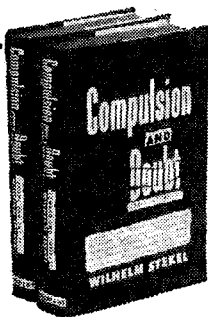
Meanwhile Marx had made him a Socialist, and Socialism had vitalized his playwriting: his early attempts at the drama "for Art's sake" had broken down. At forty-two he married a well-to-do wife and devoted himself to playwriting and to being a Genius happily ever after.

Shaw's account of his forty years as a Downstart sheds a good deal of light on the ideas and attitudes which have made G.B.S. seem paradox personified. Shaw's hatred of poverty and of his snubbers found an answer in Marx's genius for denouncing the bourgeoisie, and in Socialist economics (he still champions equality of income while protesting his income tax). On the other hand, snobbery created a hunger for social acceptance, an admiration of the top dog, which explains Shaw's enthusiasm for Mussolini, his applause of Stalin's purges and kind word for Hitler; the glorifying of saints and supermen in his theater; his obsession with money ("his favorite subject," says Mr. Winsten); his contempt for the chronic underdog and a good many other things about him flagrantly at odds with his Socialism.

The *Self Sketches* and conversations both suggest that the driving impulse in the proverbially unconventional Shaw has been profoundly conventional: a deep sense of the importance of material success and the position that goes with it.

All this is no reflection on Shaw's dramatic genius and incomparable "gift of the gab." But the effect of both new books is to reinforce the conclusion reached some years ago by Edmund Wilson: "It used to be said of Shaw that he was primarily not an artist, but a promulgator of certain ideas. The truth is, I think, that he is a considerable artist, but that his ideas — that is, his social philosophy proper — have always been confused and uncertain."

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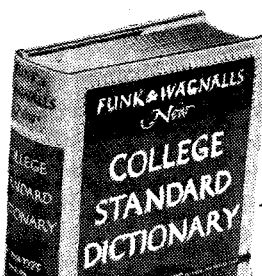
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In *Days with Bernard Shaw* some of the talk is extremely good, but some of it is decidedly tiresome. Shaw has exploited paradox, contradiction, and vainglory so exhaustively that now he often lapses into silliness. The vanity and egotism have grown rather disagreeable—"It is a pity I have refused honors and degrees, for I would look well in academic robes. I am Bernard Shaw, and this is the highest order of Merit."

America through foreign eyes

One of the peculiarities of the reading habits of Americans is the lively demand for nonfiction books about themselves—regional studies, studies of the American character, "reports" on America, and so on. The U.S. reader has been eager, even, to hear what the foreign observer has to say about the U.S.A., and he has often had cause to regret his curiosity.

For some time past, however, the reports on America by foreign hands have been more often than not informed, perceptive, and judicious in their criticism. (Graham Hutton's *Midwest at Noon*, for instance, is probably the best up-to-date survey of that area.) *American Themes* (Harper, \$3.50) by D. W. Brogan, a Cambridge don who studied at Harvard, arrives with the warm endorsement of a connoisseur of Americana, Bernard DeVoto, who says of it: "A book by a foreigner who frequently sees what the native American misses and who frequently finds a perspective that even the best informed American will find useful."

American Themes is a collection of essays written during the past two decades and ranging over a wide field: the American Constitution and the American language; the American rich and the WPA guidebooks; Rhodes Scholars and Boston; Jefferson, Jackson, and Lincoln; Coolidge and F.D.R. Mr. Brogan is an urbane writer with a pleasant turn of phrase, such as—this in reference to the superiority of American whodunits—"the American authors realize that murder, if not serious in itself, often leads to open breaches of decorum and morality."

Mr. Brogan is far too kind to the trash out of Hollywood (why are Europeans so susceptible to U.S. movies?), but tartly challenges Menck-en's objections to England's use of the term "public servant." Menck-en's preference, "office-holder," he

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says, is truly descriptive of an American official, "because he has had to grab the office and to hold it." Brogan never loses sight of the "agonizing contrast between American affirmation and American reality." But he has expressed, too, throughout his book — and with none of the cant of our professional super-patriots — the national quality of hope typified by the GI with his efficient bulldozer.

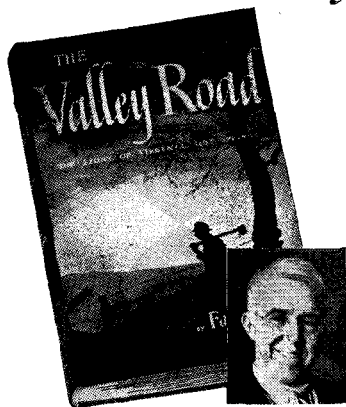
This Was America (Harvard Univ. Press, \$6.00) is an anthology of European reports on America since 1753. The early part of the book contains a freshly worded reminder of the basic American principles; later one is struck by the increasing questioning of the American Dream. Oscar Handlin has avoided drawing heavily from authors readily available, and has assembled some remarkable out-of-the-way material. Among the well-known names are Tocqueville, Felix von Luckner, and André Maurois (whose contribution could well have been omitted).

The first item is by an unknown Hollander who lived for twenty years among the Indians. Most of the early travelers dwell wonderingly on the absence of religious discrimination, the possession of political rights by "the humblest citizen," and the unbounded economic opportunities. The laborer's advantages are stressed throughout most of the book; he "begins to feel himself a man because he is treated as such, he counts for something." It's amusing to note that as far back as 1790, Europeans were commenting on the long legs of American girls and the rowdiness of American children. Tocqueville makes the shrewd observation: "As the American participates in all that is done in his country, he thinks himself obligated to defend whatever may be censured in it."

By the eighteen-fifties the criticism has become more insistent. A German immigrant complains of being "despised." An Italian is shocked to discover widespread anti-Semitism. A Rumanian is incensed by the girls' dexterity in engineering breach-of-promise suits. The atmosphere in the cities is found to be one of intense rivalry. Many speak of the worship of Mammon and woman, of the latter's privileged position and her "incapacity to love."

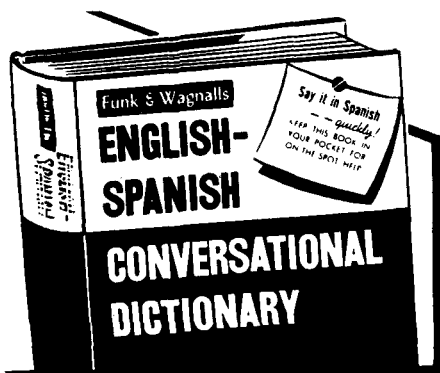
Mr. Handlin has prefaced and organized his selections in such a way that they read as an informal social history of America.

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Potpourri

IN ANGER AND PITY by Robert Magidoff. Doubleday, \$2.95.

Yet another "report on Russia," but it has several points of difference from most of its recent predecessors, and all are in its favor. The author, an NBC correspondent expelled from Moscow on charges of espionage, has an intimate understanding of the country and its people: he was born in Russia, speaks the language, and is married to a Russian girl. Mr. Magidoff does not go in for blanket condemnation or pious plugging of free enterprise, nor has he any fellow-traveler leanings. He is keenly interested in the arts, and offers a glimpse of their "sorrowful" condition under official tutelage. Loosely organized but highly readable, his book has some interesting things to say about the contradictions in Russian life, the succession to Stalin, and the Soviet attitude toward war.

The chapter "Emily Post Invades Russia" makes an amusing disclosure: the well-rounded comrade must now have genteel manners and is learning them — from Mrs. Post and the surviving tsarist dowagers.

FROM THE CITY, FROM THE PLOUGH
by Alexander Baron. Ives Washburn, \$2.75.

A best-seller in England, this novel portrays an infantry battalion before and during the Normandy invasion. Some of the characters are unmistakably related to the traditional stereotypes of the British soldier, and there is at least a hint of the Boy Scout outlook on war. The book, though, has solid qualities. It is affectingly modest, skillfully selective, and often moving without fanfare. The talk, routine, and small dramas of camp life are reported with real artistry. Mr. Baron, an infantryman himself, has turned in an honest, very capable account of the war as he saw it. But the excitement of the British reviewers quoted on the jacket seems extravagant.

IN SEARCH OF A FUTURE by Maurice Hindus. Doubleday, \$3.00.

A timely book about the Middle East, a travelogue in which fact and description are interwoven with a thoughtful commentary. Mr. Hindus, writing "about land and people" and only incidentally about cities and politics, presents the following thesis:—

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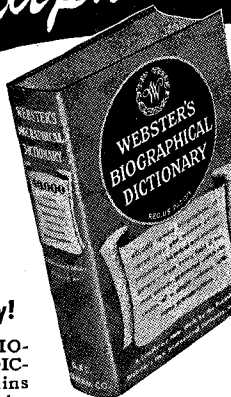
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fact, of Jewish development. Reclamation of the soil and uplifting of the peasantry are the crucial necessities — "Dressing up [these] countries with foreign loans while leaving the fellah to his agonies is like putting rouge on the cheeks of a cancerous patient." If the West merely props up the stagnant status quo, the East will eventually step in as champion of the fellah, and the area will be lost to Communism.

Mr. Hindus's book is a forceful appraisal of Middle East realities, and his message an important one.

MAXIMS AND REFLECTIONS by Winston S. Churchill. Houghton Mifflin, \$2.75.

The famous phrases of public figures, severed from their living context and enshrined in an anthology, have a tendency, like heroes in retirement, to lose something of their shine. Churchill's do nothing of the kind. This anthology of Churchillian wit and eloquence — forensic thrusts, *bons mots*, and purple passages — increases, if anything, one's admiration for his verbal gifts. The editors have grouped the quotations into ten chapters: "On Himself," "On Britain and the Empire," and so on. More detailed indexing would have made the book handier for reference, but this arrangement makes it eminently readable.

Maxims and Reflections is, in effect, much more than a "treasury." It contains a revealing portrait of the man behind the phrase — phrases such as: "It is better to be frightened now than killed hereafter." "In those days Mr. Baldwin was wiser than he is now; he used frequently to take my advice." "There is only one answer to defeat, and that is victory."

TENDER MERCY by Lenard Kaufman. Creative Age, \$3.00.

An admirably tense, suspenseful piece of storytelling. After years of trial and error, the wealthy Ballards have found in Elizabeth Powell the ideal young woman for an unpleasant job — looking after their grown-up son, Aaron, an incurable idiot. Elizabeth is joined, shortly after the book opens, by her husband Rudy, who has spent three years in a T.B. sanatorium at the Ballards' expense: the two Powells have been offered a comfortable home in the Ballard household. Rudy, an undersized man consumed with pathological resentments, discovers that the Ballards' fear of losing his wife puts them completely in his power. Aaron has become so devoted to Elizabeth he is utterly unmanageable without her; and Elizabeth, though devoted to the Ballards, is tied to her husband by his compelling sexuality.

The ensuing drama of blackmail is adroitly underwritten and excitingly plotted. The characters, without being deeply explored, are firmly defined and psychologically persuasive. Mr. Kaufman's is a modest but effective novel.

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Acent on Living

THIS MONTH

Men, especially fathers and bridegrooms, have long wondered why a perfectly normal wedding has to combine the more complex features of a street fair, the Sophomore Prom, and a three-alarm fire. Why, they muse, must there be crowds, traffic cops, waiters, canopies and carpets, and foodstuffs on so vast a scale? Is it really necessary to make over the house like a hotel preparing for an American Legion convention? If there are sandwiches, need creamed chicken follow? For a fifteen-minute ceremony, ought the family to have to float a bond issue? Won't it be just as legal without an awning over the front walk?

The men troubled by such questions fail to realize the two main reasons for the big wedding: —

1. To amass for the bridal couple the greatest possible quantity of presents.
2. To create the impression of a union tantamount to a treaty between the Montagues and Capulets.

Preparations for a big wedding are much like those for the great jack-rabbit drives out West, with the whole countryside lined up as beaters.

The role of the beaters, for the purpose of the wedding, is filled by the bride's mother, unassisted. She is equal to an army banging dishpans or a whole safari of Meru tribesmen. Instead of rabbit or rhino, she is rounding up wedding guests. (Wedding guest: anyone who receives an invitation to a wedding.)

The Australian tracker has no keener eye than the bride's mother. She can discern the spoor of a wedding guest from no more than a dislocated pebble, a fallen leaf, or a casual conversation with a stranger on a bathing beach. Ranging widely for fifteen or twenty years of search, she sweeps before her the greatest possible number of prospective wedding guests and ultimately confines them, some thousands by this time, in a stout card file. Here the weaklings and the unfit are culled out, and the others —

the live names — are herded into improvised categories, roughly according to tenderness, wealth, consanguinity, and *quid pro quo*.

The rejects are allowed to escape by means of an ingenious punch-card system and are never heard of again. But the live names, little dreaming what is in store for them, browse in the card file until the final stages of the unequal struggle. They mill around contentedly, with their checking accounts still in their natural state, budgets glossy and well cared for, and in some cases with even a few dollars of surplus adorning an exceptionally fine male specimen.

The names must be kept up to date. A change of residence means a new card, destruction of the old. Extra care is taken to keep track of summer homes and travel; one of the easiest alibis of the non-contributing, non-appearing guest is that he was away somewhere and not getting his mail. If an address is completely lost, the mother can hire a skip-trace company to track down the fugitive.

Under the term "guests" are usually grouped two widely different types, the so-called gift-bearing guest and the barren, or "public relations," guest. (Any mother of a bride would be glad to rope in a governor or a supreme court justice or the president of the First National Bank, even though he might donate nothing more than a china ashtray.)

The unremitting pursuit by brides' mothers of the gift-bearing guests has greatly reduced their numbers and made the survivors exceedingly shy and wary. But the annual catch still takes in at least once during the season, which usually begins in April and extends through June, most well-to-do adults in the population. Some are caught, banded, and released as many as half a dozen times in a single season.

The matter of addresses has come to exert a powerful influence on many seemingly unrelated conventions. The attitude that a young girl



should not associate with persons to whom she has not been properly introduced, far from seeking to protect her against moral and physical damage, is merely based on the mother's determination to get on the wedding list the full name and address of everyone whom the child meets. The bride's mother cultivates college graduates for the same reasons — she can always look them up in an alumni directory.

The final triumph of the bride's mother comes when she is ushered down the aisle to a forward pew

at the wedding. No one wears a "gown" any more, but that is what the bride's mother is wearing. It's a uniform, battle-dress. Her familiar costume has been shapeless tweeds or durable serge of modest hue. But now she has ransacked the spectrum to burst upon the assemblage sheathed in an orchid or chartreuse Gown of the most dashing high-style. None of her friends would have thought she had the prodigality to buy it or the nerve to wear it. But there she goes. . . .

CHARLES W. MORTON

CHRISTOPHER RAND is a Yale graduate who served in the OWI in China during the war and afterwards as a China correspondent for the New York *Herald Tribune*. He is now completing a Nieman Fellowship at Harvard.

DAIRYING IN CHINA

by CHRISTOPHER RAND

ONE of the oddest of many post-war American good-will missions to China, and one that turned out even worse than the others, consisted of some three thousand dairy cows that began arriving at Shanghai early in 1947. The cows, which were under the management of UNRRA, included all the standard varieties — Holsteins, Guernseys, Jerseys, Ayrshires, Brown Swiss, and so forth. Many of them were the private gifts of American farmers, who wanted to help China get back on her feet, and who were undoubtedly influenced by a like project that had been carried out in Europe.

Almost a quarter of the whole cow migration to China died in the first year. I visited some of the survivors last spring at a government station near Peiping. There were a few dozen cows there, principally Guernseys and Jerseys, which were fed nothing but old dry grass and were said to be giving only fifty pounds of milk a day among them.

During the war I was stationed for some time in the South China hinterland, and there I came to realize that dairy cows have almost no place in Chinese life. The peasants around me made their living by intensive hand farming, really gardening, on small rice paddies. They were constantly having children, and their whole idea was to feed as many mouths from each paddy as they could. To this end they lived almost entirely on rice, with a sprinkling of vegetables and with a few bits of meat on feast days.

There were always ducks and chickens around

and inside the houses, and often dogs and pigs, because these could be fed on household waste. But animals that would compete with humans for the soil's direct increase were scarce. A few of the richer villages had water buffaloes, which helped to till the fields and turn the grain mills, but I gathered that they were tolerated because, as energy converters, they were more efficient than men — they could deliver more horsepower per unit of food consumed. The presence in this system of dairy cows — which did no work, and which put out fewer calories than they took in — was unthinkable.

Anything that conflicted with this style of life was thought barbarous or immoral. The peasants' main ambition, outside of keeping themselves alive, was to worship their ancestors properly. When I walked through the countryside on feast days I would come on scene after scene in which some poor farmer and his wife, thoroughly scrubbed and dressed in their best cotton clothing, would be laying out gifts — really expensive things like roast chickens and pewter pots of wine — at the family graves. Part of their duty was to have sons who would carry on the worshiping, and for this reason they got married when they were scarcely more than children.

Milk is available now in the big Westernized cities along the coast, but the idea is strictly an importation. The dairies were started under foreign control and management, and the customers are still either Westerners or Chinese indoctrinated in Western ways. The business hasn't spread inland, and the more traditional Chinese neither like milk, which is classed with urine in some parts of the country, nor know how to handle it.

The Chinese officials who lived near me during the war used to go to extreme lengths to make me comfortable, because of their innate thoughtfulness and because I was a guest from an allied nation.



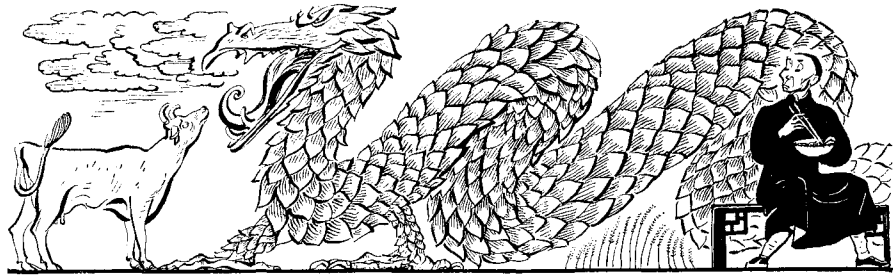
There happened to be a few government-owned cows in our neighborhood, a hang-over from some previous stage of Western-inspired innovation, which were lingering on as a sort of governmental window-dressing despite the apathy of the people all around, and it was arranged that I should get a small daily milk ration. But the milk was usually sour by the time it reached me, since there were no facilities for cooling it in that hot climate, and no realization that speed in delivery was important. When it wasn't sour, keeping it sterile was such a chore that the whole project soon fizzled out.

A Chinese neighbor who was a celebrated epicure used to entertain me and other Americans at meals that drew on the best of the local cuisine as well as that of his distant native province. How to return this hospitality was a great problem. We had the local restaurants prepare feasts, but in these we could express ourselves only by spending a lot of money, not by contributing any personal skill or knowledge. The results were flat and vulgar.

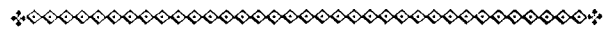
Finally, at great effort, we got hold of a seven-pound can of American Army cheese. At an afternoon reception for our neighbor and some other Chinese friends we piled the cheese, which to us was a rare delicacy, in several heaping plates on a long table. But not even our guests' politeness, which was very great, could compel them to do more than taste it. They acted as if it were poison, and they would have gone away empty if we hadn't luckily dressed the table up with some secondary offerings of rather mediocre local cakes and cookies.

It may be, as some experts claim, that milk and meat are necessities in any human diet, and that their absence leaves an intolerable vacuum. Indeed, this claim is borne out by the Chinese themselves, for they have taken a seemingly most unlikely object, the soybean, and from it have worked out a series of foods that duplicate, to an amazing extent, what cows give us. By grinding soybeans in small, primitive mills they make a white fluid called *tou chang*, that tastes somewhat like milk, that looks like it except for being on the bluish side, and that is said to have much the same food value, minus the butterfat. This is a popular morning drink. It is sold, warm and usually sweetened, at stands near bus stations and the like, and if you wish, you can usually have an egg beaten up in it. It is one of the most cheerful things about travel in China, where each day's trip generally begins at dawn.

From this same grinding process the Chinese also make a white bean curd, *tou fu*, of a consistency somewhat tougher than junket, which is often cured into a brown and more leathery substance called *tou fu kan*. Either way it is cooked into soups and



stews as if it were meat. It has about the same protein content, and of course it is much more in line with the Chinese emphasis on the vegetable kingdom. The poor can eat it relatively often. It has a religious use among Chinese Buddhists, who are vegetarians. Some Buddhist temples operate restaurants where the idea is to imitate all sorts of meat dishes with bean curd. The imitation is very realistic, and things like pork chops and drumsticks are copied exactly. Bean curd is even sometimes pickled until it becomes a cheese-like substance, called *tou fu ju*. You can't say it tastes like Roquefort or Liederkranz or Camembert, but it is the same general order of thing. Some American cheese fanciers have become very fond of it.



DARK JOURNEY

by P. J. BLACKWELL

OUTSIDE my curtained Pullman berth
The shadows of the night close in,
And sounds which have no place on earth
Portentously begin,
For jungle squeaks
And doleful moans
Combine with shrieks
And dying groans
To hint that someone in an upper
Has been a hungry monster's supper.

Then iron-footed men from Mars
Chase shaggy mammoths through the cars,
While hippocampi chant in chorus
With solos by a brontosaurus.

And diplomats from Far Cathay,
Speaking in double Hottentot,
Argue until the break of day —
Lord only knows concerning what —
And doubtless would have more to say
But for a savage crocodile
Galumphing up and down the aisle.

When morning comes I'm pleased to see
That other passengers, like me,
By some uncanny oversight
Have not been eaten in the night.

FOOD

GRACE HEGGER LEWIS is the author of *Half a Loaf*. She lives in New York and counts cooking as her third interest, after writing and travel.

CREOLE FIASCO

by GRACE HEGGER LEWIS

I AM no debunker, but rather a sentimentalist who likes to retain her illusions. I believe everything I am told, especially that all publicized recommendations of food and drink spring from an ecstatic gastronomic urge which must be expressed. So I go and eat, and often — too often — turn sadly away. But recently, as I left Mobile by car, I was confident I was heading for a city where the food simply could not disappoint me. I drove fast, for was I not lunching in New Orleans?

"Please, where is the Vieux Carré?"

"Dunno, lady, I'm a stranger here myself."

"Where's Gaston's?" I called to a lounging Negro.

He shook his head. I looked up. The sign of Gaston was directly above him.

Fairly trembling, I entered. After the Foreign-Parts-and-Decoration of the latest New York restaurants, the place seemed bleak. Bleak with the bleakness of a provincial French café, plus the sadness of a summer room in winter time. I sat down beneath the stilled electric fans and asked for the menu. The waiter was huge and worn, and so was the menu. The names were strange and exciting, I hardly knew what to choose. But the waiter, he knew. Without a word he started laying my place with oyster forks and other cutlery, and then announced:—

"Zazerac cocktail, oysters Rockefeller, creole gumbo or turtle soup, pompano en papillote, soufflé potatoes, any dessert, café brûlot."

I was hurt, angry. Did I look like a woman who could not order a meal?

"I wish none of these things. Bring me first a very dry Martini, and then return in five minutes." I really wanted everything the waiter had commanded, but — I'd show him!

Crawfish with green mayonnaise — or better, a warming crawfish bisque. A deliciously seasoned entrecôte, au point, and I'd concede the pommes soufflées. Fresh peas cooked with onion and lettuce; cheese, a lovely, strong, swimming Camembert, with toasted French bread; and Louisiana coffee.

The waiter returned. Resentfully

he took my order. "Crawfish not in season. You can have shrimp bisque."

"Very well. But I don't see any vegetables."

"We have broccoli, spinach, carrots."

"But I want peas."

"We have nice canned peas. . . ."

The soup was a beautiful soup. The steak was recognizable as meat. The potatoes, tough greasy shells. The cheese, a frozen segment not from France, with stale crackers. The coffee was marvelous. And the bill was high.

After a week of trying big and little restaurants, tearooms, and grills, I found that except in the most expensive restaurants, the French fried potato accompanied all orders from the breakfast fried egg to the dinner fried fish. The tearooms added cauliflower with library-paste sauce to the tinned peas and candied yams and ladylike salads, and their table d'hôte meals were generous if not distinctive. I learned that those vast menu cards were mostly swank when you dared to choose from them a potage paysan instead of the inevitable turtle soup, creole gumbo, bisque, or consommé. I discovered that there were dollar dinners, but the soups were watery, the other items oversteamed, the spinach canned. So one ordered à la carte and fared better — sometimes.

The restaurants say: "There is no tourist demand except for certain famous dishes, so why bother — and lose money."

The young natives say: "Of course we eat fresh vegetables at home, but when we go to restaurants it is for ravioli or spaghetti or jambalaya, which we can get quick."

The old native says: "Don't quote me, but creole cooking is not what it was. The young Negro cooks don't take the same interest, and perhaps Prohibition ruined our palates. Some of the restaurants have ceased to be owned by men who are personalities and great chefs, and of course the

drugstore habit has got us. Even the famous gumbo filé powder no longer comes exclusively from the ground sassafras leaf; it is mixed with wild bay. I remember when a civet de lièvre took three days to prepare. Alas, now it's just a rabbit stew."

The distinguished visiting firemen, for whom special effort is made and whose ecstasies are quoted in the restaurant advertising, say: "Yes, do quote me. . . . Mention New Orleans and you mention Edouard's. . . . What Gaston can do to oysters and fish is what cooks must do to them in heaven. . . . As a poet blends words to produce a sonnet, Alphonse blends ingredients to produce a sauce."

I say: "Mebbe."

